













# The Abbot Courant

February, 1932

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY



*The*  
ABBOT COURANT

February 1932  
VOLUME LVIII, No. 1

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THE OLD OAK



# THE ABBOT COURANT

VOL. LVIII

FEBRUARY, 1932

No. 1

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## EDITORIALS

Have you ever stopped to think (that is, if you ever have time to stop and just *think*) what diversified scenes the Circle has seen in the course of its honored and esteemed existence?

Of course the first thought that springs to our minds is that of the torchlight parades indulged in by our near (and yet so far) brothers on the Hill at the times of victory over Exeter. That yelling crew often breaks into events of traditional importance, as for instance when a few years ago the audience to the last prep deserted Draper Dramatics in order to see the victors. Then, on Prom nights, are seen the cars, disreputable or otherwise, that are parked around the drive, and the colorful procession of girls and guests. The fire-engine screeched through the gate and tore about on that historic occasion (Oh years ago!) when one of our fair members fainted so many times and had to be escorted to safety by as many sympathetic P. A. boys. Then, too, there is the afternoon when one of Andover's "younger married set", on a bet, accompanied by a young man, skipped around the Circle, and ran full into the principal! Imagine the Murads that must have been illuminated . . . . We could continue indefinitely, but suffice it to say that the Circle is not the staid old plot of grass we think it, but in reality is chuckling to itself over the many and varied happenings it has witnessed in its years of life.

In a school like ours there is bound to be a certain spirit of "holier than thou", especially among the older girls. When we stop to think upon what our dislike or avoidance of another girl is based, or why we consider her beneath our notice, we are often surprised to find that the reason is rather trivial in comparison to the limits to which we carry the results. Is it fair, because a girl doesn't dance the way we do, or cannot afford to dress as well, or has different interests, to disregard her?

We must, all of us, realize that everyone is interesting. Everyone has some topic upon which she can talk intelligently. A closed mind is rare at our age. Personalities, unusual and colorful, are everywhere awaiting our discovery of them. Everyone considers herself interesting, and after all the degree to which one arouses interest is a matter of personal opinion. Since one girl's opinion is worth as much as another's, if she considers herself of interest she ought to be considered so. Some people, it is true, are not of a type intellectually to awaken the people who come in contact with them, probably because they are as yet unawakened themselves; but do not these people arouse our interest even more because of the wrongness of their mental attitude?

It is up to us to prove to each other that no one need be a snob. The people we look down upon may be so far above us in some field that we could give them whole-hearted respect. And while not everyone is gifted with spontaneous wit, many more people than we realize have a deep and true sense of humor.

Everybody is interesting! Do you know it?

Most exams (well, not all of them) are, for many people, a question of nerves. And cramming for a lot of others. The result is usually not as good a mark as might be. Teacher and pupil both object to this, but what do they do about it? They don't even provide smelling salts and ambulances. What could be done is this:

Starting not too soon after Christmas vacation, we should begin having our mid-year exams, perhaps one a week, with patient, careful reviewing all week ending with the exam, at some time which does not interfere with other classes. For other classes are not put in the shade. The reviewing and a reasonable amount of free time before the exam would prevent cramming and overemphasis on one

study. The advantages are many. Our energy and attention are focused on one thing at a time. We aren't made so nervous by our Latin exam that we can't do our English exam; we aren't made hysterical by a whole bunch of important exams all at once and the whole feverish atmosphere of mid-year week. Eyesight, sanity and a mark which is fairly representative of our ability would be the result.

The Bulletin Board! Have you ever stopped to consider what a wealth of memories that faithful old black piece of slate must hold? On it are crowded all the unscheduled, unrecorded plans of our daily life. When the new girls first come they quickly learn to look every time they pass for a new notice. If they happen to miss one, woe betide them. On it are recorded all the meetings that must be attended during the day. Fidelio; why we don't think a Monday or Tuesday would be complete without that sign; and Miss Carpenter's, "Exercise cards due at 1:15 today" every Monday. Mrs. Gray's notices, "Rehearsal of the A.D.S. plays in Davis Hall this afternoon," lend an air of excitement and mystery to what our faithful old friend contains. Then that wonderful notice, "Please check trunks in the store-room before six tonight," followed by, "Third and Fourth floors please clear out their closets so they may be cleaned;" and then, best of all, "Boston train leaves at 10:48; be sure to look at the chaperon list before leaving." And you hear voices on the stairs, and as they go out the school door, "Have a grand vacation!"

"Yes, and same to you!"

And there we go tripping off with never a thought of our faithful friend. I wonder what he thinks behind that smooth black surface of his. Do you suppose he would like to know a little of the things we do outside? Or is he content just to wait for our return and be happy in the service he renders us, of keeping us straight in our daily affairs, upon which we have come to depend so much that we almost forget to be thankful.

What a farce that expression "Senior Privileges" has become! In the innocent days of prep-hood we thought that to be a senior was the most wonderful thing that could happen to anyone. Seniors were such honored and privileged characters then. They had doors opened

for them, had a lovely parlor all their own, were considered able to cross streets alone and to find their way around Boston well enough to go there on Wednesdays unchaperoned. They escorted the faculty to and from dinner and were even allowed to struggle with pies and cakes at the table. And last but not least was the marvelous week of winter sports that they had after exams were over.

But those days are apparently gone forever, put away with the short-skirted flapper. We are becoming reconciled to the fact, slowly but surely, that it is now our privilege to have doors slammed in our faces by young upstarts. Nor do we seem to mind that the underclassmen enjoy a parlor three times as large as ours. But it is rather hard to convince ourselves that it is much more educational and so good for our souls to play classical music on the victrola while the latest tunes float gaily down from the fourth floor.

## Thoughts After a Day in London

To waving fields of heather, purple-stained,  
Tall woodlands, green with fairy birch and pine,  
Broad, endless meadows stretching, yellow-grained,  
To meet the faintly blue horizon line,  
And to a star-set reach of August sky,  
Stretching outside my window far and dim,  
Where I have watched the harvest moon climb high  
Above strange, gnome-like shapes of roof and limb,  
To ancient, mellowed manors built aside,  
Whose holly hedges shimmer in the breeze,  
And small, gray-gabled cottages that hide,  
Guarded by hollyhocks, among the trees—  
To these, from London's never-ceasing rush,  
We turn in England's summer twilight hush.

*Florence Dunbar, '32*



## Plain Jane

"Without a doubt," remarked Mrs. Boggs to her egg-consuming spouse, "Jane is plain."

"Jane?" said Prof. Boggs. "Is plain?" continued Mr. Boggs between spoonfuls of egg which lost themselves somewhere in his face. "I always thought, myself, that she had a rather interesting expression."

"When you get around to it. But taken as a whole, I have rarely seen anything plainer. Her hair. Now red curly hair is all very well, and so is straight blond hair. But straight hair which can't decide whether it's red or blond!"

"Have you ever noticed her under lip?" said Prof. Boggs, finishing his piece of toast and licking his fingers reflectively before wiping them on the napkin.

Mrs. Boggs, whose name was Isabel, rose a little dumpily and piloted the chair she had been sitting on to its place beside the china closet. "What has her under lip got except a little habit of hanging down?"

Prof. Boggs stood up and put on his coat. He patted his bald spot reflectively and murmured, "I bet Helen of Troy had a mouth like that."

"What," cried Mrs. Boggs on her way to the kitchen with the two coffee cups, "do you know about Helen of Troy's mouth?"

"It launched a thousand ships."

"Well, I'd like to see what Jane could do with the Hudson." commented Isabel Boggs as she returned for the toast-and-egg plates.

The Boggesses lived on the ground floor of the faculty apartments of the Dexter Theological Seminary, one of the less well-known buildings of upper Riverside Drive. It was built, thanks to an architect who knew how to reconcile New York with England, in refined Oxfordian style of grey stone and lighter mortar. From the outside it looked impregnable, but through the high grilled-iron you caught a glimpse of a sunny grass-covered plot of ground surrounded with a neat brick walk. This grass had a secret: it was real grass, yet it always looked as perfect as the artificial grass in the flower-shows.

The grass, and the ivy clambering on the grey walls, were entrusted to George, a tall, humorous mulatto whose chief object in life was to keep dogs from desecrating the quadrangle. Only the privileged Children of the Faculty could play in the quadrangle, and they were *never* allowed on the lawn, except at commencement time in May, when it was also their privilege to capture one of the spun-sugar baskets after the candy had all been eaten out of it.

This story takes place on the morning of the commencement in the year that Plain Jane Boggs was nine. It happened to be the twenty-ninth of May. Commencement was always an Event to be Reckoned with in the Boggs family. It was the custom of Prof. Boggs to put on a light linen suit and sweat genially all day. Mrs. Boggs usually brought out a blue silk dress and her long crystal beads and prepared to sit behind a tea canister. Plain Jane was appropriately dressed in a fluffy green affair which, alas, emphasized uncompromisingly her knee-caps and elbows. En masse the Boggs family had sallied forth every year and been joyously polite all afternoon to all the other faculty members. The three members of the family were polite for three different reasons: Mr. Boggs because he knew that 99% of the faculty would take the very next opportunity to move away, and he could browse in the Library undisturbed by any social function: Mrs. Boggs because she had entertained the last class in paleography at tea: and Jane because she could walk on the grass and eat three helpings of ice-cream.

This year, Plain Jane's ninth, Mrs. Boggs's thirty-seventh, and Prof. Boggs's forty-third, had begun auspiciously with the destruction of the blue silk dress by the family laundress. In place of the annihilated frock, Mrs. Boggs had purchased a yellow dress which was beautiful but stainable.

At this point we may explain that Mr. Boggs had a habit of amusing himself and the family at breakfast by reading aloud the advertisements in the morning papers. Although the humor of a few of the ballyhoo statements was beyond Jane, there was one the family agreed on. "Buy all the little things you need with what you save on Blisterine toothpaste." The Boggs family without hesitation christened the family savings account "the toothpaste fund."

The cleaning of the spottable yellow dress, Mrs. Boggs decided, was to be entrusted to the toothpaste fund. "I guess," she said,

"with all the years I've been using toothpaste I ought to be able to buy a dress that spots." So she bought it. Having only been worn twice previous to commencement, it had not been a drain on the T.P.F. as yet.

Plain Jane this year appeared in a spotless if lengthened version of the green dress. "Really, my dear," said Prof. Boggs when he saw Jane's elbows, "we must read up about malnutrition."

"Why?" said Jane. Jane was addicted to directness.

"My darling," said Prof. Boggs, "do you remember those white rats I took you to see?"

"Oh." said Jane. "You mean I am too thin."

"The next time," remarked Prof. Boggs to his Isabel, "I shall say it in German. But I told you she was alert if plain."

"Alert if plain and thin," said Mrs. Boggs, and they both sighed.

Jimmy Dexter was the son of Dr. Dexter, the president of the seminary. He went to an exclusive boys' school in "the seventies" where he was trained to be a perfect little gentleman. He wore an Eton collar and long trousers, spoke when spoken to, and opened doors for people. Plain Jane hated him from afar but was prevented from molesting him by his blue starched governess.

This year was also Jimmy's ninth.

"Jane," said her mother on the auspicious morning, "this afternoon you must be *polite* to Mrs. Dexter and *nice* to Jimmy."

"I'd rather be *polite* to Jimmy."

"Well, be *polite* to him, then." said Mrs. Boggs, adjusting herself so she could cut Jane's fingernails without putting Jane out of joint.

That afternoon Jane made her formal debut into the world of Jimmy Dexter's mother. It was not a brilliant event. "My dear," said Mrs. Dexter afterward to Mrs. Boggs, whom she knew well enough to say such things to, "she curtsies very nicely, but can't you feed her a little better? The child is all elbows."

"She adores potatoes and spinach and all the things that are good for her—and eats piles of them. I'm afraid it's her great nervous energy that keeps the pounds off her." Mrs. Boggs spoke regretfully.

"Jimmy is gaining splendidly. He eats just the right amount and *nothing* disagrees with him. He has never had a moment's real sickness in his life. And nothing upsets him mentally at all, either. Really, he's like a healthy animal."

"Healthy and well-trained," said Mrs. Boggs and both ladies smiled. Their acquaintance dated from the days when they were both new wives of new professors.

"Don't you ever have to worry about how much he eats?" asked Mrs. Boggs, remembering certain struggles with Jane on the subject.

"Oh, no, he knows when he's had enough."

Plain Jane came in the door. "Mother, come here a minute."

"Can't you come here, dear, instead?"

"All right." Jane ran lightly across the room. "Mother, Jimmy Dexter is being sick."

"GOOD HEAVENS WHERE?" said Mrs. Boggs with exactly that punctuation, and spilt her tea on the yellow dress.

"You know that rubber plant on the corner of the terrace?"

It was enough. Mrs. Dexter rushed out in company with Mrs. Boggs and Jane. A very small and shaken Jimmy sat on the bottom step of the terrace.

"My dear boy, whatever is the matter?" cried Mrs. Dexter, really alarmed at his pitiful appearance.

"I think," said Jimmy, mustering his nine-year-old dignity, "it must have been the fourth plate of pistachio which finished me." He sighed.

Mrs. Dexter gurgled. She took Jimmy's hand and led him slowly, slowly to the door of her apartment. They disappeared together into the dark hall.

Plain Jane and her mother looked at each other. "I think," said Plain Jane slowly, "I have never been politer."

That night when Jane was safely in bed, Mrs. Boggs was telling Prof. Boggs about it. "She said she's rather be *polite* to Jimmy, but what—"

"I remember," said Prof. Boggs. "Once when I had to explain to her the difference between politeness and niceness, I said that when you were polite you let people do what you were sure they wanted, whether it were wise or not, but when you were nice you told them to do the wise thing and they liked to do it."

"Jane told me she got her spun sugar basket, and they ate all the trimming off that, and then every time she carried a plate of ice cream to anyone she got one for her and Jimmy to eat together, but every time she got back to where she had left it, Jimmy had eaten it



all. But, she said, she was being Polite, not Nice, so she finally went and got a plate of ice-cream specially for herself, and they ate it together. Then Jimmy wanted another plate, so she went and got it and left him with it. She said she *knew* it was that way with politeness."

"I always said," chuckled Mr. Boggs, "I always said, Isabel, that Jane was wide-awake."

"If thin and plain." said Mrs. Boggs. And they both laughed.

*Dorothy Rockwell, '32*

## In Camelot

What fun to be Merlin,  
The wizened Merlin—  
With his long white beard  
And sage, twinkling eyes!  
To be the oldest and wisest  
In his shadowy city,  
And enjoy with his subtle humour  
All things of the people around.  
To say to a tiller—  
—An open-mouthed tiller—  
"Then him did I see  
Lightly borne to the shore  
On a swirling crest of flame!"  
Or perchance would I tell  
Of confusion, and illusion, and occasion,  
Relation, elusion, and evasion,  
Watch him gape, then continue  
On my humorous way,  
A lone but enchanting way—  
Controlling most lives  
By my magic at will,  
Laughing soft to myself  
At the awe of the world.

*Elizabeth Flanders '34*

## The Unexpected Outcome

SCENE: Tack room of a racing-stable.

TIME: About an hour after a race.

CHARACTERS: Ken Archer (*owner of famous race horse "Glen Eagle"*)  
Billy Bowe (*Archer's jockey for "Eagle"*) Sam (*colored exercise boy*).

(*Scene opens with Sam cleaning a racing bridle and talking to himself.*)

SAM: Lawdy! Dere's gwine to be hell to pay when Mistah Archer done fine out dat Eagle done lost dat race. Here he comes now.

(*Goes on cleaning bridle and sings as Ken Archer and Billy Bowe come in.*)

ARCHER: Well, Sam, it was a bad day for us. Do you know of any reason why that horse should have come in so winded today?

SAM: No, suh, I doesn't know dat.

BILLY: It's strange. When Eagle belonged to Haggerty he never lost a race. I rode him then too. He always seemed sound as a dollar then too. Don't suppose Sam has been careless about his feed, do you?

SAM (*glowering at Billy*): I'se been feedin' dat hoss 'cordin' to orders, and he's been run a half mile every mawnin on de track to keep him hard.

ARCHER: Did anyone except yourself come near that horse between the time you galloped him this morning and the time you brought him to Billy in the paddock?

SAM: No, suh, no one has been near dat hoss as I know's off cep'n mahself. Ef you will excuse me, suh, I have an idea.

(*Sam hurries out slamming the door behind him.*)

BILLY: Don't suppose he's running away, do you? He seemed rather nervous to me.

SAM (*from off stage*): Mistah Archer! Mistah Archer! Come heah quick!

(*Archer goes out and Billy sits down on a bale of straw nonchalantly reading a magazine.*)

(*Archer and Sam come in and in Sam's hand are two pieces of sponge.*)

ARCHER: Eagle's been sponged, Billy. Any suspicions as to who could have done it?

BILLY: You dirty, rotten nigger! Might know it would be you. Seems to me your record isn't as clean as it might be. How about the time you sponged "Nedda"?

SAM: I didn' do it! Please suh I ain' guilty!

ARCHER: You yourself said no one was around the horse except you. Who else could have done it? Have you any proof that you are innocent?

*(Sam thinking a minute suddenly makes a grab for one of Billy's pockets.)*

SAM *(holding up piece of sponge)*: Look heah—suh. Here is de third piece of dat sponge!

*(Archer taking the three pieces of sponge puts them together and finds they fit perfectly.)*

*(Billy makes a dash for the door but Archer grabs him by the collar.)*

ARCHER: Hold on a minute! What have you to say for yourself?

BILLY: Awright, I did it. I was bribed. Offered nice wad of bills by a certain person. I put the sponges in your plug's nostrils before I got on him in the paddock, but people thought I was just fixing the bridle.

ARCHER: Come along with me and we'll see if we can find a jail that can hold you. *(Exeunt Archer and Billy.)*

SAM *(resuming cleaning the bridle)*: Lawdy! I'se glad I ain't sleeping in no jail tonight!

*Lucy Drummond, '32*

## To a Grey Kitten

You sit there,  
Your velvet ears pricked,  
Small,  
Insolent,  
Sure of yourself.  
You're irresistible—  
But you have hidden claws.

*Joyce Henry, '32*

## The Haunted Beach

Midnight . . .

It seemed to the solitary coast-guard on the beach that he had always been there, yet there were two more hours before his watch would be over—two more hours of weary plodding through the shifting sands, drenched by the flying spray and half deafened by the deep monotonous boom of the surf. He was dog-tired, nervously exhausted by lack of sleep and physical effort. The night before a schooner with a cargo of sugar from Cuba had been driven out of its course in the treacherous maze of ever-changing shoals off Monomoy, and every man in the little coast-guard station had turned out to help in the work of rescue—until the ship had finally gone to pieces in the surf. They had not been able to save all. Some of the crew were still missing. The coast-guard thought of half-remembered sea yarns of phantom ships and lonely reefs, haunted by the restless spirits of sailors who had been wrecked nearby. His mind went back with unaccustomed horror to the picture of those bodies washed up on shore that morning . . . one quite young man, with hair like brown seaweed and another whose whole arm had been torn away.

He shuddered. He had halted a moment, shielding his eyes with his arm from the flying sand that cut like splintered glass. He was beyond the comparative shelter of the dunes, facing the full fury of the gale. Before him stretched the beach in a long curve, sloping gently upward to where the highest sand-dunes suddenly reared their grass-crowned heads. The grey expanse was covered with strange flickering shadows as the dark clouds were swept across the cold face of the moon. The light fell for a moment on a patch of white water, in the midst of which black spars reeled and swayed drunkenly—all that was left of the schooner. The man let his eyes drop and followed the line of the incoming waves. About fifty yards from where he stood a giant roller swelled upward, glimmering in the moonlight like a sheet of molten steel, curled downward, and broke with a crash on the sand. Then, as he watched, fascinated, as he always was, by the perfect grace of the movement, he saw some Thing white rise out of the foam, a monstrous, weird, flapping

Thing, formless, yet somehow suggestive of remembered horrors, fluttering a moment in the air, then scurrying across the beach to disappear among the dunes.

For an instant the man's heart seemed to stop beating. His mind reverted with a sickening certainty to those dead bodies on the beach, and something like a panic seized him. He did not believe in ghosts, of that he assured himself; nevertheless his heart pounded as though it would burst and a chill sweat was on his forehead, as, without any very clear idea of what he was doing, he started to run towards the place where the Thing had first appeared. A little nearer this time another rose out of the waves and vanished among the dunes as the first had done. An icy chill seemed to paralyze all his limbs, yet he stumbled on. Another appeared and then another, and suddenly, high above him, on the crest of a breaker he saw a fourth. He stopped, trembling as much from exhaustion as from fright. The Thing seemed to poise a moment there, then, with a frantic flapping of its strange draperies, it charged straight down upon him. Instinctively he threw up one arm as if to ward off a blow, and in a moment, he was enveloped in something cold and clammy, that seemed to cling and crawl and wrap itself ever tighter about him. He would have screamed then had he been able but the terror in his throat choked him. Gasping, he struggled to free himself. His hands slipped on the slimy surface, and every movement enmeshed him further . . . To his over-wrought mind the contest seemed to last for hours, but finally he managed to grasp a fold of those clinging draperies and, with one frantic gesture, he freed his head . . . He was staring down at an empty sugar bag that flapped and billowed as the wind half filled it. Then the man's knees gave way under him, and, still clutching his ghostly opponent, he sat down suddenly in the sand.

*Anne Cleveland, '33*



## Three Poems

### THE MOON

The moon is an ancient cheese  
 In the musty old cupboard of night,  
 And the clouds like mice are scurrying . . .  
     *clouds like mice are hurrying . . .*  
 In the musty old cupboard of night:  
 And the stars, what are they?  
 The stars, they are crumbs,  
 And we are the cobwebs and dust.

### IRIS

Iris bud, a paintbrush dipped  
 In pot of dye and purple tipped  
 Becomes, in some moist and secret hour  
 This sweet frail water-coloured flower.

### END OF SUMMER

When the aster's on the uplands  
 And the mist is in the dell  
 And a strayed leaf swells the quiet  
 Beyond the hazy spell  
 Of somnolent long Summer  
 She wakens with a start  
 To foreshadowing of crimson  
 On the maple's sentient heart.

*Phyllis Frederick, '32*

## Kismet

The sun, blazing and hot, was just rising over the jagged rims of the mountains towering over Khyber Pass, shedding its early morning rays over one of the forts that string this famous pass. It was still cool, but later it would become tremendously hot. Tim Ashley, captain in His Majesty's Army of India, woke, stretched, gazed pensively out of the window upon the monuments of stone frowning down at him, and grinned. He'd be out of this place and a good many miles away this time tomorrow morning. Boy, it would be good to get away from here, away from the fractious tribesmen who frequently charged down the Pass and caused little skirmishes, exciting in a way, but after a time becoming monotonous.

Tim sighed ecstatically and stretched again. Even if he had been transferred to a rotten little hill station way back of beyond, his leave was coming first. He hadn't had a leave for simply ages. George, he'd burn up the town, he'd get a whack at a polo ball again. Another thought brightened his outlook still more: most likely there'd be a sort of make-shift polo with what ponies they could obtain at his new place. But even polo couldn't offset the fact that there'd be unattached—and attached, too—females throwing themselves at his head there. It always happened when a new man came. Oh, well, come on, women, he was ready for 'em. In a couple of hours he was away. Sorry to leave, there were some pretty decent chaps there, but he'd had just about enough of tribesmen, and bleak, lonely mountains, and fierce, brief little bursts of fighting.

He arrived in Rangoon—bit of a long ramble that, from one end of India to the other—some days later, accompanied by his two bulldogs, Bill and Kitchener. His new station was in the hills back of Rangoon, but he didn't waste much time thinking of that. He put up at his sister's house (nice having a sister so convenient) and had settled down for an enjoyable time when he discovered that old Diana had booked him for nearly every minute of his time.

"Tonight," she declared, "some friends of mine are coming to dinner. And I want you to be especially nice to a young American girl, Corinne Lee. She—"

"But, I say, Di," he wailed, ignoring the 'young American girl', "when do I play polo or anything?"

"You," said Di firmly, "are going to show my doting friends that you are one British officer who thinks of something else beside polo and dogs."

As polo and dogs were exactly what Tim did think of, he blushed, whereat, because he was so awfully good-looking and because she liked him so much, Diana began to weaken.

"Well—"

"Righto! Good egg."

Consequently the polo field saw more of him than the various social events. Bill and Kitchener loafed around the stables, tore madly over the field at crucial moments, and made general nuisances of themselves at all times. Finally, whenever he went to the field, Tim had to tie them to a fence post and leave them to the kind attention of whoever cared to take pity on them, which act resulted in our hero's meeting a person whom, he, on setting eyes on her, immediately began to dislike immensely—the young American whom his sister had casually mentioned, though Tim hadn't the vaguest idea who she was.

Tim, not giving a hang about pretty young things, had not so much as glanced at the girls who strode around in riding dress or—when the guiding lights of the British Army had finished playing—smacked a ball over the field. She, on the other hand, had made inquiries, and knew all about Tim.

So—quite by accident, you understand—this pretty young American happened to be petting Bill and Kitchener when Tim appeared to take them back to his sister's. He made his escape as quickly as possible, recognizing the signs of danger, and determined that he would never bring either of his two brutes to the club again.

Bill and Kitchener determined otherwise, however. The next day they turned up shortly after he had arrived. How they got there he didn't know. Corinne could have enlightened him, but as he almost pointedly avoided her, he remained mystified. That is, he remained in that condition until he returned to the house and made inquiries to find out whether they knew how his dogs had gotten to the club.



"What?" exclaimed Diana. "Didn't you know Corinne took them out for you? She came in her car—I mean her uncle's—"

"Corinne!" fairly shouted Tim. "Cor—who the—the—who is she?"

"Why, she's—"

"Never mind. I know. She's dark and has an American accent and she's who you wanted me to be nice to! She's whom I didn't meet at that dinner I didn't come to. George, I'm glad that my leave ends soon! She's—"

"You seem to have noticed her quite minutely, Timmy," teased his sister.

"I have not. Only she shadows me like one of those Intelligence Department chaps. Not exactly, but she's always where I am. You know."

"I think she's awfully pretty," offered Diana.

"Yes, you would. I think she's a jolly good imitation of a—a—"

"You like her, what, Timmy?"

Tim didn't deign to answer. He stalked off with the trouble-causing dogs securely leashed, and disappeared in the direction of the Officer's Club.

As luck would have it, when he returned he found Corinne comfortably ensconced on the verandah with his sister. He couldn't with any degree of decency leave them, so he sat down and resignedly prepared himself for a boring evening. But he began, irresistibly, to be drawn into the conversation; he found himself acknowledging the fact that Corinne knew something about polo and dogs. Also she appeared to be prettier than he had formerly noticed.

He was rudely awakened from this pleasing reverie by his sister's voice.

"Timmy," she said—why the dickens did she persist in calling him 'Timmy'—, "wouldn't you like to show Corinne the garden?"

He got up without too much eagerness, he hoped, and said not too cordially that he would be delighted. They went off into the silent darkness of the garden, Bill and Kitchener sedately following in the rear.

"If the dogs bother you, send them back to me," called Diana. "I like them if you don't." Receiving no answer, she sat there, fanning away the mosquitoes once in a while, looking at the winking,

mischievous stars high up in the sky, stars that know many secrets and have never revealed one.

A slight rustle disturbed her. Kitchener swaggered up the steps, wagging his stumpy tail, pleased with himself. He sat down and grinned at Diana, making his homely face homelier. Another soft rustle. Bill walked up the steps, heavily, a look in his eyes of a lonely dog, a look that said plainly, "They don't want me." He flopped down and sighed, turning over in his doggy mind many things.

Diana looked up at those blinking stars again. "The time, the place and the girl," she thought. "It worked."

*Joyce Henry, '32*

## The Ghost of Spring

Sometimes on winter days the ghost of spring  
Returns again to haunt us for a space,  
And with her spirit fingers seems to fling  
Upon the earth a semblance of the grace  
And loveliness with which she used to rule.  
Snows vanish at her phantom touch; the grass  
Puts on its faded green as if to fool  
Itself; and all the drowsy, frozen mass  
That is the world stirs in its sleep and dreams  
Of summer time; and what few birds remain  
Feel in their breasts a strange new joy that seems  
To burst forth from their throats, a glad refrain.

But man smiles wistfully and shakes his head,  
For he alone remembers Spring is dead.

*Harriet P. Wright, '32*

## Present Day Adventurers

One hundred miles from New York City the high-powered sea-skiffs, Artemas and Sarah B. tugged at one of the many Greenport docks. The piles creaked and groaned, gasoline rushed into empty tanks and the skippers gave orders. Meanwhile on a nearby fishing smack a contented old seaman sat on a pail and mended his nets. Now and then he glanced noncommittally at the sea-skiffs, but always his hand went up and down, through and out. Above him on the next wharf three of the natives watched the preparations casually.

"She sits purty high on the water, don't she," one remarked to the others.

"Yup, now she do, but wait a few hours—wait a few hours."

"Humph, s'a risky game. They'll get caught sooner or later."

And so random statements drifted until finally Sarah B. cleared her throat, and idled away from the docks; then, like a startled horse, dashed up the bay and out of sight. The waves which came scurrying from her wake slapped against the Artemas' gray sides. On deck the skipper and first mate crowded together in the tiny cockpit, forward, and the crew of five started closing the hatches, which extended forty feet in length from the cockpit to the stern of the boat. As the last hatch closed and the last man disappeared below, the Artemas slowly glided out into the bay, turned the opposite direction from her twin and shot out to sea, raising a tumult among the small boats near her.

Late that afternoon the Artemas, heavily laden, tore homeward. On board, the skipper and mate conversed amiably. The skipper was in high spirits, but the mate seemed nervous.

"You know," he hesitated, "you know, that Chaser's wise to us."

"Oh, man, get some back-bone," laughed his superior. "They've been wise to us all summer and the Artemas can make any ship in the trade swallow her steam. How's 'Honey'?"

The younger man blushed, mumbled something about reckoning the hold and disappeared below.

It was a beautiful August day. Pure white clouds sailed a clear

blue sky and the Artemas cleaved a sapphire sea. A safe port was not far off, so the Artemas sang softly to herself. Suddenly signal salutes filled the air. Their command was, "Stop in the name of the Law".

The skipper started, smiled grimly and put on more power. The Artemas lifted her bow out of the water and rushed forward. Swiftly from behind the revenue cutter stole inch by inch into firing range. In this crisis the valiant skipper ventured a laugh; why anyone is safe in the Artemas, the fastest craft afloat! But even as he coaxed her on, the persistent cutter edged closer and closer. Below, the mate and crew had been thrown back in a heap at the ship's sudden pick-up and now the mate was clambering over the others to reach a hatch. Finally he emerged on deck, where bullets were screeching overhead. The skipper, on the floor of the cockpit, was rolling in agony, and the ship was running wild!

Dropping flat, the mate drew himself along the deck for what seemed to him an age. Upon reaching his commander, he was horrified to realize that had he been much later the Artemas would have been run down by the chaser, so had she veered from her course; and now her chances were very slim for getting away from the pursuer. However by straining, urging and coaxing, the last degree of speed in the ship's power was transmitted to the propellers. Now at last, she was gaining!

Slowly, oh, how slowly, night came on. They had lost the chaser and land was just beyond. With orders to beach the ship on the nearest mainland the mate gave the ship over to the next in command and gave in wearily to his wounds. The next thing he experienced was the sickening grating of the keel on a sand bar. Immediately the ladder was down, half the crew over-board, and he and the skipper tenderly lowered into waiting arms. On the main road the crew commandeered an automobile driven by a terrified young boy, placed the two now unconscious men in the back seat with instructions to take them to the hospital three miles away. The boy, threatened with death if orders were not obeyed, nodded, shoved the gears into reverse instead of first, stopped, and finally with a roaring motor and gigantic jerks pulled away out of sight.

Back at the beached boat work was speedily going forward; cases upon cases of liquor were being sunk and bearings taken so that when the danger passed they might be recovered. The fact that

the chaser's powerful spotlight might pick them up any minute hastened the unloading and each man's nerves were keyed to the highest pitch. One mishap and all would have collapsed. However everything ran smoothly; soon with the incoming tide the Artemas was eased off with each man aboard hoping she had suffered no leak. To remain beached meant instant detection and discovery of the hidden booty by a government airplane in the morning; while putting into a friendly dock a few miles away meant that the ship would be repaired and in running order with scarcely an interruption. All rested with Fate, and Fate was kind, for there is and will continue to be (unless the Government suffers a radical change) an abundance of Good Cheer in Greenport.

*Kathryn Whittemore, '33*

## Sonnet

All leaves in autumn die, and dying fall  
On earth replete with leaves already dead;  
On boughs that shiver, swaying bare and tall,  
There soon will hang new buds of misty red.  
The growing things in secret dark of shade  
Are visited of death in secret night;  
They fall unnoticed, by a hand unstayed,  
Yet sudden Spring shall bring them all to light.  
In blue-white grip of ice and drifting snow  
The brook is held arrested in its course;  
Spring sun shall melt the bonds, nor ever know,  
For melting winter loveliness, remorse.

And my great love for you, O dearest one,  
While seeming stopped, in truth has just begun.

*Dorothy Rockwell, '32*



## Rendez-Vous

*Scene*—A green stretch of grass on a foggy cliff above the English Channel.

*Time*—Almost noon, on a day in May.

*Characters*—Elspeth Worth—a young girl of twenty, whose fame as a writer of poetry has already spread beyond England.

*Roger Worth*—Cousin of Elspeth, aged thirty-two, a scholar and playwright.

*Jock*—A Scotch collie, aged ten.

*(A slim dark girl and a tall tweed-clothed man carrying a wicker basket, accompanied by a beautiful bronze-colored collie, are seen ascending the slope at the back.)*

ROGER: Elspeth, here I am, but perhaps now you will reveal why I am here. With all trust in your capacity as a guide I still have a vague curiosity as to our precarious position upon this cliff, in company with a dog and a lunch basket.

*(He sets down the basket, and they seat themselves carelessly on convenient rocks.)*

ELSPETH: You *have* been good, Roger. Perhaps you will even think I am foolish. I cannot tell myself. But here is the story. Of course you knew that I have been hearing from Hilary, since he went to India nine years ago?

ROGER: I *did* have my well-concealed suspicions. Hil was a perfect little boy; in the right sense, I mean.

ELSPETH: I was *coming* to that. Perhaps if I had not been with him so much when we were very small I should have wondered at his letters. Of course, when he left we made promises, and I remember being angry at his father for not leaving him behind. And yet his letters—they were dear to me because he was the only real playmate I had. They stopped after four years, but on my seventeenth birthday one came. And it planned this picnic on the day when I should be twenty. So here I am, and you, too. Yet I cannot tell you whether Hilary is now in England or India. But I believe he will come.

ROGER: I understand. Hil would come if he had to fly. He *is* that

way. I remember him well as he was just before he left. One Saturday you came over to "Wellsworth", both of you, to build sand castles. You were just under my study windows. I was so deep in a book that I hardly realized you were there, until I heard you discussing the turrets on a perfect sand castle which had taken one afternoon to complete. I went to the window and saw you in something bright salmon color, with that black, black hair in braids. You looked up at me with big sober eyes and said, "Roger, aren't real real castle towers square?" And Hil came up close and said, "Elspeth, don't bother—If you say they're square I'll believe you, because I am building this to be for you, anyway." Do you remember?

ELSPETH: Oh, I *do*! And Hil's aunt was so angry afterward because he had gone to play in that nice bright blue suit. And he did look nice with his grey eyes and sun-colored hair . . . especially bright that day. And the next Sunday he left . . .

ROGER: You are not much older now, to me. And Hilary's grey eyes always caught me, too, when he paused and looked intently at something. And he will come. But, my dear, why am I—that is, I hardly belong to this little reunion.

ELSPETH: Why, Roger, you *do*. I brought you because I wanted you and Jock—

ROGER: You wanted me and *Jock* and the lunch basket too, of course. We *are* birds of a feather; all rather rough and brown and fog-swept. But with a pipe and a sandwich I can keep watch and never hear a word you will say.

ELSPETH: Oh, Roger—I mean Jock is one of the special four of us. And did you know Hil and I bought him together out of six months' savings? Look—the sun is almost through the mist. I can see the water . . . and a boat! He must be on it—that small white motorboat belonging to the Indian steamship company. Roger, let's run down the hill to meet him—

ROGER: Elspeth, Elspeth, wait—an old fossil like myself can hardly vie with such a sprinter.

ELSPETH: Oh, silly! (*She starts to run*) and he *did* have such nice grey eyes . . .

ROGER: Wait, Elspeth—Someone is calling to us over on the other side of the slope.

ELSPETH: Is it he? Oh, I can't go—why, I am almost frightened to see him. Will you go and see, Roger? and I will come, really, when I stop shaking.

*(Elspeth stands with her back half turned to the slope, not looking around. Roger walks back and a little down the hill up which an old country man is seen climbing. He hands Roger a note. Roger pauses and reads it over and over. At his step Elspeth turns a bit.)*

ELSPETH: Is that you Hi—? Oh Roger, I didn't think it could be Hil coming from over there. He will come straight up from the foot of the cliff, climbing swiftly as he always did—and he will be so tall and tanned and gold-haired . . .

ROGER: Elspeth—stop, stop! Hilary is dead.

*Florence Dunbar, '32*

## Friendship

The silver moon streams through the dusky sky,  
Where first it seemed that only darkness lay,  
And each small star seems only just to try  
The mother-moon to see once in his play.

The earth below seems drab and dreary too.  
But if we poke amid the brown leaves dry,  
We find a tender plant—a shoot that's new—  
And other hidden gems, if we but try.

So in this world of ours that seems so cold,  
As we do tread the patterns of our lives,  
There comes a handclasp from a friend of old  
The thought of which is with us—never dies.

'Tis things like this that help us on our way,  
And change dark night into a ruddy day.

*Elizabeth M. Boyce, '32*



## The Release

Dmitri raised his head. His black hair was rumbled and fell down over his forehead into his eyes. The veins in his forehead stood out as though he were putting forth great strength, although he was sitting quietly on a bed staring into space. Cold—still and death-like! It was the stillness that made him look up. It oppressed him, smothering down so close to him that his head became dizzy and his ears tingled. Waves of nausea swept over him. Stillness, that powerful god so akin to death! How it can haunt and terrify and take the courage from a man! The years he had been there should have made him used to the awfulness, but each year like a layer of mud coated his brain and senses. He no longer had a desire to be free. It seemed as if the blood in his veins had been stilled. If it weren't for these dizzy spells he would have been all right. His ears had long been attuned to the shuffling of the feet of the guard at noon-time and to the pan of food as it was sent through the slat. For years he had heard this same noise at the same time so that he no longer responded to it.

It has been said that humanity would be better off if the people would spend more time in quiet thought and meditation. But to think—to meditate—to be one's own self and company day in and day out for years which crawled by like an endless trail of snails leaving their traces furrowed in the soil. He had thought. He had pondered. He had planned. To what end? To rot! Rot from inside to out so painfully slowly that the marrow had seeped from his bones in his despondent despair. Could he philosophize and take his luck as it came? He did. Years had he spent in seeing the best side of things, taking it good-humoredly, when suddenly he awoke with the idea—to what avail? It was a matter of years of waiting for a criminal's death—and then? He had thought about that, too. Yes, dear Lord, he had thought about that and everything else that is possible to think and wonder about.

He was racked with coughing. His nights were spent sleeplessly and his hands had grown stiff from want of use. His eyes were dull and growing dimmer. He was by nature a calm man, not nervous or excitable. That is what had kept his nerves intact all these years. His dreams and sacrifices for the betterment of Russia had gotten

him here, and now, as the time had gone by since he was in the heart of things, they danced before him like fantastic taunting devils, writhing about in mocking agony.

When we first see him look up we see a strange look in his eyes. He was holding in his hand a small piece of paper which had fluttered in through the bars of his window. It was many years since his eyes had been set on writing, and as he quietly looked, with his head spinning dizzily, he began to think. It was something that for the past few months he allowed himself to do little of. He was trying to focus his dulled brain upon something. Slowly he lowered his head and read what was written on the paper. There were a number of queer signs scribbled on it and a note reading "tap-code-careful!" He weighed this matter, turning it over in his mind. He had not communicated with a living soul for ten years. The temptation surged within him. He hated to do wrong. His old philosophical nature came forward and said, "This is your lot—stick to it." But he rose slowly, staring ahead, his once straight back bent—not with age but suffering. He went over slowly to the wall and worked his finger in the position to tap. He studied the code and tapped slowly, "Is there a God in Heaven which is looking over our country?" There was silence again. His nerves had been jarred by the tingling hollow sound of the tap. He listened against the wall. An answer! Tap! Tap! Tap! His eyes slowly beamed. The answer seemed encouraging. He studied the paper again and became oblivious of all, so great was his enthusiasm.

There is a narrow slit in every door through which the guards watch the prisoners. He did not see the two malicious eyes gleam at him. He started to tap; he found that Prince Kropotkin was his neighbor. He tapped again; the heavy door opened and he swung around. He sank like a deflated balloon when he saw the two bearded guards of the Czar standing there. They said no word; each took an arm and started to lead him out. They laughed when they heard the tapping from the other cell.

Dmitri had learned, during his years in "St. Peter and Paul," many things—among which was submissiveness. He allowed those two guards to walk him from his cell, not knowing or caring where. He was content. A strange warmth had come over him; he had a fellow sufferer in the Prince, his fellow compatriot. Stiffly they stepped down the drafty corridors, carpeted with burlap lest a

prisoner hear sounds of life. The wind howled in its narrow confines. They came to a fireplace where some guards were making merry. Dmitri never looked around, for he, too, had spoken to someone at last. It is wonderful to think, when one has been deprived of things for so many years, what small things he will appreciate.

They passed the merry guards to a door. It was opened and before Dmitri knew it he was thrust into a cell and the door bolted. He jumped, like a startled deer! It was pitch dark and the air was bitter and cold. He could not think. He was miserable, startled, and his long years of starving and privation did not help. He kicked and cried out in God's name to be taken from the dungeon. There was no answer save the crackling of the fire whose rays of warmth did not reach him, and the laughter of the soldiers. Suddenly he realized the futility of it all. He slumped slowly to the ground and huddled up there in the blackness as best he could. Sleep came over him like a drug.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some short time later there was a great commotion about the prison. The sound of shouts and music, guns and screams rent the cold air. There was a hustling and running about the prison. Soon an angry mob surged through the corridors waving red banners about wildly. They were frenzied, tumultuous, slaying guard after guard as they passed along. The keys were procured and one by one the heavy doors of the cells were opened. Some prisoners fainted; some sank to their knees in prayer; while others burst out in hysterical sobbing. Some, in whose breasts life still glimmered, rushed out and, grabbing a gun, shot as many guards as possible. It was a cruel massacre. The Reds were shouting as they came to the Prince's cell. He was borne out on the shoulders of his friends. As they mobbed through the corridors one with the keys came to a heavy door. He flung it open and a stagnant odor met them. They were stunned by the darkness of it. Wild cries of "danger" were heard, but nevertheless several went in with torches. They stopped suddenly. The noise of the crowd died down. The men with torches looked down reverently at the heap on the floor. They knelt down and picked it up. A murmur ran through the mob. Slowly they bore it out to the fire—a limp bundle of tortured humanity. The mob wailed and moaned in rhythm to the regular strides of the two pall bearers.

*Annette Robin, '33*

## Requiescam in Pace

When I am gone and no more know  
The scenes I now can see,  
When earth's confines no longer hold,  
Will you do this for me?

I want a pyre of red and gold,  
Gold embossed in brown,  
Stretching up, reaching aloft,  
Like all the dreams I've known.

It mustn't be hard, of wood or stone  
Untouched by pain or love,  
It must be built of autumn leaves  
That the slightest breath may move.

Leaves in a pile, all jumbled together,  
Bidding the world good bye,  
In profusion of color, fire, and flame,  
Making it glorious to die.

So if my seeming futile life  
Has ever lent any shade,  
Any small respite from life's glare,  
Or any relief has made,

Please let this glorious death be mine,  
Let autumn fires blaze high,  
Let all the things my life has stood for  
Diffuse in autumn's sky.

When my soul has fled, no longer bound  
By this shell that you know as me,  
Attaining at last the altars of heaven,  
Will you do this for me?

*Carol E. Pike, '32*



## Idol Worship in Japan

As in most ancient countries where idols have been handed down for centuries, so in Japan also idol worship is carried on. All the Buddhist temples, big or small, have their own sacred images representing some god. Sometimes they have not only one but many, maybe all representing the same god or each standing for one. There are the sacred paintings upon the front screen or wall of the temple which might be illumined by some candles and worshipped. The Shinto religion worships the three sacred insignia almost as gods if not as their equals. There are also the family altars which, if kept up, could have the famous family image handed down from generation to generation, becoming more and more priceless as the years roll by. And of course we all know of the famous "Daibutwu", the Buddha, in Nara and in Kamakura.

In this way there are images everywhere. Do we all believe in them, worship them with whole-heartedness, or consider them as having some supreme power within themselves? I could not say, for that answer would depend on every individual. However, as far as the majority of the Japanese population is concerned, I do not think they really believe in them.

Let us go to some temple and see what are the attitudes of the people and the types that come. We see old ladies come in, some with little children and some with another companion of their own age. They will purify themselves and proceed to the altar. Clapping their hands together, they call the spirits from the motionless figure before them and pray with earnestness. The children who have accompanied some of them also follow suit. Clapping their hands together, throwing their contribution, they too bow their heads in prayer as the elders. Do they all pray to this still figure or do their praises go beyond them to some other mightier power? I believe Gandhi said that these people worshipped not the images, but the spirits represented by them. This is most likely true in many cases, but to the ignorant is it not all the same?

As we watch the comers and goers to this temple, we find that most of the worshippers are elderly people. Sometimes a young

person might come straggling in but generally they go away with only a short bow or reverence to the image (which is more a custom than anything else) and sometimes they stroll away without even noticing it. It is true that everything depends on the kind of temple—what the images stand for, what prayers they answer, and the fame of the temple itself, for a great number of the Japanese are still very superstitious and the reputation of the holy place counts a great deal.

At the time of festivals we see everyone out, old and young. It is then that the young take a great part in the celebration, but in most cases I rather think they do it for the fun and not to show their feelings for their gods. It is the greatest of their social occasions. So, in this way, the modern younger generation are rather indifferent about the worship of these gods represented by the images. It is the elderly only that mostly cling to their old ideas of worship and I think those that worship them pray, as Gandhi said, to the God and not to the image.

*Miye Hirooka, '32*

## Evolution?

When I, like Chaucer, try to make a rhyme,  
Methinks the race has not improved with time.  
After five hundred years, and more beside,  
If Darwin's theory were justified,  
More beautiful by far than Chaucer's lays,  
This should be worthy of an angel's praise;  
Yet, woe is me, the words that fill this page  
Are worthier of the neolithic age!

*Anne Cleveland, '33*

## The Call

The moon looked down at the monastery, clearly visible in the frosty night air. All was still. But something changed the usual aspect of the mediaeval picture; the black ditch of the ancient moat that surrounded the abbey was spanned by six feet of solid stone. The drawbridge was down! And at night! Who could be entering the monastery? Beside the open gate sat a man, dressed in accordance with the monastic order, his black robes moving only when the wind stirred their folds. His head was bent as if he were deep in thought. His drawn face was lined, though he was young.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Father in Heaven, help me decide the question that will determine my whole life!" Thus he prayed.

He had but recently entered the monastery—in fact but a month ago. His eldest brother, now the head of the family, and a conscientious monk, had all but forced him to pledge himself likewise to God's services. He was deeply in love, and had almost succeeded in attaining his lady's favor when she had promised herself to a wealthy knight. Upon his brother's suggestion and wish he had taken the sacred oath of monasticism for life.

Entering the abbey of St. Benedict was, in itself, no great task; but once inside, one never saw outside the massive walls that enclosed its buildings and made them a small community. This was one of the most strictly-enforced of the establishment. One can worship best without outside distraction, and the life of the abbey and its equipment were adequate for this highest type of religion. But he found it impossible to concentrate on sanctity the same as his brother monks. Even in the glow of the altar candles he could see the face of the woman he loved. The ethereal mist reminded him of her hair. At early morning mass he could hear her voice blended with the strains of the music that was intended to send his thoughts toward God and a holier life. At night in the semi-darkness of his cell, he could imagine her standing before him. In truth, there was no time when she was absent from his thoughts. Yet he held firmly to the monotonous routine, trying to bear his mental torture.

Finally the "Holy Brother" had spoken to him privately. "I have been watching you, Brother, ever since you have been here, and I know you care nothing for our life here. God wants no half-hearted worship, and we don't want you here, distracting those who put their souls and minds into prayer and right living. Tomorrow night, from twelve to one, the gates shall be opened and the drawbridge let down; go if you wish to—forever, but if you should decide to stay, you must conform to our ideals as best you can. At one the gates will close. Make your decision." He crossed himself, and departed.

So here he sat, as yet undecided. For a while he had been deliriously happy, but he had forgotten that the one he loved had given herself to another. If he stayed at the monastery, he was settled for life, but in the outside world he would have nothing to offer his lady and probably she wouldn't even give him love. He would have no money, for his brother would give him none, and he would have to take any job he could find. Should he take the slim chance of winning her back, or stay here forever?

At last he got to his feet, and walked about slowly, always within the vicinity of the gates. How much time had he left? He had no idea—probably fifteen minutes. He looked about him. Heavenly stillness presided. The moon's bright rays in the clear night-air enabled him to see the chapel, its quaint old spire bathed in moonlight. The velvet-black of the trees, clustered here and there, was motionless. A sudden peace entered his soul. He felt as if all the good in him had suddenly thrust itself forward. He had never felt this way before. Perhaps it was the calm, beautiful picture that spread itself out before him. The buildings took on a friendly aspect, and the same things he had looked at without interest all these days seemed to beckon to him. Gradually realization dawned. He would stay—stay, and worship this divine Being that his brother monks talked about, and that had inspired in him this peace of soul and body for which he had been searching all these months—stay, offering his services forever in heart-felt prayer. Exaltation swept over him again as he lifted his arms in silent thanks for this celestial happiness. Hark! What was that? A cry—then another—disturbed his meditations. A child! Outside the gates at this time of night? There was no other building for miles around. He ran to the bridge, crossed the moat, and hurried to the path that ran near by. The cry



was repeated; he wheeled around, in time to hear a flap of wings and to see something shoot through the sky. A bird! He laughed, but his laughter died away as suddenly another sound was heard—the pealing of the one-o'clock bell. He rushed to the moat, but was dismayed to see the drawbridge slowly lifting in mid-air. The gates clanged with a metallic sound. Locked out forever! He sank to the ground.

*Catherine Campbell, '33*

## Loyalty

*Scene opens in the woods in a little clearing.*

*An old warrior is at his post. Enter a young warrior.*

OLD W.: Stop! Who goes there? Enemy or friend reveal thyself. (*Youth tries to creep away.*) Stand! If thou art friend speak thy mission; but if thou be enemy and hast any courage of a warrior, return and fight like a man. Who art thou?

YOUNG W.: (*Coming back.*) I come from the castle captured but this afternoon by thy troops and seek my comrades who have fled, I know not where. But as I am a warrior and a son of my father, I shall fight thee in the name of my lord.

(*They fight and old warrior defeats the youth.*)

YOUNG W.: I am defeated. But what a swordsman thou art! Glad I shall be to die at the hands of one so noble, though an enemy. Strike, I am ready.

OLD W.: Proud youth, 'tis a pity to destroy one so young, so brave and so strong—so much like my lost son—yet, much that I hate to take the life of one who is so courageous, it is the orders from the lord that none opposing shall live, if captured, so scarce are the supplies.

YOUNG W.: Strike with haste, I pray thee, if thou must.

OLD W.: Is there nothing that I can do, no messages, not a word?

YOUNG W.: None. I have none to grieve for me when I am gone. My mother passed away but this spring and as for my father—alas!—Well did I love him and he me. I have searched, but in vain; he is as likely dead. But strike, I am not afraid.

OLD W.: I will. But wait. Look at me. Have I not seen thee before?  
Whence comest thou, from what land?

YOUNG W.: I come from the north, near the sea. Thou also lookest familiar to me. Thou art like—like—father, my father!

OLD W.: My son! What a mishap is this. North and South have I searched for thee, in every land, on every sea, and to meet in this fashion under such circumstances! Oh, cruel world! It is against my principle to disobey my lord, yet I cannot kill my son, my own noble son, the one and only one who shall carry on our name!

YOUNG W.: Nay, father, thou shalt not break thy vows to thy master which thou hast pledged in the name of God. My father must not disobey. If thou wishest thy son to carry sweet and true memories of thee to the next world, carry out thy lord's commands, for my father must be honorable. Let me look upon thy dear face once more and then I shall be ready for the end. Strike, father, I am happy to die at thy hands. Tarry not, for delay will break my nerves. Farewell, dear father, farewell.

OLD W.: Farewell—Oh, me, I cannot!—Farewell!

(*Strikes*) Oh my one dear son!

curtain

*Miye Hirooka, '32*

## Poem

Savagely I love  
The sight of fleet, grey rain,  
The rip of snaggéd thunder,  
The snarl of frustrate wind,  
The sudden hissing silence  
Of beaten waves.

*Dorothy Rockwell, '32*

## The Addison Gallery of American Art

It was a dark day in early January and we were still a little under the vacation influence as we wandered up to the Hill and entered the impressive pillared building of the art gallery. We were greeted by a young and interested lady who, upon learning that we represented (ahem!) the COURANT, immediately volunteered as guide.

The statue of Venus Andymene by Paul Manship, placed in the round entrance hall, was the first piece that greeted our eyes. It is executed in marble, almost the color of sandstone, and shows the figure of a young girl kneeling at a fountain. There are several other Manship pieces in the gallery, all of bronze.

Downstairs in the corner room is a rare collection of early American silver, including three cases loaned by the Garvan Institute of Yale. One of these cases contained entirely the works of Paul Revere—of "listen my children" fame. Each piece was made to order for different families, so no two pieces are exactly alike. Of special importance in this case is the salt dish inscribed to "The famous 92". Another valuable item in this room is one of Sanderson and Hall's Pine Tree Shillings—the first money to be independently coined in America. In this room also is a self-portrait of Samuel Morse the inventor. Naturally this picture is of great historical importance.

A loan collection of historical prints is being shown in an adjoining room. These are really very interesting because they show views of New York and Philadelphia in the days when states were known as provinces. One print entranced us—New York in the days when the city centered around Trinity church, which towered benignly above it.

Next we saw a collection of rare Stiegel glass, which is the second most important collection in America. The rarest piece of glass in America is here: it says on the bottom "Wilhelm Stiegel, 1770". This is flint glass, very delicately made, but when you see it you forget everything but the colors: a clear-toned amethyst, that blue-purple color seen on the midnight sky; another heavenly shade of blue like evening on the snow, and finally an indescribably faint tinge of green which has never been reproduced.

We were next shown a series of prints illustrating the graphic processes: etching, dry point, engraving, woodcuts, lithographs, etc. This exhibition is circulated by the American Federation of Arts. At last we understand the subtle differences between regular etching and dry point, and how they get the velvety effect on prints of dry point, and retain the clear fine strokes of etching.

Upstairs the permanent collections are in a series of adjacent rooms. While there were many pictures that attracted our attention, a few made such an impression on us that we must tell you about them. J. Twachtman uses the technique of just barely suggesting the details of his subject matter yet in such a way that the idea is made all the clearer. He uses very little color, and what there is, is light and very delicate. "Hemlock pool" and "Niagara in Winter" are two of his that made us pause a long time. When people have said to us, "Modernism consists in drawing the soul and not the detail", we have been sceptical—Here are two pictures in which you can hardly discern a detail, yet they give an indescribably complete effect. It would certainly be worth your while to study them, should you happen to go to the gallery.

An artist of different technique yet giving the same living-effect is Winslow Homer. Taking the sea as subject he makes you feel the force of the pounding surf and the buffeting of the wind. Yet his style, analyzed, is simple to the extreme—strokes of a stiff brush placed side by side with no attempt to blend the edges.

Whistler, an artist of the old school, painted "Old Battersea Bridge" which is in the large upstairs room. In this he experimented with the misty effect which he used in his next paintings, the well-known "Nocturnes".

Speaking of "misty effect", an artist by name George Bellows has an awfully interesting picture in this gallery. His "Outside the big tent" uses a single shaft of light to illumine a very large dark canvas, yet everything of importance stands out. It is a picture of a circus at night.

Albert P. Ryder uses small canvas, which he paints over and over until it looks thick and very dark. He paints scenes on the sea, illustrating moods or poems. He is really a "poet in paint". Two of his best works are "Coustance" and "Toilers of the Sea", which are both imaginative to the extreme.

A follower of Winslow Homer is Paul Dougherty, who paints marines and deserts with much the same technique.

"A girl in green velvet", painted by Abbot Thayer, is remarkable for the texture of the velvet which he has caught exactly. This is a rather large picture, life-size, so that it seems like a real dress on a real person.

The best picture in the permanent collection, however, seemed to us to be Sargent's "Cypress at San Vigilio". The one or two tall thin trees standing out against a pale sky were almost unbearably graceful. The whole picture looks windswept, and it is the best landscape we have ever seen.

The loan exhibition of paintings by James Chapin and F. C. Frieseke is certainly worth the seeing. Chapin paints in a direct, straightforward style and is not afraid to put down and even exaggerate what he sees. This is why five pictures caught us especially. "Drunken farmer" is the picture of a weak blue-eyed pasty and sallow farmer who is just a little bolstered up by the liquor he has taken. He is sitting uselessly in a chair with his sinewy hands hanging emptily down, and staring at something. It makes you want to laugh and help him home. "Country lane" is just that—mud, and ruts, and an old barn, and the sudden beauty of a flowering apple tree. "Abandoned coast guard station" is also what the name implies—a house that was once strong on a beach that looks as if it were accustomed to be populated. "Prize fighter and his manager" is an exaggerated picture of the brainless brawny flour-faced fighter and his bleary-eyed foxy manager. It is a small picture but very forceful.

Frieseke, on the other hand, is modest and careful in technique and uses mainly textiles for subject matter. In "The Scarlet Parasol" he makes a garden look like a textile by treating it with short strokes of irregular width at a distance that gives the effect of a tapestry. In "Girl embroidering" and "Girl knitting" the background is textile and more attention is paid to the details of dress than to the "girl" in question. It is a very good idea to have these two painters together in one exhibition, their works are so unlike.

It was nearing five o'clock and, we left, thanking our kind guide for her volunteered interest and help.

*Phyllis Frederick and Dorothy Rockwell '32*



## Exchanges

<i>The Blue Print</i>	Katherine Branson School
<i>Lincoln Green</i>	Lincoln School
<i>The Winsor Lamp</i>	Winsor School
<i>The Turret</i>	Tower School
<i>Hill Breezes</i>	Hillsdale Country Day
<i>Halcyon Days</i>	The Bennet School

### COMMENTS—

#### *The Turret*—

Yours is one of the best magazines for the lower grades that we have seen.

#### *Hill Breezes*—

We like your printing! The magazine is well set up. What about more editorials? We like the "Poetic Translation".

#### *Halcyon Days*—

Your "Candle Service" is excellent and there is a lot of other splendid material. Yours is the best in every way of our exchange magazines. We like the arrangement of the many clever "Shorts".

#### *The Winsor Lamp*—

There is more variety of subject matter in your magazine than in most. All of your material is not up to the standard that some of it has set, but your choice of poetry is excellent. We particularly like "The Earth Receives the body of Cain" and "The Cup of the Gods".

#### *Lincoln Green*—

Your material is good, but we think there is too little variety, and the number of book reviews outbalances the rest. More poetry seems to be needed. A few articles are excellent, such as "Found" and "Henry and James".

#### *The Blue Print*—

Your editorials are very good and well chosen. "Concarneau" is well written and good reading. We suggest, if possible, more bits like that and "Seventy-five" instead of a large group of mediocre stories.



## The Abbot Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

- Tuesday 15 The new girls arrived—good-looking bunch if a trifle lost. This will be a great year!
- Wednesday 16 We're all back again! "Where did you spend your summer?" "My, how your hair has grown!" "My *dear*, you look *divine*!"
- Thursday 17 The school opened officially with the first chapel service. Good-morning, Miss Bailey!
- Friday 18 The school is under way with a vengeance! Today the first physical exams were given.
- Saturday 19 Miss Bailey talked in hall exercises about Abbot and what it means.
- Sunday 20 Miss Bailey led chapel.
- Tuesday 22 The New-girl Old-girl dance was a great success and we congratulate everyone on her dancing.
- Saturday 26 Intelligence tests! "Are you as dumb as I am?"
- Sunday 27 Again, Miss Bailey in Sunday evening chapel. We are all inspired to do a good year's work.

### OCTOBER

- Saturday 3 Miss Carpenter gave the first hygiene lecture. We all feel healthy!
- Sunday 4 J. Edgar Park talked in Sunday night chapel on knowing ourselves.
- Monday 5 Tonight the first news was given!
- Tuesday 6 The corridor stunts were put on tonight. At last we know what a faculty meeting is like!
- Saturday 10 Dr. Meserve gave the second hygiene lecture.
- Sunday 11 Our old friend Father Hoffman led Sunday night chapel. We enjoyed him more than ever.
- Tuesday 13 The senior-mids had their annual picnic at Pomp's Pond. We *all* love hot dogs.
- Saturday 17 Dr. Meserve gave the third hygiene lecture. The song leaders were elected!

- Sunday 18 We shall never forget Dr. Ella Rescher's lecture on I.S.S. in Europe and the great need of the students over there.
- Wednesday 21 The annual faculty reception was a great success with very full attendance.
- Sunday 25 Margaret Slattery talked to us about ourselves. She certainly knows her subject.
- Wednesday 28 Bradford-Abbot day. The most successful in years! We found out how very much we liked Bradford girls, and we hope they found the same thing about us!
- Friday 30 New Society members were elected. Good luck to you!

## NOVEMBER

- Sunday 1 Rev. Raymond Clapp, head of the Schauffler School, gave a talk on nationalities and advocated friendship among nations.
- Monday 2 The first of the series of Gargoyle-Griffin basketball and hockey games came out in favor of the Gargoyles.
- Tuesday 3 The Hallowe'en party was such fun! Everybody relaxed thoroughly. Congratulations, committee!!
- Saturday 7 Dr. Meserve gave the last hygiene lecture.
- Sunday 8 Mr. Henry, an ever-welcome friend, spoke about the greatness of God.
- Monday 9 The second group of Gargoyle-Griffin games, still in favor of the Gargoyles.
- Tuesday 10 Dr. Ellsworth. In the morning at chapel he spoke on the English Bible and that night on "The Victorian Age". Dr. Ellsworth always is interesting and beloved.
- Wednesday 11 All our Christ Church members went to the vestry tea!
- Sunday 15 Our good friend Kirtley Mather gave his usual excellent talk about science and religion.
- Saturday 21 At last! The long deferred Gargoyle-Griffin day. True, most of our players were at the Harvard-

- Yale, but the spirit of the few remaining made up for the loss. Congratulations, Griffins!
- Sunday 22 We had a rehearsal of the Thanksgiving service—premonition of excitement! and Miss Bailey led chapel in her inspiring manner.
- Wednesday 25 After the Thanksgiving service, how joyfully we piled off for our short vacation!
- Friday 27 Here we are back again! and no one the worse for wear.
- Saturday 28 Jan Smeterlin the pianist held us enthralled for an hour this afternoon.

## DECEMBER

- Tuesday 1 Mr. Howe's organ recital received a warm and deserved welcome.
- Thursday 3 Miss Wilson talked about the Kentucky mountains.
- Friday 4 The first school tea was a great social event.
- Saturday 5 Aha! Our local talent is outstanding as usual! The first pupils' recital was a huge success.
- Sunday 6 Bishop Anderson led chapel.
- Tuesday 8 The two A.D.S. plays were worthy of professionals! We could show Barrymore a thing or two!
- Saturday 12 The Andover children's party in Davis Hall, presided over by Santa Claus and a chosen committee, was received with the usual uproarious acclaim.
- Sunday 13 The Christmas Service was held in Davis Hall and Miss Bailey's talk on what to be thankful for gave us all deep and true inspiration.
- Thursday 17 Vacation!!

## JANUARY

- Thursday 7 Here we are again, ready for midyears and the winter term.
- Saturday 9 Miss Florence Jackson talked about the right job for the right person. Miss Jackson is an old and welcome friend.
- Sunday 10 Dr. Burnham led chapel.

## Honor Roll

### FIRST QUARTER

Ann Cole	91
Mariatta Tower	90
Ann Cutler, Atossa Welles	89
Constance Hoag, Jean Hume, Susan Johnstone, Elizabeth Palmer, Carol Pike, Alice Schultz, Mary E. Thompson	88

## The Abbot Dramatic Society

### DUST OF THE ROAD

By KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN

#### Characters

PETER STEELE	Eunice Randall
PRUDENCE STEELE	Mary Elizabeth Moore
AN OLD MAN	Mercedes Clos
THE TRAMP	Katharine Cook

### THURSDAY EVENING

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

#### Characters

GORDON JOHNS	Ann Dudley
LAURA	Dorothy Reinhart
MRS. SHEFFIELD	Margaret Morrill
MRS. JOHNS	Dorothy Richardson

## Senior Mid Plays

### THE VALIANT

By HOLWORTHY HALL AND ROBERT MIDDLEMASS

#### Characters

WARDEN HOLT	Katherine McDonald
FATHER DALY	Helen Rice
JAMES DYKE	Carolyn Guptill
JOSEPHINE PARIS	Catharine Campbell
DAN	Ruth Mailey
AN ATTENDANT	Marcia Gaylord

### HEARTS TO MEND

A FANTASY IN ONE ACT

By HARRY A. OVERSTREET

#### Characters

PIERROT	Ann Cole
PIERRETTE	Alice Shultz
TINS-TO-MEND MAN	Mariatta Tower

### THE WORKHOUSE WARD

By LADY GREGORY

MIKE MCINERNEY	Betty Weaver
MICHAEL MISKELL	Margaret Walker
MRS. DONOHUE	Annette Robin



## Athletic Notes

### GARGOYLE-GRIFFIN DAY

Wednesday the 18th of November dawned gray and rainy, which of course meant no sports. The spirit wasn't lacking though, and the next Saturday saw tennis courts, hockey field, basketball court all filled with hard-working, combative players, and enthusiastic onlookers. There were also archery, deck-tennis, ping-pong and a driving contest in full sway. Everyone was enthusiastic, and the afternoon was a happy one in spite of the fact that the Griffins beat the Gargoyles rather badly with the score 55-20. But watch out, Griffins, the Gargoyles are out to win.

### ICE SKATING, DECEMBER 8TH

We thought old man winter had surely come in earnest about a week before Christmas vacation. Monday night the wind blew and everyone either got out their extra blankets and flannel pajamas, or else froze in little knots in the middle of ice-cold beds. Tuesday morning dawned bright and clear, and the words "good skating"



appeared on the bulletin board. Oh what fun! Here was a chance to try out the new ice-pond, and we just couldn't wait. The skaters fairly raced to the pond to put on their skates and see who could be the first on. The good old pond must have been very happy that day—girls, in bright colors, dashing over his smooth winter top, laughing and chasing each other, tripping one another up, then on again with the glorious exercise. Two girls even tried to race around the pond, forgetting that it had been enlarged, and what was their consternation when they found it would be necessary to rest after they had completed but half of their journey.

## Items of General Interest

News has been received of the birth of twin sons, Robert and William, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar D. Baskett, on October 6. Mrs. Baskett, who was formerly Miss Janet Davison, was librarian at Abbot 1918-1920.

\* \* \*

The press recognized with special articles of appreciation the twentieth anniversary of Miss Pendleton's inauguration as president of Wellesley College. Miss Pendleton has been an Abbot Trustee since 1923.

\* \* \*

Miss Olive Runner, who is still working among foreign-born women in Hartford and vicinity, former Abbot teacher, has recently moved to a more accessible part of the city, 206 North Oxford Street. She wrote to an Abbot friend, "My first caller was Katharine Ordway Parker, who came in truly neighborly fashion the day we moved, bringing a delicious cake which she had made and a dish of baked apples for our first dinner in the new house. It was very heart-warming and I shall enjoy having her for a neighbor."

\* \* \*

Pierpont Stackpole, son of Rev. and Mrs. Markham W. Stackpole, was married on July 16, 1931 to Miss Julia Flichtner Doughty.



## School Organizations

### JUNIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	BETTY BALLANTYNE
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELEANOR JOHNSON
<i>Secretary</i>	ELLA ROBINSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	FRANCES McTERNEN

### JUNIOR MIDDLE CLASS

<i>President</i>	RUTH STOTT
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH SCUTT
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH FLANDERS
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGARET MORRILL

### SENIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

<i>President</i>	CLARA SHAW
<i>Vice-President</i>	BETTY WEAVER
<i>Secretary</i>	VIRGINIA CHAPIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	BARBARA WORTH

### SENIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	LUCY DRUMMOND
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHARINE COOK
<i>Secretary</i>	LEONORE HEZLETT
<i>Treasurer</i>	ATOSSA WELLES

### STUDENT GOVERNMENT

<i>President</i>	CONSTANCE HOAG
<i>First Vice-President</i>	JULIA WILHELMI
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	HARRIET BOLTON
<i>Third Vice-President</i>	HELEN ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH BIGLER

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA BROWN
<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANCES MCGARRY
<i>Secretary</i>	MARY HYDE
<i>Treasurer</i>	DOROTHY REINHART

## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i> . . . . .	RUTH TYLER
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	HELEN CUTLER
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	CLARA SHAW
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	BETTY WEAVER

## ATHLETIC COUNCIL

<i>President</i> . . . . .	VIRGINIA BROWN
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	FRANCES McGARRY
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	MARY HYDE
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	DOROTHY REINHART
<i>Captain of Gargoyles</i> . . . . .	DOROTHY ROCKWELL
<i>Captain of Griffins</i> . . . . .	CYNTHIA JAMES
<i>Head of Hockey</i> . . . . .	BETTY WEAVER
<i>Head of Basketball</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH BOYCE
<i>Head of Tennis</i> . . . . .	ANN COLE
<i>Head of Riding</i> . . . . .	GEORGIA THOMSON
<i>Head of Hiking</i> . . . . .	FRANCES HARVEY
<i>Assistant Head of Hiking</i> . . . . .	PAULINE BURTT
<i>Head of Archery</i> . . . . .	KATHRYN WHITTEMORE
<i>Head of Golf</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH LATHROP
<i>Head of Croquet</i> . . . . .	SUSAN JOHNSTONE
<i>Head of Pingpong</i> . . . . .	CAROL PIKE

## ODEON

<i>President</i> . . . . .	HARRIET BOLTON
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH PIPER

## Q.E.D.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	JULIA WILHELMI
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	FRANCES McGARRY

## "A" SOCIETY

<i>President</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH BIGLER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	PAULINE BURTT

## PHILOMATHEIA

<i>President</i> . . . . .	ATOSSA WELLES
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	VIRGINIA LAWTON

## A.D.S.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	KATHARINE COOK
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	DOROTHY REINHART

## P.B.A.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	LEONORE HEZLETT
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	CAROL BULLOCK

## AEOLIAN

<i>President</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH HOLIHAN
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	OLIVE FRENCH

## CHOIR

<i>President</i> . . . . .	ALICE SCHULTZ
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## FIDELIO

<i>President</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH BIGLER
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## From the Colleges

## VASSAR

In its compactness and friendly group spirit Vassar resembles Abbot much more than I thought college could. There are 318 freshmen this year and a total of 1142 students, all scattered in the eight dormitories regardless of class, except for ten seniors, who room in one part of the Main Building. Each dormitory has its own dining room, but at dinner a girl may be a guest in any of the halls. The students' rooms are all different except in the newest dormitory, Cushing, which has only single rooms.

The only courses required of freshmen are hygiene the first semester and the advancement of learning the second semester under President MacCracken. However, the freshman curriculum is somewhat limited, since each freshman must choose one course from each of four groups, headed: Arts, Foreign Languages and Literature, Natural Sciences, and Social Sciences respectively. A great deal of work must be done in the library, which is very fine and the newest building on the campus. Classes are very informal with some discussion and some lectures. Attendance is not compulsory except the two days before and after a vacation.

In fact, everything possible is done in the most fair-minded way for the students' pleasure, and the students in their turn are expected to do their part in the bargain.

*Janet Simon*

## WELLESLEY

There is so much to tell about Wellesley that I can never get it all into one letter. The best thing is for you all to come out here next spring with Miss Bailey and see the college for yourselves. Let's hope it doesn't rain, so that you may have a comfortable tour of the campus.

Probably most of you have heard many times about the beauty of Wellesley. It certainly is beautiful, although I didn't realize it at first because I spent so much time getting lost on the campus that I just couldn't appreciate it. It includes about fifty acres of carefully planned and well-tended grounds and many, huge, imposing buildings. Stone and Davis Halls, dormitories, Hetty H. R. Green Hall, the "Ad Building" for short, and the Zoölogy building, are the newest buildings. The zoölogy building, although in use throughout the day, is still in process of construction and our zoölogy lectures are given to the tune of hammer and a steam shovel outside the window. The lake seems to me to be about the best part of the campus. I hope you will all take crew next fall so that you can see the lake better and also get a beautiful view of the campus.

I have a few hints to give you about Wellesley. Be sure to plan to ride a bicycle. It sounds childish but it really is very necessary. You would be worn out if you had to walk from one side of the fifty-acre campus to the other more than once a day. Especially if you live in the village where most of the freshman houses are located, you simply can't get along without a bicycle without wasting time. And time is so valuable and scarce here! Be sure to bring sport shoes and don't give away your Abbot-heeled shoes. You will be glad you have them. Even with bicycles to help solve the transportation problem, a lot of walking has to be done. And, besides that, it does look so foolish to see a girl riding a bicycle wearing high-heeled shoes.

Don't think that when you leave boarding-school you leave all restrictions behind. There are just as many rules here, if not more, than at Abbot, and breaking them is punishable by a worse fine than one demerit. Demerits, or irregularities as they are called here, mean something. It takes only five irregularities to campus a girl, and it is surprising for what small offenses one can be given three or four irregularities. But don't worry about that. Abbot girls are well trained as to what to do and what not to do.

I hope to see a good representation of the class of 1932 at Wellesley next year. We will try to be good "big sisters" to you.

*Mary Henderson*

### MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

When I first came to Mount Holyoke College I realized how inadequate the catalogue had been in really describing the college. I found out that my friends who had been here gave a truer picture of the part that makes life so happy here.

The first day was both bewildering and exciting; bewildering because there were so many new girls in new surroundings, exciting because of the realization that you were in College at last. The tension soon passed as everyone started to tell about their vacations over wardrobe trunks and disorderly rooms.

Studies soon started and then came the search for the right classroom. At first the buildings seemed so large and numerous, but we realized more and more what a beautiful setting the campus makes for them. Beyond the campus the background of mountains and hills increases the charm and atmosphere. The campus and the surrounding country is so spread out that it gives you a feeling that you have freedom of thought, freedom to do what you wish. For instance, in studies only one course is required, and aside from that you have a chance to expand to some degree and experiment for yourself. In everything it is up to you to accomplish a task or to follow it through.

In spite of studies there is always time for recreation, since all Saturday is free. Since almost all clubs are open to Freshmen, you can choose any field you are interested in: dramatics, music, debating, or athletics. These clubs give you an opportunity to develop along various lines and also to have a good time. Besides these activities you have a chance to obey any impulse along the lines of amusement, even though that impulse may be to push bicycles over hills, or rent a forlorn horse and buggy to take you out to see the country. During the week you can attend concerts and teas, and over the week-ends there are dances, for which there is always a good orchestra.

On the whole I think that college is well worth all the struggle of preparation and that final agony of College Boards.

*Frances Scudder, '31*



## Alumnae Notes

1850

Death: Martha Tufts (Mrs. Henry C. Bandell), Walpole, N. H., during the night of June 21, 1931. Mrs. Bandell was, so far as is known, the oldest alumna of Abbot Academy, having passed her one hundredth birthday on June 7. Her kindly, well-ordered life in a country village is of the sort that has made the background of New England sturdy and strong.

1855

Death: Fanny H. Smith (Mrs. James K. Bancroft), at Saxtons River, Vt., July 10, 1931, at the age of 96. "A gracious lady of the old school", Mrs. Bancroft was called in her home town paper, and "distinctly a home-loving woman." She was, nevertheless, interested in others outside her home, for her charities and kindnesses were scattered far and wide. Her affection for Abbot was often expressed in letters to the school. She was probably the last survivor of the group of six or more students who came to Abbot from Townsend Seminary in West Townsend, Mass. in 1854, when Miss Nancy Hasseltine, the principal, became the first woman principal of Abbot.

1856

Death: S. Augusta Abbott (Mrs. Albert G. Martin), at the home of her niece, Mrs. Helen Marland Bradbury, in Malden, October 20, 1931. Mrs. Martin will be remembered by those who attended the Centennial as the little lady who led the alumnae parade, representing the earliest class in attendance. She and her sister, Miss Ellen Abbott, 1862, have been familiar figures at Association and Club gatherings. Another sister was Mrs. Jennie Abbott Marland, who did so much careful work on Abbot records.

1857

Kate Butler, wife of the late Sidney L. Smith, of Washington, D. C., died March 27, 1931. The Butler family lived in Reading and three of the other girls also came to Abbot, Mary (Mrs. Wood), 1856, Lucy (Mrs. Frank Smith), 1857, and Emily (Mrs. Flint), 1858.

1861

Death: Mary A. Rollins (Mrs. John H. Hayes), at Somersworth, N. H., October 22, 1931.

1865

Death: Emily Swan, wife of the late Dr. Frederic H. Gerrish, and sister of Florence Swan, 1877, in Portland, Me., May 14, 1931, after an illness of more than a year.

1866

Mrs. Abbie Bailey Follett, who died last year in Marietta, Ohio, was a teacher for a few years before her marriage. It might well seem that this brief service would have long since passed into oblivion, but not so. A retired college professor, who was her pupil, says of her: "Mrs. Follett was one of my good angels, and I probably think of her oftener day by day than almost anybody else. She gave me inspiration that continues even to my octogenarian days. She was a rare soul and her like I have never known."

1869

Death: C. Adele Dike (Mrs. Frank Todd), at Somerville, December 6, 1931.

Death: Sarah D. Mason, daughter of Sarah E. Warren, 1841, in Boston, June 2, 1931.

Death: Lydia R. Reynard (Mrs. Ira Richards), at Attleboro, August 16, 1931.

Death: Mary Ellen Shipman (Mrs. Thomas D. Biscoe), at Marietta, Ohio, March 11, 1931.



1870

At a luncheon given in Pittsfield for Miss Anna Dawes in honor of her eightieth birthday, some friends gave her a surprise by presenting in costume six of the nine Presidents whom she personally knew when she was in Washington with her father, Senator Henry L. Dawes, from 1859 to 1893.

1871

Death: Helen Douglass (Mrs. William McMurtrie), sister of Mary (Mrs. Macfarland) 1877, and Katharine, 1883, at Washington, D.C., February 20, 1931.

Death: Ella P. Nichols (Mrs. Charles de Cordova), at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 15, 1931.

1879

Miss Caroline Potter, of Brunswick, Me., had an enjoyable trip with her sister to Europe last summer.

1880

Death: Lilie E. Stevens (Mrs. Nathan C. Osgood), at Salem, Sept. 14, 1931.

1881

Rev. and Mrs. Sumner G. Wood (Emma Chadbourne), of West Medway, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on the twenty-fourth of last March.

Florence Swift was one of the group taking the "Vergilian cruise" through the Mediterranean last summer, under the guidance of the Bureau of University Travel. The itinerary was carefully arranged to include all imaginable connections with Vergil or the Aeneid. Merely to name Scylla and Charybdis, Carthage, Crete and the plain of Troy, with its grassy mounds, indicates the extent of the cruise and suggests the pleasurable possibilities in it to one who like Miss Swift, "always enjoyed the Aeneid."

Death: Mary A. Watts, sister of Annie Watts Pillsbury, 1882, at Manchester, N. H., December 24, 1930.

1882

Death: Nellie W. Packard (Mrs. Horace A. Keith), at Brockton, July 19, 1931.

1883

Miss Mary Hillard, principal of Westover School, Waterbury, Conn., contributed the chapter on "School and Religion" in "The Education of a Modern Girl."

1884

Dr. Jane Greeley did valiant service in the community chest campaign in her city of Jamestown, N. Y. She is always to be relied upon for efficient co-operation in all work for civic betterment.

1886

Mr. S. Reed Allen, husband of Mary Libby, died in May, 1931.

Alice Twitchell has recently had a letter from her classmate, Anne King, of Red Bluff, Calif., mentioning a pleasant trip with her brother by plane from Los Angeles to Oakland.

1887

Mollie Bill Bright's older son, Horace, has recently been awarded a distinguished service cross for extraordinary heroism during the war. A first lieutenant in the Yankee Division, he reorganized and rallied his company and although severely wounded remained in active command until relieved three hours later. This happened about two weeks before the armistice.

Death: Junia Jameson (Mrs. Samuel D. Hannah) at Bourne, June 24, 1931.

1889

William W. Beadell, husband of Luciana Chickering, of Arlington, N. J., died July 12. He had been editor and owner of the weekly newspaper of Arlington for thirty years. Having been deprived of hearing by illness in his childhood, he was often spoken of as the "traffic manager for the deaf", because of his championship of their rights.

Death: Mary Eva Phillips (Mrs. Ralph S. Ambler), at Nice, France, May 2, 1931. Judge Ambler died many years ago and Mrs. Ambler had made her home in Paris for several years. There is one son, Phillips.

Professor Francis R. Haley, husband of Elizabeth Wilcox, of Norwich, Conn., died in Boston on December 14. He was professor emeritus of Physics at Acadia University in Nova Scotia, and had also served as dean of the faculty of applied science, retiring in 1929.

1893

Mr. William H. Nicholls, husband of Charlotte Conant, died at their home in Winnetka, Ill., on January 6, after several months of illness. Their daughter, Virginia, entered Abbot last fall.

1894

Mr. Frank S. Lahm, father of Katherine Lahm Parker, died in Paris in December at the age of eighty-five. He was known internationally in aviation circles, having become interested in aeronautics as early as 1902.

Katherine Parker's daughters, Katherine (1926) and Ann, are mentioned in the July *Smith Quarterly* in the account of a delightful and unique demonstration of appreciation to Miss Caverno, retiring professor of Greek. Their share was a dance in which the use of two balls tossed from one to the other suggested Nausicaa and her maidens.

Gustavus F. Davis, husband of Mabel Stone, died at West Hartford, Conn. in November.

1896

Mrs. Sara Jackson Smith is teaching art crafts in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn.

1898

The Andover community has been greatly saddened by the death, on January 2, of Mr. John C. Angus, husband of Annie Smart, and father of Mary Angus, 1931. Mr. Angus had been the town postmaster for some years, and was identified with all the civic activities of the place. He was a practical business man, and a lover of the good, the true and the beautiful. His advice in various lines, especially in printing, had been at the service of alumnae committees and of great advantage to them.

1901

Harriet Lee has become assistant principal of Paton Hall, a new school for girls of junior and senior high school age in Romeo, Michigan.

1902

Marriage: Martha L. Blakeslee to Mr. Hugh McCollum Beugler, at New Haven, January 5, 1932.

1904

Mary Byers Smith is assistant, doing part time work, to Kathleen Jones, 1889, of the Division of Public Libraries of the Massachusetts Department of Education. She is engaged in organizing libraries in State hospitals and penal institutions. An article contributed by her to the *Wilson Bulletin for Librarians* for October, entitled "Girls' Reading in Correctional Institutions", shows one of her lines of interest. Accompanying the article is a carefully prepared list of three hundred suggested books, which should prove of great value to workers in this field.

1906

Mrs. Constance Parker Chipman has been recently elected vice-president of the Women's City Club in Boston.

1908

Louise Sweeney took Miss Chickering's English classes for six weeks this fall. She proved a most successful teacher.

## 1910

Dora Heys Pym was in England and France last summer.

Ruth Newcomb has been kind enough to send a budget of news items about Abbot girls of her acquaintance. In November she herself was busy helping in Junior Red Cross work, driving about to schools near by to get new enrollments in the organization.

## 1914

Ada Brewster studied last summer for her master's degree at Teachers College, Columbia. Her special subject was nutrition. In the fall she took a position as nutritionist in connection with the Red Cross at Bar Harbor, Me. This includes some social work.

## 1915

Birth: A third son, Melville Hanna Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Melville H. Haskell (Katherine Adams), of Tucson, Ariz., September 11, 1930.

Norma Allen Haine was lieutenant commander of one of the divisions of the Community Chest campaign in Hartford. The proposed advance over last year of about \$400,000 was exceeded by \$120,000.

Kenneth P. Kempton, husband of Pauline Jackson, is the author of "Loot of the Flying Dragon", an exciting pirate story for young people, recently published.

Birth: A son, Sheldon, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth F. Caldwell (Esther Shinn), of Winchester, April 15, 1931.

## 1916

Engagement: Lois Edna Erickson to Stephen J. Moran.

Birth: A daughter, Katharine Selden, to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Nash (Marion Selden), of Cambridge, August 27, 1931.

## 1917

Harriet Balfe Nolle has moved from Fairfield, Conn., back to her home at Newburgh, N. Y. to be with her parents this winter.

Birth: A daughter, Joan, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Falvey (Lidwine Curran), of Chestnut Hill, May 26, 1931.

Elizabeth Graves Hill moved last spring to Mountain Lakes, N. J., desiring a country location for the three small boys. They are taking an old house in a land development project to reëquip for their home. Lawrence Miner was a year old in November, Charles and William, junior, are six and five.

Gertrude Goss is continuing as head of the swimming department at Smith College. She conducted a tour of Smith girls through Europe last summer.

Julie Sherman Tibbets has just published "The Old Road Through Pirate Valley", a pleasant account of "Old Cellar Holes of Petersham".

## 1918

Margaret Hinchcliffe attended the summer session of the Fitchburg Normal School.

Marriage: Elizabeth Moore Charlton to Dr. Arthur James Hood, at Reno, Nev., March 11, 1931. Address: Ridge St., Reno, Nev.

## 1919

Birth: A son, George Allen, to Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury K. Howe (Margaret Clark), of Lowell, September 18, 1931.

Marriage: Dorothy Cleveland to Roland Henry Baker, at Keene, N. H., May 9, 1930.

Births: Dean and Dana, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence D. Jenkins (Grace Francis), of Portland, Me., January 17, 1931.

Marriage: Frances Moses Walters to Lyman Floyd Cheever, at Kennebunkport, Me., September 19, 1931. Address: 5 Punchard Ave., Andover.

Helen Wygant Smith's six-year-old son, Douglas Gordon, died September 11, 1931.

## 1920

Julia Abbe has a teaching position at the high school in Hingham.

Birth: A son, Thomas Angus, to Mr. and Mrs. William A. McCorkindale (Lucy Ford), of Sioux City, Iowa, May 23, 1931.

Katherine Hamblet, who was studying last year at Columbia, is now assistant in the Physical Education department at Connecticut College, from which she graduated in 1924. Since then she has been teaching in the middle West.

Birth: A son, Peter Charles, to Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Patrick (Paulina Miller), of Goldsboro, N. C., November 30, 1931.

Charlotte Vose Clark's little son, David, three months old, died June 25, 1931.

Agatha Wade is now in the MacGregor Library, Highland Park, Detroit. She has an apartment with her sister, Edith, 1915.

## 1921

Engagement: Margaret Bradshaw Alling to Hugh Allen Ward (Yale, 1919).

Marriage: Herberta Austin Morse to John Selden Parker at Providence, R. I., October 3, 1931. Address: 41-48 Parsons Blvd., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

Marriage: Elizabeth Walcott McClellan to Loris Stefanie at Jullouville-Les-Pins Manche, France, June 30, 1931. Address: Jullouville-Les-Pins Manche, France.

Birth: A son, John Williams, to Mr. and Mrs. Williams Cochran (Mary Williams), of Boston, May 23, 1931.

## 1922

Birth: A daughter, Barbara, to Mr. and Mrs. Montague White (Rachel Boutwell), of Andover, Conn., September 8, 1931.

Birth: A daughter, Ethel Marvelle, to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Thompson (Elizabeth Brewster), of Brooklyn, N. Y., July 31, 1931.

Marriage: Margaret Tener Hopkins to Philip Noel Osborn, at Longmeadow, October 10, 1931. Address: 74 Maplewood Ave., Pittsfield.

Marriage: Harriet Simpson to John Wilson Bovard, at Galesburg, Ill., October 24, 1931. Address: City Point on the Indian River, Fla.

## 1923

Birth: A son, Allan Buttrick, to Mr. and Mrs. Irving E. Rogers (Martha Buttrick) of North Andover, June 9, 1931.

Marriage: Barbara Deering Cutter to Russell Hobson Anderson, at Dedham, June 9, 1931. Address: 109 Kensington Rd., Bronxville, N. Y.

Engagement: Elizabeth Frances Eaton to Miner William Merrick (Amherst, 1927), of Homer, N. Y.

Marriage: Elizabeth Sanderson Flagg to Sterling Dow, at Andover, June 5, 1931. Address: American School of Classical Studies, Athens, Greece.

Birth: A son, Alden Dwight, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore H. Johnson (Rosamond Martin), of Woburn, September 9, 1931.

Birth: A son, Jackson Osborne, to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome L. Keleher (Dolores Osborne) of Arlington, February 9, 1931.

Marriage: Natalie Wickes Page to Louis Gregg Neville, Jr., at Andover, October 10, 1931. Address: 444 East 52nd St., New York City.

Marriage: Elizabeth Mae Thomas to James Edmond Elliott, at North Andover, November 28, 1931. Address: 1699 Cambridge St., Cambridge.

Birth: A daughter, Esther Katharine, to Mr. and Mrs. Carleton B. Pierce (Esther Wood), of Ann Arbor, Mich., September 17, 1931.

## 1924

Birth: A daughter, Helen, to Mr. and Mrs. Sherman T. Baketel (Helen Epler), of Marblehead, May 21, 1931.

Marriage: Helen Hardenbergh to Lieutenant John Francis Regis Seitz, at Winnetka, Ill., December 19, 1931. Address: Fort Snelling, Minn.



Marriage: Ruth Talbot Hawley to Roger Conant Damon, at Baldwinsville, August 15, 1931. Address: 48 Cedar Lane Way, Boston.

Marriage: Frances Ann McCarthy to Charles David Abbott, at Duluth, Minn., August 6, 1931. Address: 405 East 54th St., New York City.

Marriage: Ruth Ada Pritchard to Lt. Horace Leland de Rivera, U.S.N., at Norfolk, Va., July 31, 1931. Address: 336 Quincy Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

Marriage: Laura Neal Scudder to Hugh Stewart Williamson, at New York City, December 18, 1931. Address: 320 East 42nd St., Tudor City, New York, N. Y.

Marriage: Ruth Jane Wilkinson to Allan St. Clair Hinxman, at Springfield, June 27, 1931. Address: 1340 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

## 1925

Jean Harriet Fleming was married to Dixon Hinshaw Smith at Cloquet, Minn., October 5, 1929. They are now living at 818 North 4th St., San Jose, Calif., and have a little daughter, Dixie Ann, born October 3, 1930.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cabot Coville (Lilian Grosvenor), on January 5, 1932, in Tokyo, Japan, where Lilian's husband is now U. S. Consul.

Marriage: Charlotte Margaret Hanna to George Bruce Beveridge, at Richmond, Va., October 15, 1931. Address: 3305 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va.

Theodate Johnson, accompanied by Mrs. Ruth Thayer Burnham, went to Italy last summer to study Italian opera. She has had some unusual opportunities, musically, chief among them being the privilege of private lessons from Maestro de Pietro of St. Cecilia's in Rome.

Marriage: Barbara Sharp Potter to Wharton Ezra Larned, at Bloomfield Hills, Mich., August 15, 1931. Address: 15119 Lake Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

Caroline Simonds is named on the dean's list at Smith. This means that she had an average in her college work for the last year of B or better.

Marriage: Virginia Elder Thompson to Frank Elmer Camp, Jr., at New Rochelle, N. Y., June 18, 1931. Address: 124 Kent Way, West Reading, Pa.

Doris H. von Culin has a position with the Transcontinental Lumber Company in Boston.

Birth: A son, William Ward, to Mr. and Mrs. William M. Farrar, Jr. (Elizabeth Righter), of West Orange, N. J., November 27, 1931.

## 1926

In September Adelaide Black was appointed Alumnae Secretary of the Katharine Gibbs School with headquarters in New York.

Ruth Copeland's engagement to Dr. Lawrence Whitcomb, of the department of Geology at Lehigh University, was announced in September. Ruth's friends will be sorry to learn that her mother died in October.

Gracie Griffin, who has for two years acted as secretary to the function manager of the Copley Plaza Hotel, is now secretary to the resident manager of the Hotel Bradford, Boston.

Birth: A son, Frederick Seth, to Mr. and Mrs. Seth S. Pope (Ruth Katzmann), of Jamaica Plain, September 22, 1931.

Marriage: Frances McDougall to John Haines McCloon, at Portland, Me., June 20, 1931. Address: 111 Beech St., Rockland, Me. On the day of the wedding, Miss Alice Twitchell and her sister, Mrs. Sturgis, gave a tea for the bride and the Abbot girls who had gathered for the occasion. Iced tea was served in the "Abbot Teapot."

Marriage: Alice Stuart Mitchell to Alvan George Smith, at Winchester, June 6, 1931.

Margaret Stirling is working in the Amherst College Library. She finished her library course at Simmons last June.

Sylvea Shapleigh is now taking courses at Columbia University.

## 1927

Marriage: Nathalie Cushman to Northrup Bonyman Allen at Danvers, June 27, 1931.

Engagement: Katherine Maude Farlow to William Spencer Hutchinson (Mass. Institute of Technology, 1929).



Engagement: Florence Fitzhugh to Edwin James Phelps (Lafayette College, 1931), of Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Marriage: Dorothy Lillian French to Douglas Mintie Gray, at Waterbury, Conn., June 13, 1931. Address: 87 Mary Ave., Stratford, Conn.

Marriage: Jane Phillips Graves to Woodbury Howard at Concord, N. H., June 9, 1931. Address: 41 No. Spring St., Concord, N. H.

Engagement: Katherine Haskell to Walter Harrison Morse, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Pauline Humeston was president of Claflin and on the prom committee last year at Wellesley. She is taking a secretarial course at Miller Institute this winter.

Mary Belle Maxwell is studying art in Paris.

Marriage: Harriet Esselstyn Nash to Kenneth Donald Godfrey, at New York City, September 3, 1931. Address: 320 East 42nd St., New York City.

Marriage: Nancy Sherman to Homer Theodore Craig, Jr., at Alameda, Calif., October 8, 1931. Address: 1103 Union St., Alameda, Calif.

Hersilia Warren has announced her engagement to William Bull Elmer (Mass. Institute of Technology, 1922), of White Plains, New York. She is studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York City.

Edna Marland, class of 1927, was graduated in June from Jackson College, Magna Cum Laude, with honors in Education and honorable mention in French. She is now working at the Tufts Graduate School for the degree of M.A. in Education.

#### 1928

Isabelle Bartlett is president of the Senior class at Connecticut College.

Josephine Paret, a junior at Smith, is a member of her class choir and of the college Glee Club.

Louise Hyde was head of tennis at Mount Holyoke last year, winner of the tennis tournament, and a member of the all-Holyoke tennis team.

Marriage: Beatrice Lane to John C. Mercer at Fitchburg, June 15, 1931.

Helen Leavitt is studying at the Eastman School of Music.

Margaret Nivison is vice-president of Alpha Kappa Chi at Wellesley.

Engagement: Constance Rundlett Anderson to Charles Cushing Clarke.

Marriage: Theodora Talcott to Patrick Slater (Oxford University, 1930), at Farmington, Conn., January 9, 1932.

A group photograph in an August issue of the *Boston Herald* pictured art students from Boston at the American Fine Arts School in France. Nathalia Ulman was in the group.

#### 1929

Abbot girls who are taking their Junior college year abroad, are Rosamond Wheeler from Smith, Elizabeth Hulse from Vassar, Dorothy Field, Juliaette Gordon and Olive Warden from Wellesley. Charlotte Butler is studying in Germany, though she is not connected with any college delegation. Elizabeth Hulse is also in Germany, but the rest are in France.

Mary Eaton is studying at Katharine Gibbs school, Boston.

Barbara Elliott, a Junior at Connecticut College, enjoyed a motor trip through Yellowstone Park last summer, and was for a month at "Triple K", the Keewaydin Ranch Camp at Holland Lake, Missouri National Forest, Montana.

Barbara Folk, who finished her course at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy last March, is working at the Worcester State Hospital.

Dorothy Newcomb, who graduated last June from the Weylister secretarial school at Milford, Conn., is doing secretarial work for Professor George P. Baker of Yale. She is living at the new Y.W.C.A. building in New Haven. She finds that the general courses at Abbot give her background for this new work.

Marriage: Despina Georgia Plakias to Milto Leon Messinesi, at Jannina, Epirus, Greece, October 24, 1931. Address: 5 Odos Koumbari, Athens, Greece.

Mary Roys is a junior at Wellesley this year. She transferred from Oberlin after her freshman year.

Marriage: Elizabeth Striplin Southworth to James Rice Cowden, at Andover, September 26, 1931. Address: 912 Ward Parkway, Kansas City, Mo.

Louise Tobey is studying voice at Eastman School of Music.

Marriage: Marjorie Francis Watson to Josef Landgrane Uppling, at Quincy, June 6, 1931. Address: 53 Greenleaf St., Quincy.

## 1930

Alice Eckman attended a university in Germany last summer and is now back at Smith. She is on the Press Board and the business board of the Dramatic Association.

Mary Jane Owsley has left Smith to study in Geneva.

Betty Stout has been taken into the German Club at Smith. She is the representative of the Vocational Guidance Committee in her dormitory.

Betty Dean is at Smith College.

Helen Ripley spent last year in Switzerland. This year she is at Bryn Mawr and has already passed her German oral.

## 1931

Marriage: Muriel Ruth Cann to Seward Johnson Baker, at Freeport, N. Y., September 1, 1931. Address: 52 Dartmouth St., Gibson, L. I., N. Y.

Emily Bullock, Nancy Carr, and Betty Dean (1930), are members of the Freshman choir at Smith.

Mary Angus is at Simmons this year.

Mary Bacon is taking a course at Columbia University.

Metta Bettels is taking a Secretarial course at Katharine Gibbs.

Dorothy Bolton is in the Junior College at Howe-Marot.

Cora Budgell is learning the fine art of cooking at Fanny Farmer's.

Emily Bullock and Nancy Carr are both at Smith.

Abby Castle is in Virginia at Hollins College.

Faith Chipman is at Miss Childs' School in Boston.

Flora Collins is at Leland Powers School.

Clement Cruce is a lofty Junior in the University of Oklahoma.

Mary Dix is working at Crawford Hollidge's.

Margaret Farnum is at the University of Michigan.

Evelyn Folk is studying Liberal Arts at Boston University.

Barbara Graham is at Wheaton.

Harriet Gregory is working in O'Connor's.

Carol Grosvenor is at George Washington University. She sails in February to visit her sister in Japan.

Margery Harger is at Albion College, Michigan.

Mary Henderson is in Wellesley.

Dorothy Hunt is at Pembroke.

Mary Jessop is at the Hathaway Brown School for Girls in Cleveland.

Catherine Ireland is at home studying organ.

Barbara Kidder is at Concord Academy.

Virginia Lillard is at the Boston Nursery Training School.

Charlotte Marland is at Jackson.

Lona Mathes is studying at Miss Wheelock's.

Lisette Micolet is at the Rhode Island School of Design.

Florence Norton is at the Museum School of Arts.

Margaret O'Leary is at the Erskine School.

Mary Elizabeth Olsen is at Wellesley College.

Pauline Rogers is at Wellesley.

Frances Scudder is at Mount Holyoke.

Agnes Sibbison is in Cleveland in the Laurel School for Girls.

Janet Simon is at Vassar.

Mary Jane Manney, Mary Elizabeth Smead and Dorothy Stevenson are at the University of Wisconsin.

Marion Stewart is at Wellesley.

Jane Sullivan is at Wheaton.

Gertrud Van Peursem is at Hope College.

Louise Walburg is at Simmons.

Nanine Wheeler is in Virginia at William and Mary College.

Mariette Whittemore is at the Emerson School of Oratory.

Willa Woodbury is taking a Home Economics Course at the Lesley School in Cambridge.

Marjorie Bowman is in the Cleveland High School.

Constance Bowman is at a Secretarial School in Cleveland.

Olivia Grant is in the Manhasset High School, Long Island.

Patricia Hall is taking a Post Graduate course in the New Britain High School.

Ursula Ingalls is at Bradford.

Jeanette Riemer is in an Art School in Boston.

Virginia Wilson is in High School in Pittsfield.

Susan Welte is at a Business School in Paris.



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MISS KELSEY



MISS MASON



## Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason

The departure of Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason from Abbot Academy marks a change in its history which one cannot view without sentiment. Their life here over so long a period has colored the whole character of the school, and has helped it much not only in its extraordinary development but also in its reputation throughout the community.

Miss Kelsey's work as adviser and administrator has been done with devotion and idealism, and she has always put quality first. Her standards of good manners and her faith in the gentler forces have helped to keep Abbot a civilized place in the whirl of shifting values and overturned traditions of which we are all conscious in these parlous times. Her influence will not soon be forgotten, and the grateful memories of many generations of Abbot girls will surround her wherever she is.

Miss Mason's work, while of a different sort, was, after all, a similar contribution. Her ardor for intellectual honesty; her enthusiasm for the thrilling progress of science these past few decades; her insistence on cool fair judgment—all have helped in the pursuit of truth, which is after all the chief concern of a school. Those are fortunate girls who have caught that vision with her and they are many. Her eager joy in building up the science department has been a proud leaf in Abbot's book of achievement.

Abbot has been fortunate in having so long within her gates two women of such unbending loyalty to their ideals of high conduct and of intellectual probity. Their ability, too, to work with others without friction has been no small factor in making their lives useful in the microcosm of Draper Hall. We say goodbye to them with the consciousness that their work here is embodied in the very tissue of the school-life. And we wish them the happiness and serenity they both have so abundantly earned.

*Mabel B. Ripley*

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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GEORGIA THOMSON '32

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## EDITORIALS

'Twas a dark and stormy night, and all looked black for the COURANT. Could we ever, ever, think up enough Editorials to fill up those yawning white pages? Editorials! The mere word sent a shiver down our collective spine. And a horrid, nasty little suspicion roused itself in the back of our minds—no one read them anyhow! Bravely we denounced it but the idea grew and grew. What should we do? In fact we were all cut up about it and running around in little hunks until our dear friend the *New Yorker* suggested—rambling. What do you mean, rambling? Doubt was expressed on the Editorial countenance—ramble was something roses did and not a respectable sedate COURANT Board . . . but this idea grew and grew, too, and at last we sent to the printer's for an extra carload of dots, dashes and asterisks, and here we are . . . At first, stunned by the sudden freedom from essays on School Spirit, etc., we didn't know in quite which direction to ramble, but a little story about the COURANT aroused our maternal pride. It was this: an alumna picked up a recent issue and, not much interested, glanced through it. She stopped, however, to read one of the poems and it was so good that she sat down and read the whole issue and was delighted. (Did we hear someone

say "of course"?)) But, privately, we think our poetry really 'makes' the COURANT, and wish to extend our thanks to those inspired young souls whose 'chefs-d'oeuvre' can catch even a bored alumna's eye. And our last batch of spring poetry is awfully good, too, you will find . . . We certainly don't want to develop into a Chit-Chat Column, but we can't resist telling you that Mr. Howe plays the doxology every morning from music . . . We wonder why . . . Speaking of chapel, we certainly thank those seniors who so kindly stand against the door holding it back while the whole school passes by up the stairs. Few of us realize how taxing on the patience is this job of standing in the cold and having one's feet trod over. Thanks, again, from the underclassmen . . . And when on the last half of the fourth flight of stairs, (no, not the same stairs) I nearly always remark to anybody who might also be attempting to reach the top floor of the building, "What do you say we start a fund for the installment of an elevator in Draper? It needs it badly. Just think of all the heart trouble we'd avoid [?!] [*and* appendicitis cases!] if we didn't have to climb these beastly stairs. So when the depression gets over and again we feel a little weight in our purses, then we might consider this elevator idea." Meanwhile, the first hundred years are the hardest! . . . Fascinated by Mata Hari [no, we mean the book] and The American Black Chamber, we never realized that we had a Secret Spy system all our own. Did you ever turn around suddenly in class and find a piercing, dago eye literally boring a hole in your back, only to slide guiltily away under your surprised gaze? It is really most mysterious and uncomfortable and we were sure a couple of Bolsheviks were plotting to bomb Abbot or sumpin' until a kind friend solved the Mystery of the Glassy Eye. This awful Cheka system is really only a few harmless posture markers. But do you think the mystery is solved yet? Not on your life. Can *you* tell who gives you that steady C+? . . . Spring is the time for recitals and this year we have been unusually fortunate. But although all those orchids just about broke us, don't you think Charles deserves one or two gardenias for his many personal appearances? And he never once has stage-fright! . . . and speaking of recitals, for weeks and weeks before the Aeolian performance, we searched frantically behind clocks and closed doors, etc., for an ever-elusive nest of coo-coo birds, nightingales and hoot-owls. We're pretty glad we didn't find it! . . .

And now after all that rambling, we just couldn't do without *something* about school spirit; it's just in our blood, I guess, or as the case happens to be, Nancy Marsh's; but maybe you'll forgive us, for it's in poetry:

You are the one who has to decide  
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.  
You are the one who makes up your mind  
Whether you'll lead or linger behind,  
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar,  
Or just be contented to stay where you are.  
Take it or leave it, here's something to do—  
Just think it over—it's all up to you!



## Delights of Dirt

How intriguing I find it to look beneath a bed or desk, and to find there careless, wanton rolls of fuzz. Dust—say you? To me these kittenish wisps are but tantalizers—invitations to the mop as it were. It is not, according to housekeepers, quite the thing to have these clusters of dusty nothingness beneath one's furniture. Bowing to convention, I gaze but a moment on the delightful misty bunches, then march reluctantly for a mop, which swallows up these delights for another four days or so.

I once heard a peculiar oldish housekeeper class sand *in* the house as dirt—therefore I include it herein. What's more crunchingly remindful of a seashore dwelling than fine sun-colored beads of sand? Between the floor boards, in one's steamer rug, adorning the new-made cake frosting, or scuttling fraternally about in every square inch of airy cottage space, its mild roughness recalls sharply the feel of warm beach, board-walks of weathered timber, and the sting of sand-laden wind. Small pieces, even be ye harsh to the foot and stony to the taste, do not feel yourself slighted by the name of dirt. Dirt, I am told, is 'loose earth'—and you are a part of the earth loosed from the gayest piece of it—the edging of the sea.

That type of dirt styled 'garden-loam' is pleasing to me not through its appeal to sight or touch, but through its April scent of rained-on soil hinting at daffodils. I cannot find that joy of true gardeners, the digging deep in the dark moistness of garden beds. Fingers drying brown with garden soil, say they, are fingers resting from truly enjoyable labor. It is enough for me to but breathe, from under my wind-twirled umbrella, the warm sweetness of fresh crocus beds.

Dirt in these forms is friendly, and indeed delightful—acting as a kindly, inoffensive reminder that beneath our feet there is earth, stretching far, with its spring gardens, cool houses, and silver beaches, even to the seas.

*Florence Dunbar, '32*



## Written in the Rain

The world could end on such another night.  
Detached I stare into the staring rain—  
This day has seen the end of endless light,  
This night shall know the end of pointless pain.  
The patient downpour melts the sodden earth,  
Great mountains crumble; cliffs and cities bow.  
A million million years before our birth  
The world was wrapped in water; even now  
I am no longer human. I recognize  
Strange webby things between my fingers growing.  
I watch the rising sea meet the bowed skies,  
And swim out of my cave, already knowing  
That I shall hear a thousand closing doors,  
And, faint and far above, the splash of oars.

*Dorothy Rockwell, '32*

## Harry's Woman

We called her old lady witch when we were little and it certainly suited her, but she was known up and down the shore as Harry's woman. If she did have another name, one of her own, no one could remember and she herself had probably forgotten it. She was seldom seen in fair weather, but she strode the beach in all the storms and clambered over the rocks as agilely as Captain Stern's monkey. Mad wisps of gray hair streaked from under her oilskin. She raised her hands beseechingly and shrieked at the stormy sky, but no one ever cared to get near enough to find out what she was screaming.

Harry's woman lived all alone in a shanty on the north side of the inlet where the tide comes in most swiftly and the winds are sharpest. No one ever goes near that heap of wreckage and driftwood which is her hut. The Portuguese said it was bewitched and the townfolk, well, they just kept away. Once Emanuel Capelli, who had been away to the city and thought he was smart, broke into the hut. He stole a conch shell to prove he had been there. Now it was with this shell that Harry's woman called her husband and sons from the sea. A few days afterward they found Capelli, or at least they thought it was he, floating face down in the inlet. A few people say his boat was too flat-bottomed for February seas, but fishermen use those dories year round and they say it was foggy and he blew the conch so he would not get run down and then Harry and his two sons rose up and grabbed him and dragged him down into the sea.

The only person who was ever friendly with Harry's woman was Angelina. Her dad was drowned along with Harry and his two sons and that formed a kind of bond between them. Angelina's husband was Filippo Didio. He was handsome, about six feet tall, dark as a Moor with shining teeth and great fierce eyes. He was too big and clumsy, though, for a fisherman. They were up on the banks last year and had to come about suddenly to avoid running down a skiff. The boom caught him in the head and he was thrown into the sea. It was so foggy they never found him, though they cruised around to low water.

Last winter Angelina's little boy was sick. She got tired of waiting

for the doctor to make him better and one night she wrapped him in a shawl and walked out across the salt marshes hoping Harry's woman could cook a spell to fix him up. There was a cold northeaster bringing sleet in her face all the way. The baby died before she got there. Harry's woman was out in the night somewhere and Angelina couldn't get in even to get warm. She was so cold and tired she just must have given up and waded right in there or maybe she went up to the cove, where it was not so rocky. A strong tide was running and the undertow dragged her way out. I hate to think of the cold, dark water around Angelina's white neck. No Moorish blood in her. She was pure Portuguese and her skin was whiter than any girl's in town. Her eyes were deep bright blue like the southern water just before light. Her hair was blue-black and shiny like a shark's skin. John Whiting wanted to marry her, but Angelina had no patience with table manners and such gentlefolk's oddments and she ran away with Didio when she was seventeen. Whiting married that square-rigged Dexter girl and then his troubles began.

Father Keely said heretics who believed in witchcraft and suicides could not be buried in the Catholic churchyard. Nobody really blamed Angelina for taking her little boy to Harry's woman when the church prayers and doctors did no good. Anyway, she was buried in the Lutheran graveyard. It is funny to think of Angelina, so bright, and witty, and gay, with only those stolid, heavy Swedes to talk to. Everyone went to the funeral. Poor John Whiting broke down and cried. His wife gave him nasty side looks and muttered to herself, probably practising the pecking she was going to give him when they got home.

Harry's woman did not come to the funeral. Maybe she never knew Angelina was dead. People kept away from her more than ever and mothers scared naughty children by saying they would give them to Harry's woman unless they behaved. The spiritualists thought Harry's woman did a lot of private communing with God and they aimed to invite her to their meetings so they all could enjoy the conversations. Sometime along in March they sent a committee to ask her, but they never had a chance to open their mouths. Harry's woman came flying out of the shack with a rusty harpoon in her hand and chased them clear up the point. The spiritualists guessed maybe she had divined what they had come for and perhaps she did

not want to join them. Ha! ha! There really is nothing magic about Harry's woman. She is just plain crazy. How much are you getting for halibut, Jeff?

*Lucile Le Vine, '33*

## Bells

Bells in the morning,  
Raucous  
    Tearing  
        Blatant  
            Blaring.  
Grinding maliciously,  
Ringing capriciously,  
Rousing us from peaceful dreams.

Bells at noontide,  
Interrupt abruptly  
    Beckon subtly  
        Agitate  
            Anticipate.  
Buzzing,  
Whirring,  
Eradicating memories of class.

Bells at night,  
Sweet  
    Sleepy  
        Subdued  
            Silvery.  
Pealing lightly,  
Murmuring softly,  
Luring us to forgetful sleep.

*Mercedes Clos, '34*

## The Legend of the Pierre Grosse

In the mountains of Savoy, high above the lake of Geneva, stands the Pierre Grosse, a huge black stone set in the midst of an orchard. There is a wooden cross beside it to drive away the evil spirits that might haunt the spot, for this is no ordinary stone. This is the story that the peasants of Blonay tell of its origin.

The young Count of Blonay rode out of the castle courtyard. "Clomp clomp" went the small, swift hooves of his mare on the scarred, grey stones of the courtyard. And at the sound a pale face shone at a window and the Countess of Blonay looked down on her lord as he rode away, gay in the sunshine, with never a look behind him. And her smile was sad.

The young Count of Blonay rode to a Marriage Feast. His way led through deep-scented forests, over bald hilltops where the swift clouds cast fleeting shadows. Twenty leagues he rode up steep trails and lonely roads, stark precipices above, the jeweled lake below. And when he reached the castle where the wedding was, he dismounted and entered the great hall. The floor was strewn with rushes and rich tapestries hung on the walls, and as he entered a burst of music greeted him from where the dancers swayed . . .

Gaily they played and danced all through the day, but none was so gay as the young count, or so much courted. As night drew on, torches were placed along the walls, so that the dark-figured hangings awoke to sudden quivering life, and spicy odours began to mingle with the sweet dusty smell of the bruised rushes. Then they feasted, and the noise of their feasting echoed from the high vaulted roof. And when the ladies had gone, the Count of Blonay drew forth his wallet and laid it on the table and the other guests did likewise, and they began to gamble, each with a cup of red wine at his elbow.

At ten o'clock an equerry entered the hall in haste and, approaching the Count's place, begged him to return home, for his wife was soon to bear a child. But the Count was heated with wine and flushed with victory, for he had been winning, and he sent the messenger away. The pile of gold before him on the table had grown



until it was one third as large again as that of his neighbors—the Count's eyes glittered and he laughed often and loud. Surely some madness possessed him, for he staked the half of it—and lost. Then a second equerry came to him, beseeching him to return, but he turned away in anger, and staked the other half of his gold, and lost again. Now when he saw this he did not hesitate, but pledged away land, vineyards, orchards, pastures; and at each throw he lost . . .

And at dawn came yet a third messenger, with ever the same message. Then the Count rose, laughing with a great bitterness, and strode out of the hall, empty-handed.

The Count of Blonay rode up the steep trails, while dawn streaked the black sky with bands of silver. The reins hung idle in his hands, and his head was bowed on his breast. On a bare hillside his mare started suddenly to one side, and looking up, the Count saw a strange rider on a black horse. And the stranger called out to him, as he would have ridden on, and bade him stop. "I see you are in trouble," he said, "Perhaps I can help you?"

Then said the Count, "What could *you* do to help me? I am past help. Why, it would take a nugget of gold as big as a house to save me now!" But as he spoke, the stranger's cloak blew aside, disclosing his face, which was white as ivory, with scarlet lips, and eyes cold and grey, yet holding in their depths a flame so intense that the Count drew back, afraid. Then the stranger spoke: "You shall have what you desire. Tomorrow at this same hour come to this spot and bring with you the first living thing born on your estate after your return. I shall be here, and with me I shall bring a nugget of pure gold, as big as a hut. But do not dare fail me . . ."

The Count looked deep into the flame, and saw there immeasurable evil and immeasurable power. But when he would have spoken, he saw that the stranger was gone, and he was staring at the reflection of the sun in the cold, grey waters of the lake. Then he knew that he had spoken to the Devil, and did not know whether to be glad or afraid . . .

At the gate of the castle a servant met him and told him the child was not yet born. Then he realized what he had done, and he went and shut himself into his room, and gave way to his grief. Three times the bailiff came to the door, to render his account of the estate, but the Count would not speak to him. At midday a son was born to

him, and at midnight the Count prepared to keep his appointment. But as he went to take the baby, his bailiff stopped him, and told him that a litter of pigs had been born on the farm in the early morning after his return. When the Count heard this, he rejoiced, and taking one of the little pigs, wrapped it in his cloak and set out from the castle.

On the hillside the Devil stood waiting and by his side a nugget of gold as big as a hut, that shone and glimmered in the moonlight. And as the count rode up the Devil smiled and pointed to the nugget. "Now give me what you promised," he said, and the light in his eyes flamed steadily in his triumph. Then the Count drew forth the little pig and held it out squealing and struggling. When the Devil saw it, the flame in his eyes went out and a black cloud covered the earth. And he struck the golden nugget three times with his hand and in the roaring darkness the Count turned and fled from the spot where a great black stone stood.

*Anne Cleveland, '33*





## Blind

A blind man taps along the street,  
A morbid sight to see;  
He chants in weak and wav'ring tones  
And thrusts his cup at me.

"Poor soul! I cannot help your plight,  
A beggar you must be;  
Although I fill your cup with gold—  
Alas, you *cannot* see."

I think that God looks down on me,  
Who think I am so wise;  
He speaks to my illusive heart  
So vain in its disguise:

"Poor soul! I cannot help your plight.  
A blind man?—worse than he;  
Although I fill your every want—  
Alas, you *will not* see."

Mary Abbie Hollands, '32



## On Driving at Night

There are several types of conveyances upon or in which one may drive at night. The most familiar of these are: the aeroplane, the automobile (public or private), the train, and the milk wagon. By far the most comfortable, if not the most popular, of these is the automobile (private).

One should be thoroughly "broken in" to driving at night just as one is taught to eat spinach: a little at a time and well taken in; thus the result in the former case: one either strengthens his preliminary conviction of hate or is so entirely reconciled that he would accept a job as night driver in a cross-country automobile race. For the beginner a road which has been travelled by day is the safest trial. Here he learns the difference between the Black Forest and Broadway. Then if the patient continues in an educational vein he may be able to inform anyone that the sign a little to the right does not say that Yaphank is six miles the other way but that Mueller's Spaghetti is the best.

Now comes the realization that here is an occupation for the multitude who have hitherto "tried everything," here is a new life in which the whole world is as you paint it in the shadow of the night and even Richard Halliburton has not as yet written a book about it!

To take up some advantages in a more exact form:

One may drive faster and thus reach his destination the quicker because most cats are on the back fence instead of crossing the street, and most dogs are watching the cats, all the tacks which have been strewn in the way have been picked up by the tires of the more conventional day drivers, thus eliminating delay caused by puncture for the night drivers, also, because of the fact that policemen are tired by nightfall of chasing the day drivers who go through red lights, there is a scarcity of red lights and a scarcity of policemen.

All the above points concern speed; the next will deal with comfort. When in the daylight a deep hole in the road is approached, all within the car experience a feeling of tenseness and after the commotion caused by the jolt subsides, many broken necks are discovered. The advantage in night driving is that the hole is not seen, the ten-



sion not experienced, and therefore the necks not broken because of the relaxed way in which the head comes in contact with the roof. Also closely connected with comfort is the fact that all the lunch cart coffee has been consumed by the day drivers, therefore you are spared. Then too if the night driver has lost his way he can nonchalantly ask a stranger to enlighten him without lighting a Murad to conceal his sheepish expression. Moreover, there will be few pedestrians to ask the directions (which they usually give in the form of an enigma anyway). Therefore one is able to wend his romantic way in ignorance of his destination, feeling like the first explorer in the wilds of Africa, and satisfying that universal thrill of a mystery!

*Kathryn Whittemore, '33*

## Maya the Bee

WALDEMAR BONSELS

This book deals with the life of a baby bee. The "plot" centers wholly about her experiences in a summer world. Her reactions to the beauty of Nature on every hand, her meetings with other insects—these make up the chapters of one of the most charming Nature stories ever written.

One can not pin this bit of gossamer into a frame of definitions, characters, plot, point—none stand forth. Here bluebells cluster overhead and ant armies march singing through the dew—the perfume of raspberries in the sun and a white butterfly make life worth living.

It is not the insect speaking through the man, but a man such as Bonsels translating for us the thoughts of an insect. A character study, such as of Puck the fly, is only one of the golden threads that are woven into this masterpiece. All the irritating self-assurance and impudence of the insect is sketched for us in a few words—in the words he puts into its mouth. We humans see ourselves in an entirely new light—through the eyes of that minute population dwelling in our rose vines and honeysuckle. We seek so much! We fret, we chafe, we strive. But Bonsels says, "World, we know your general haste. But will you kindly step aside? A butterfly is passing."

*Margit Thöny, '34*

## Spring

I see Spring—

In the brown patches of earth, peering through the snow; in the first adventurous, solitary robin; in the timid flowers, daring to blossom, brought to life by premature warmth.

I feel Spring—

In the air—even its cold blasts cannot daunt the brave young Spring-spirit. Somehow, through the cold comes a warm breath promising sunny skies, warmth, green grass, flowers, birds.

I know Spring—

In my heart—after the winter, long, cold, dreary, comes the spring—always comes the spring. God's great gift, hope, is strengthened in the human heart by this new season, a season of fresh starts, new starts and better, finer, and happier lives. Spring is beautiful—Spring is lovely—Spring is—

I know Spring!

*Sally O'Reilly, '34*

## A Feeling

When my mind is dark and my heart is lead  
And I wish I were as good as dead,  
I long for the hills which stand so tall  
And continue to stand and never to fall.

And once on the hills I reach for the sky  
And grasp with my hands the wind whistling by;  
I grasp and I clutch and I hang on tight  
And I shout at the wind with all my might.

The wind rushes by me forever unseen  
Yet it takes me and washes me oh so clean!  
It tears out the snarls that blacken my face,  
And then races onward increasing its pace.

Oh I love it! I love it with all my heart  
I love its snap and its stinging smart!  
"So take me," I cry, "and I'll give you my all,"  
But the wind rushes onward not heeding my call.

So I pat the brown hills and gaze up at the sky  
And laugh at the wind as it rushes by,  
For the hills will remain and the sky with its blue  
And now that I see, I am sure the wind knew.

*Dorothy Reinhart, '32*

## The Jungle

We were greeted on the windy corner of Canal Street by a gentleman with an earnest and anxious expression. He seemed a little non-plussed at seeing us, two young and carefree girls, in a gathering of intent students of human nature. We had signed up for this expedition to observe unemployment conditions in New York City, really, it seemed, because we had nothing else to do. It was the Saturday before Christmas, and the entire city of New York was brightened by touches of (pseudo) holly. The Christmas spirit this year was slightly redolent of moth-balls, and beneath the thin holiday smiles there was sometimes discouragement, sometimes stark hunger.

It was called a "Reconciliation trip," and the earnest young man—I think his name was Mr. Trask—had organized it with that purpose; to reconcile a few interested people to existing conditions in their own city, typical of what was happening in every city in the United States. It was not a sight-seeing tour: it was not for purposes of charity: it was not to find material for observations *to an audience*, it was to make *us ourselves* realize what was going on—and to start us thinking what was wrong with the existing scheme of things.

Two things impressed us about the group we found ourselves in. They were all extremely serious and very deeply, almost vitally, interested; they were all young. Life was running in them, strong and purposeful. They were all, I should say, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, when thinking is a privilege and a joy, or so they say.

We had been warned to avoid the appearance of being well-to-do, as that would antagonize the people we were going to see. So it was a sombrely dressed group who started walking down the narrow streets towards the East River. We had been given a rough program of events. Now, according to the program, we were to see "the Jungle, where unemployed men live in dugouts and boxes." We were greatly interested and rather excited—it sounded fascinating enough and morbid enough to arouse our curiosity to quite a pitch. At that we were unprepared for what we saw.

As we rounded a wind-swept corner it seemed as though we had

suddenly come into a strange country. The atmosphere was dusty. Scarcely a block away there was the inexpressible multifarious *business* of the New York waterfront 'way down town. Yet everything suddenly seemed dwarfed and dead. Directly in front of us was a vacant lot. The sun half-heartedly caught the reflection of bits of broken glass and bottle tops. Before I really looked at the scene, a chill feeling possessed me and I had a foolish desire to run back around the corner. A hush fell over the group—a sort of "wild surmise." This, explained Mr. Trask, was "the jungle." In this three-acre barren lot were living—not working, or spending the day, but actually *living*—some two hundred men.

Two hundred men! In the weak winter sunlight we saw a few dark stooped figures wandering with heads bent; a few little curls of smoke were rising from stunted crooked chimneys—but two hundred! It was impossible.

"Go in and see," said Mr. Trask. The group moved forward—slowly, almost unwillingly. We, unbelievers, walked along, eagerly looking for signs of habitation. All of a sudden a hundred dark doorways seemed in truth to rise up around us—we were amazed at the suddenness, and afraid. Faces appeared in the makeshift doorways, faces of men—men who were once willing and able-bodied workers earning honest pay honestly, and trusting in Providence. Now they seemed to have lost all semblance of humanity. Rings of sleeplessness overlaid by lines of worry, eyes sullen, mouths drooping, backs discouraged, clothing rotten and dirty, they came pouring out into the light, most of them blinking like just-awakened animals. It is impossible to describe the places they lived in. "Hopeless" expresses it pretty nearly. Little dark dugouts, with barely enough room for a man to curl up on the floor, covered with newspapers. Houses—a desecration of the real meaning of the word—made of bits of brick and wood, old gasoline tins pounded flat—anything! In front of each little group of dwellings a fire, on which was boiling river water, in which would be plunged the few tiny fish caught by enterprising negroes in the nearby river. Community living with a vengeance!

The men were perfectly willing to talk and answer the many questions which rose within us as we watched this amazing life. Most of them had wives and children. They had found a place for them, however, with relatives or in institutions, and had come to New



York in search of work. They all seemed to have the same philosophy: the situation in the country would never be remedied; nothing would ever be any better; everything had failed and would fail. Yet at the same time they were resigned, not rebellious. As some of them expressed it: "We couldn't possibly go any lower—we might as well look up." They did not mind the fact that "another fella" had the job they themselves might have had—they all realized that "the other fella" needed it too. Yet even in that state life is precious to every one of them. It is the thought of *death* they cannot countenance.

In that Christmastide here were these two hundred men—a mere fraction of the total number—who had not looked at the *necessities* of life for a month, while a partial Santa Claus distributed unnecessary gifts costing thousands of dollars.

Hanging in one ramshackle excuse for a window was a Christmas wreath. My friend and I just stood and looked at each other.

*Dorothy Rockwell, '32*

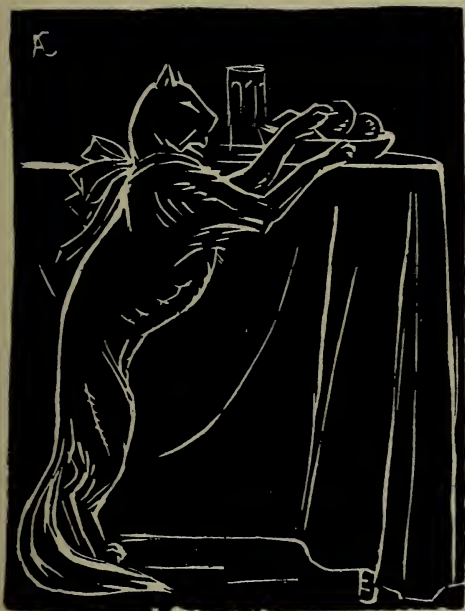
## Bittersweet

From out my study window, joyously,  
I looked upon the greening world of May;  
The azure sky, the trees in their fresh garb  
Proclaimed the glorious birth of Spring's new day  
And my heart thrilled within me and was gay.

Two dogs leaped, frisking o'er the fresh young grass  
Intent on winning this their race begun.  
Behind them limped a little crippled child  
Striving to follow where the dogs had run,  
And suddenly a cloud obscured my sun.

*Isabel Arms, '32*

## Star



To prowl around the  
dining-room  
And try to make some  
friends,  
Is pretty hard at Abbot—  
Although it all depends.

Some scratch my back or  
stroke my head,  
(I like that, you all  
know)  
But some girls hate to see  
me there,  
It spoils their dinner so.

I rest my head against  
their legs  
And, in a dainty way,  
I raise my paws and curl  
them in,  
Then watch them jump  
away.

Such silly girls. They squeal or frown  
Because a harmless cat  
Just wants to be affectionate,  
They don't know what they're at.

I try my best to show them  
That a cat is just a pet,  
And not a nasty crawly thing  
To get them all upset.

I'm sure that if I were a girl  
And one of them a cat,  
I would not use her for a rag  
To shove and kick and bat.

*Gretchen Wyman, '32*

## Let Us Enjoy a Japanese Meal

Prompted by an essay I have lately read concerning something that has to do with a delicacy, I have decided to give you, my reader, an idea of what the Japanese delight is in the universally favorite pastime of eating. That is, I am going to try to give you an idea of our delicacies, of the things for which we crave when we are beyond the boundaries in which we may get them, as you may long for luscious steaks and chops.

Let us pretend we are having dinner at a Japanese restaurant. We enter a picturesque gate of a typical, old-fashioned Japanese restaurant and pick our way over the stepping stones to the door. We shall suppose it to be summer. The front door is thrown open and we are greeted by bows and cries of welcome from the waitresses who await us on the cleared threshold. Taking off our shoes we follow one of these immaculately dressed maids along a winding corridor and probably up the stairs to a delightful room thrown open so that the evening breeze may freely create a soothing draft. In the middle of the room is placed a low and long table with dainty cushions carefully placed around it. There is of course a "tokonoma" or recess in which hangs a scroll and some artistically arranged flowers are placed by it, giving a dainty touch to the simple and rather bare surroundings. We must discard our hats and all such cumbersome things and make ourselves at home. The maid enters with tea and some damp towels. You must sit before the "tokonoma" for you are the guest of honor tonight.

Here is our waitress with the trays. Plate after plate is placed before us—for in Japan most of the courses come all at once except the dessert. We take up our chopsticks and remove the lids. And here, now here, is the thing which you must taste. Within the lovely lacquer bowl is some clear soup with fish, and there is your fish eye—quite a delicacy. Are not those vegetables daintily served? The Japanese cooks are very particular about how things are served, for they say that people's appetites are chiefly based on the arrangement of their food. That in the middle is your salad. Can you guess what that white next to the green is? Taste it first. Ah, you find it good!

It is rather crisp but delicate. It's jelly fish, you know. A bit difficult to pick up, but your efforts are rewarded. Sometimes devil fish is used in its place.

And now we come to our main course. Enthroned on beautiful greens sits something—something which you think you have never seen before. You must have seen something of the like before, but of course not on a plate, I suppose. Let us admire the dish before we spoil its arrangement. How beautiful is the red and white against the fresh green. Take a pinch of that reddish pyramid and put it in the dark sauce. Have you ever had chopsuey? Do you remember the sauce served with it? It is made of soy beans and is called "shoyu." This sauce is used as flavoring for almost every kind of Japanese food. How do we tackle it? Take some of the red and white and, dipping it in the sauce, taste it. Rather rich and very, very delicious, especially with rice, isn't it? It melts in your mouth and disappears. I will tell you what it is if you wish. Don't be alarmed. It is raw fish. But it doesn't taste very fishy, you say. Yet it is fish, and absolutely raw. Of course the meat is selected with very great care, but not much is done for preparation. I have heard that when Will Rogers came to Japan, he too tasted this dish and loved it—of course without knowing what it was. So when he was told of its origin after he had completely emptied the plate, he was so taken aback that even his jokes forsook him and he was dumb with wonder and surprise.

You may have fried fish, eels, trout, or even turtle soup in addition, but we have had enough. Let us, therefore, finish with rice and some of these lovely pickles. It is said that you may be classed as a typical Japanese if you can acquire the taste for these pickles. Have some hot tea while we wait for our dessert. Here it comes. Some bean-paste cakes and fruit. And here are some fresh damp towels—to be used in place of finger bowls. And now our meal is over.

Go to the porch and look down. See the lovely garden with the little stream, lanterns of stone, and artistic trees? It is picturesque. Shall we go? Down the well polished corridors and steps again to the front door. The little man in "happi-coat" will bring our shoes. The waitresses are thanking us and bidding us farewell. It does sound like a chant. And here we are again, out in the bustling main street of the modern city. It was like a trip to a different world, but I knew you would be interested. And now you have taken a peep into something



you cannot get abroad, something old yet new to you. Don't forget to go to a Japanese restaurant when you are in Japan. It is an adventure in itself.

*Miye Hirooka, '32*

## Old John

### INTRODUCTION: Let's Pretend!

What is there about "Let's pretend" that moves us so? When we are under ten, it means little thrills and shivers of anticipation along our spines and causes our shoulders to quiver with delight. But from ten on one gradually loses his marvelous faculty of transformation, which changes scenes and characters of homely familiarity to the wildest fancies of a fitful imagination. Oh, Oh! The paths of glory, the twists and turns of fancy that "let's pretend" carries us along!

Many an amateur writer has thought twice before he commits himself to the awful crime of writing an "Introduction"; but without this word of explanation I fear that many will think twice before reading my story, and perhaps even more will be frightened away at the very start. But there are some who still hide in them the wistful child, an essence of Barrie's inimitable Peter, whose imaginations sing strange songs; those, in other words, with even a speck of that eternal child who will *not* grow up, and to whom "let's pretend" means more than a child's thoughtless expression.

The Ancient Greeks had this thought subconsciously influencing their minds; even the winds were real to them, and were human should the occasion demand it. The Zephyr was a popular favorite; it's often wondered what a zephyr's thoughts were as he travelled from land to land over the great seas. Here's one now; perhaps if we're very quiet we may find out!

\* \* \* \* \*

"My! Isn't the air cold today?" I reached over and pulled a cloud about my shoulders for warmth. "Rather hard to push about."

A big puffy-looking breeze, almost a wind, sidled over and suggested in excited gusts,



"Let's drop, can't we? I see—the loveliest little garden—down below."

The poor fellow really was tired, I supposed. Well, we might as well let up as not. I peered downward at the spot indicated.

"There's someone in it," I said. "Come on, we'll go down and investigate."

Accordingly we dropped swiftly, and I rushed up behind the figure I had noticed. It was a man, rather on the late side of life, and judging by the soiled overalls and weather-beaten cap, not the owner of the house which stood just behind the walls of the garden. The clipping shears dangling in the dirty mitts and the rake at the feet identified him as the gardener. All these facts my friend and I took in at once, as winds are very keen in sight. I resisted the impulse to blow up his collar, because the droop of his shoulders as he bent over the flowers was somehow pathetic.

I whisked up behind a rose tree and blew enough petals upon the ground to sit on. They made a lovely seat, and I called several little breezes to me to whisper,

"There's more to this than meets the eye, Feather. Blowy, will you stay still for a moment? Now what was I saying? Oh yes. I think there's something bothering the old fellow. We'll try our wiles and see what's up, eh?"

"Right you are, Zephyr," answered Blowy. "Let's go!"

Without stirring a current of air, the three of us sidled silently up till we could see the gardener's face. It surprised me at first, being of a stronger nature than I had thought, according to the apparent depression of spirit. He might have been over sixty, and if his expression had not been so forlorn, somewhere in the fifties. Undoubtedly something was weighing on his mind, and I determined then and there to find out what it was.

We winds have a way with us, there's no denying it. Suddenly I whisked up and was about to blow about generally when the gate opened and a young woman walked in.

As she approached us, I thought that she fitted remarkably well into the picture of the garden. She walked with a loose, free stride; I thought of a likely comparison—that of a young willow tree, exhibiting such grace of motion as would a sapling, and yet sturdy of limb, braced against the forces of the elements. Her clothes fitted as

simply as the brown bark of the tree encircles its trunk. Such was—

“Miss Marion!” My attention again turned to the old gardener. His face had lit up, his back straightened, his eyes shone, and—he smiled!

Blow, who was always known to be snooping in other people’s affairs, whispered in my ear,

“Mrs. Bayes, as I blow! I saw the name on the mail-box!”

“Keep quiet,” I admonished. “Now we’re going to hear what’s upset the old fellow, if I’m not mistaken.”

“John, have you dug up the plants yet? I shall have to send them on, you know; we’re going to leave in a day or two.”

Again I thought of the sapling; her voice was like the murmur from the rustling leaves when one of us blew through them, low and musical to the ear. “Going,” I thought. “I wonder where.” My question was answered before it had taken definite shape in my mind.

“No, Miss, haven’t dug ’em yet, jest couldn’t see the poor little things all tied up and sent away when they could be livin’ in the soil all the time.” His voice faltered a moment . . . “’Twill be nice and warm for ’em down . . . down in Floridy, I guess, won’t it, Miss Marion? All the year long—”

“Yes, indeed it will, John, and you’ll be able to take care of them just as you always have.”

Old John’s look of pleasure faded. He again became depressed and his back slouched in a forlorn droop.

“Not me, Miss. Somebody else’ll have to do ’em then.”

What was it he had said? He would not go to Florida and take care of Miss Marion’s garden for her? But why? Again my question was answered. Old John’s remark made the young woman ask quickly,

“Why John! What do you mean?”

Old John’s glance was on the ground. He shuffled in agitation.

“Well,” he mumbled gruffly, “Now you’re married and all, I don’t need to take care of you any more, like your mother asked me to do when she died.”

Mrs. Bayes’ intake of breath was sharp.

“Why, what has that to do with it? You know we need a gardener

just as much as ever we did before, and we wouldn't know what to do without you . . .!"

Now the old man's tone became apologetic.

"I'm not much good as a gardener any more. Sometimes my back . . . perhaps a younger man . . .?"

"John, you're too sweet! Imagine our getting anyone else!" She put her arm through his frayed sleeve, and he straightened at the touch. As a last resource he fell back upon . . .

"But, Miss Marion, after little Jimmie died, there was no more money . . . I can't go . . .!"

Mrs. Bayes understood at last.

"You poor dear!" she cried. "You know we shall pay your way. The most we could do for you would be the least you deserve!"

I felt it was time we had an active part in the picture. With a whoop, I whirled around the garden, and the three of us, Blowy, Feather and I, made such a racket, and stirred up the air so that . . .

"Whooooo! It's getting cold! Come on in and get warm, John." Mrs. Bayes' tone was so kind and loving that Old John could no longer resist.

"All right, Miss Marion. I'll come in. And go with you, too, I guess . . .!" There was elation in his voice, the repressed emotion of a sudden decision, but his pride made him add, "And you can take my salary to pay the way—"

And I decided suddenly it was time we were getting on; I assumed a casual air to hide the suspicion of moisture that just would form at my eyes. Night was coming, and there was a busy evening before us; the stars were twinkling dimly, and we had to keep blowing on them or they would go out. With a last playful ripple around the garden, we ascended into the sky, and as I looked down, I realized how far removed we were from the stifled emotions, the hidden feelings, and the vague longings of these queer but appealing little figures who call themselves the human race. I turned to Feather.

"Come on, let's hurry! Now we have a story to tell the stars so they won't be lonesome!"

Feather nodded, almost speechless already.

"I'm glad it had a nice ending," was the last heard.

*Beverly Sutherland, '34*

## Terror at Night

The night was dark and dreary,  
And I was all alone.  
My brain was tired and weary,  
My heart as heavy as stone.

I wandered through the empty hall,  
Depressing though it was,  
I found no signs of life at all,  
This gloom—what was the cause?

Sinister was the atmosphere,  
I shivered with a chill,  
My throat was tightened up with fear,  
It was so *deadly* still.

Dark objects loomed before my eyes;  
Strange they were, and weird—  
I tried to stifle frightened cries—  
A *figure* then appeared!

I gasped, I tried to scream, but no—  
I could not make a sound,  
I tried to look away, but oh,  
To the figure I seemed bound!

On, on, it came, so stealthily  
I felt as in a trance.  
The figure's face I tried to see,  
But could not get a glance.

But finally it drew so close  
It was right at my door,  
I know that you have guessed it, folks,  
The watchman, and no more!

*Louise Porter, '32*

## Twilight

In the heart of the Pennsylvania farming country there's a quaint old town with a queer flavor of its own. It's a town that would be incongruous anywhere except surrounded by serenely beautiful rolling hills, lush meadows, and fertile fields. The pastoral calm frames to perfection the spires and turrets of Berksville; for each house has a round tower at one corner, that ends in a conical red slate turret, surmounted by an elaborate weather vane. They are all very close together, companionably so, facing broad clean streets paved with old red brick. Each morning the old German housewives scrub their portion of the pavement, and each morning, the meat-, fish-, or bread-vender trundles his cart to your door and announces his wares with a blast on a battered horn.

One summer twilight, had you been passing through, you would have seen two old Dutch women murmuring together over their knitting, on the immaculate stone steps. You would perhaps have noticed the house next to it, a little apart, its windows, walks and stoop even more dazzling if possible than the rest, its blinds discreetly drawn with meticulous precision to the tops of the plants in the turret-windows, and you might have seen a well-built man of perhaps forty leave that house, and march stolidly up the street, looking neither right nor left, up or down—simply straight ahead.

One of the old women stopped knitting to watch with a sigh the discouraged droop of his retreating figure, as he passed. Then she turned to her visitor:

"That Giles Merkel—funny name—Giles, but then, they're a queer lot, those Merckels. Amanda, that's his mother," with a jerk of her head at the man who had passed, "used to live on a farm over Bethel way, but she was never happy—always wanting the moon, I guess; anyway she read a lot; probably got his name from a book."

Silence, emphasized by vigorous knitting. Then: "Merkel was her first and only offer, so she took it, just to get away, although she neither loved nor understood him. This is all the farther they got. They had a little girl but she died. Then this boy came. Amanda centered all her dreams around him, all her unfulfilled desires. He



played the violin marvellously from the start, and was as nice and likable a chap as you'd ever want to see. Well anyhow, just when he was really getting on, the war came . . . and of course, the boy would go. Something went out of Amanda then . . . She became sharp, strange to her husband, who tried to understand her but couldn't, and so she took it out in work, work, work . . . I believe in good housekeeping, now, but that woman!"

"Every day the sills must be dusted, porch swept, garden tended, walk scrubbed. You'd even see her out mowing the lawn, although *he'd* a been glad enough to do it. Such a one for cleaning as she was! . . . And then one day the boy came home and she fairly flew to greet him, praising God for returning him safely. But suddenly she stopped short . . . He just stood there staring ahead . . . He was blind."

The clock on the old meeting-house struck eight through the golden dusk. The narrator counted her stitches off and sighed. Neither noticed the passing of a drooping figure, heard the hollow measured steps, as someone entered the house-set-apart.

Soon the liquid tones of a violin floated up to the purpling clouds of the after glow, laden with longing and pent-up anguish . . . indescribably sad . . .

*Alice Schultze, '33*





## Odious Ode to a Prune

What is so rare as the lowly prune?  
Where, if any, so choice a dish?  
Mottled with cream on a silver spoon,  
What more can any one wish?  
A prune is just a plum grown old  
Sans beauty facials or wrinkle lotion  
But though its virtues are manifold  
To one alone I take a notion!!!

*Phyllis Frederick, '32*

## The Omnipotent

Surging and grasping—fiend—it crawled. As if to revenge countless past injustices this resistless river rose higher and yet higher—fiercely trying to blot out all that man had finally achieved through years of steady grinding and toiling. At first it seeped its way unseen, unfelt, gradually becoming wilder and more savage, wearing away levees, tumbling through homes, sweeping menacingly, majestically, further and further south.

And what was man against this violent outburst of all Nature? Man who for all these years had seemingly been lord was now to yield to this untamed monarch. This wild surging found at the end of its mad course the old Creole Capital, sleepy and calm in the scorching sun, with wide avenues where the sunlight filtered softly through heavy arches of magnolia which seemed to bend beneath their overpowering fragrance. Tranquilly sleepy. Far, far back lay the old plantations, drowsy and placid, aristocratic in their shabbiness. Sprawling white mansions almost hidden from sight by long purple trails of Spanish moss swaying from ancient cypress trees. In the evening mournful calls echoed back and forth from the darkies' shanties, seeming to linger on in the stillness. From vine-covered terraces elegant massas watched this age-old scene with no thought of tomorrow—living in the past mellow with memories. And still—what was man against the will of the Almighty?

Back to the thundering river rushing faster and faster toward the sea. Its pent-up anger heeded nothing in this last wild dash to freedom. Faster and faster—higher and higher it came. The murky water rose slowly over those crumbling walls of earth and with it came disease, fever, death—a fatal shadow becoming blacker and blacker!

It had passed—succumbing not to man's futile efforts but to a gradual diminishing of strength. Once more this seemingly passive water flowed quietly, sluggishly, onward within its ravaged banks. But what had it left? No longer were the darkies singing hauntingly under the monarch cypresses. No longer was life the peaceful, untroubled existence of old. Only ruin, death, grief, poverty everywhere.

And once again out of this chaos man slowly begins toiling, planning, building; wrecked but not conquered, subdued but not broken. And so this everlasting battle between man and nature goes on forever.

*Alice Hill, '33*

## To Mt. Washington in Winter

Pink,  
Soft as cotton  
At dawn,  
Like any other hill.  
A mountain, though,  
Of moods,  
Of swift, bold,  
Disheartening changes,  
Cold, invincible, impregnable,  
You rear your  
Massive bulk  
Upwards.  
Merciless, hard,  
Until you yourself will feel  
What you have dealt  
To others . . .  
Death.

*Joyce Henry, '32*

## Revenge

The river was beginning to thaw, and to the inhabitants of this great wilderness it meant that an end to the long hard winter had at last come. But Jean Pierre felt no gladness as he stood on the bank staring down at the slowly widening crack. His face was dark and foreboding of the hate that was in his heart. He was thinking—. That night he was to hang a white flag from the top of the big birch as a signal to Jacques if the crossing was still safe above the falls. All day he had been watching, watching the river, and he knew.

Jean Pierre loved Marie; and as much as he loved her he hated Jacques. For two months he had seen, agonizingly, the growing intimacy between the tall young woodsman and the pretty, black-eyed girl. And now the anger and resentment that he had first felt was replaced by a sullen hate.

Suddenly, as he stood there above the falls watching the ever-widening crack, the horrible thought that he had been subconsciously fighting all day began to grow. It tempted him. He began a cruel calculation. Why not? Marie was out of the way. She had gone across the river a few days before to visit some relatives in a nearby settlement, and he knew she wouldn't return until the next mail. People would talk about the terrible tragedy of it—a young man as brave and handsome as Jacques. They would never know. And then, after it was all over, he and Marie—.

Far across the river a sleigh was making its way briskly toward the river along a narrow path through the woods. In the sleigh were two people, a tall young man and a pretty, black-eyed girl. They were laughing together over what a surprise Marie's father would get when she returned so soon. How glad he would be to see her! And what a lucky thought it had been of Jacques' to stop and pick her up!

High up in a tall tree a small, white object of revenge fluttered mockingly at the two.

*Georgianna Smith, '33*



## On Sleep

Silently, like darkness and the stars,  
Sleep comes with outstretched hands to soothe away  
The cares and troubles which remain as scars  
Upon the memory of each passing day.  
Sleep leads the weary to a plain somewhere  
Between our world and calm eternity.  
Grey mists, the music of the winds are there,  
Coolness and peace and deep serenity.  
So may I, when my twilight hour has come,  
Intrust myself to Sleep; for all the bands  
That hold a soul to earth, so cumbersome  
A load, she'll break, and with her gentle hands  
She'll soothe my soul back into harmony,  
My spirit, O great Maker, back to Thee.

*Harriet P. Wright, '32*

## Attendance on a Lobsterman

The stone-silled kitchen doorway is aglow  
With twilight-wavering, murky candlegleam.  
His wife, pale in the half-light, sits a-dream,  
Yet half aware of hiss of early snow  
Which stings the sturdy gorse and pines which grow  
Beside the low-set windows. Now the steam  
Which rises from his chowder-made-with-cream  
Bedews itself upon the panes to show  
A hungry lobsterman, whose salt regard  
First seeks his leaded windows and their light,  
That she but waits his stamping in the yard  
To lay the meal, and close the shutters tight! . . .  
A coolly sea-wet fisher holds her hard  
A moment, as he enters from the night.

*Florence Dunbar, '32*

## Andrew Cornish

Andrew Cornish was remarkably diffident, undersized and skinny. His head was enormous and bulged forth from his slender shoulders. His high forehead loomed over his weak face and his watery, near-sighted eyes perpetually popped. When I first saw him he did have one charming asset, thick taffy-colored hair which rose like a halo around his head, but, sadly, he lost his hair early and his shiny pink dome gleamed through the fringe of thinning glory. His pinky head was the only healthful color he had, for he always was as ashy and ghastly as the boatman on the Styx.

Andrew Cornish was a clerk in my favorite cellar book-store. He had been there for twenty years. Our acquaintance did not develop quickly and it was ten years before we said more than "Good-morning," but these last few years he has saved books out for me. He knows my taste, and when I returned them we would talk them over. Suddenly we discovered much in common and became very good friends. Cornish's loneliness overcame his sensitiveness. He told me all about himself, his meagre childhood, his dreams, and ideals. He was a brave little man, absolutely unique. He was not enough of a materialist to realize disillusionment. How thankful I am for that! He did not see himself a ridiculous little mole burrowing among musty books, but a sage among men, an observer of life and mankind, a great author gathering material for the masterpiece that would gag the world with wonder. Poor little man! His wisdom was confined to abridged smatterings garnered between customers. He rarely finished a book so eager was he to begin another. He dwelt in a little cage of day-dream web so thick that he could not see lives around him and the realism he found in books was revolting to him. He read to me unfinished papers covered with faded scribbles, inspirations of his youth. All his life he had meant to complete them, but he had been so busy reading other people's masterpieces that he could not linger to create his own. I am glad he never did, for his blinky blue eyes would have been tragic without that spark of interest and confidence in himself that somehow the world had never bothered to shake. His conversation sometimes uncovered crude depths of beauty and reason latent within him, but the next moment

the illusion was lost. The thoughts of a thousand authors strove within him. He plagiarized glibly and, what is more tragic, unconsciously. Sometimes he became aware of it, then he would speak slowly, thoughtfully, searching for originality. But it was futile. Everything had been said in every possible way, and he would stammer, breathe deeply, then launch forth with polyglot clichés of a million minds.

Andrew Cornish had a vacation, the first in years. I should have liked to accompany him, to safeguard him from all scorn and sorrow, but he was firm. He said he must work, that he was not even taking any books with him, for if I was there he would talk and if he had books he would read. "Both talking and reading," he reflected, "are so much more amusing and enjoyable than writing." I asked, I could not resist, why he bothered to write. His moustache twitched. He did not answer. I was sorry, for I saw he felt it his duty toward the world and posterity.

Andrew Cornish died on his vacation, and I went up to collect his belongings, very meagre ones, and among them the book "almost ready for the publisher," as he had proudly written me. This little book was so unlike him, laid in an exotic land where he had never been, filled with brilliant people of every caste, people living, loving and dying in the approved method of the late nineteenth century. He had drawn hard on every scrap of information he ever had gotten, Conrad and Kipling for his setting, the Russians, Turgenev, Tolstoi, and Pushkin for drama, and lesser lights for his people. The characters were strangely subordinated to the scenery, a scenery which seemed just false jungles with telegraph poles in the distance. Dear Andrew, how his honest eyes would have flamed with anger and how quickly they would have lost their complacency and trust if his book had been read aloud to him! Andrew Cornish tricked both fate and our social order. Neither one had opportunity to stamp on his soul and ridicule his writing, and Andrew, though he never made a vulgar gesture in his life, as he stepped over the earth's threshold, turned, I am sure, put his inky thumb upon his nose, and wiggled it, magnanimously.

*Lucile Le Vine, '33*

## The Abbot Calendar

### JANUARY

- Sunday 24 Our beloved Mrs. E. E. Cary interested us greatly in her memories of Abbot and the girls she knew here.
- Monday 25 Mrs. Cary told us an amusing story which clearly disclosed a common fault.
- Thursday 28-Saturday 30 Midyears: need we say more? Except that the senior-mid Tea Dance afterward was a great success and a happy ending to the first semester.
- Sunday 31 Mr. Stackpole, always welcome, straightened out some of our problems in his address at Vespers.

### FEBRUARY

- Monday 1-Thursday 4 Seniors at Intervale: myriads of postcards came with just inklings of ideas of the good times they had.
- Saturday 6 Miss Hart of Wellesley gave us vivid impressions of "Some Men in English Public Life."
- Sunday 7 We always are inspired when Miss Bailey tells us how to live.
- Tuesday 9 The faculty recital, in which the works of Debussy, Mozart, Karg-Elert and Tansman figured largely. This night we heard for the first time the thrilling voice of an old Abbot girl, Theodate Johnson.
- Wednesday 10 Lenten Vespers commence with Miss Bailey conducting.
- Saturday 13 Abbot luncheon. John T. Stone led chapel with his well-known camaraderie.
- Sunday 14 Miss Bailey read poetry and some "Just So" stories to a group gathered around the "glowing embers" in the "Rec. Room."
- Tuesday 16 The Griffins entertained the Gargoyles at "Club Gargoyle" where refreshments were served and

music provided for dancing. In the course of the evening the spotlight was turned on many Hollywood celebrities. (sh-h-h—Abbot girls in disguise!)

- Thursday 18 Senior-mid class officers elected as follows: President, B. Worth; Vice-President, C. Campbell; Secretary, A. Hill; Treasurer, J. Burnham.
- Saturday 20-Monday 22 Holidays! Washington bicentennial.
- Saturday 27 Miss J. Richardson presented a very interesting illustrated lecture on the "Preservation of Wild Flowers."
- Sunday 28 Miss Kelsey recalled the earlier days of Abbot Academy and made us realize what a power there is behind Abbot, pushing us forward.

## MARCH

- Tuesday 1 Miss Friskin entertained and thrilled us at the piano.
- Sunday 6 Mrs. Theresa Gold, at one time a student at The Bryn Mawr Summer School, made us realize vividly the worth of that institution.
- Tuesday 8 Corridor stunts: Homestead, a new version of Hamlet; second floor front, a Guess Who—among the celebrities; second floor wing, "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains," and third floor wing, an elopement over the Briny Deep in a laundry basket.
- Wednesday 9 Have you realized how beautiful and distinctive the Navajo crafts are? Today Mr. Staples, lecturer, and three Navajos showed us how they make marvelous rugs and unusual jewelry, while one, a medicine man, made a huge sand painting. The day closed with the impressive rites of "breaking up the sand painting." How regretful we were to see our new friends leave!
- Thursday 10 New society members announced. Quite a long list!



- Sunday 13 Our neighbor, Rev. F. A. Wilson, told us how education affects our vision of life.
- Tuesday 15 The poignant, well-produced, Senior Play, "Cradle Song." We wonder if Connie and Kitty aren't in real life the parts they played, so well did they act.
- Thursday 17 How shocked we were when the resignations of Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason were read in Chapel! There will be an empty spot in Abbot's heart next year unless they return often to visit. "Miss Kelsey is as popular with the modern girl as she was in my day," writes an alumna mother with a daughter in school.
- Saturday 19 Our yearly visitors, The Compinsky String Trio, brought us selections from Beethoven, Brahms, Arensky, Smetana, Cesar Franck, and Gretchaninow.
- Sunday 20 "Stabat Mater." Also a marvelous Palm Sunday, 1932 address by Miss Bailey: "Do *we* cheer today and hoot tomorrow?"
- Thursday 24 Will 10.30 never come? Have a gr-r-rand vacation!

## APRIL

- Wednesday 6 Back again! We're getting used to these transitions from one world to another now.
- Saturday 9 Some of the most important questions which are coming to a crisis were explained and discussed by Q. E. D. in their open meeting today.
- Sunday 10 We realize from Miss Bailey's Easter Address that the responsibility of world reconstruction rests on our generation: As the Crucifixion showed us the way, so will the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby bring us to our senses.
- Tuesday 12 Miss Ward and Mrs. Estaver in a delightful recital presented Respighi, Liadow, Ries, Lauré, Aulin, Tausman, Chopin and Franck in all the glory of their music.

- Thursday 14 Miss Julia Ward, Assistant Dean of Bryn Mawr, introduced us to that interesting and inviting college.
- Saturday 16 Heads of Spring Sports: Track, M. Clos; Baseball, J. Henry; Volley Ball, H. Walters.
- Sunday 17 Rev. J. C. Beaver at Vespers.
- Tuesday 19 "Ship Ahoy!" The Day Scholars certainly sank the enemy ship, "Gloom." And what handsome heroes!
- Wednesday 20 The Gym year ends with a sigh from participators in the entertaining demonstration.
- Thursday 21 Another of our indoor sports closes with an open rhythmic class.
- Friday 22 What a long honor roll!
- Sunday 24 Rev. Frank Cary, our friend, a missionary to Japan, made us feel right at home among the Japanese with his characteristic stories.
- Tuesday 26 Mrs. Estaver, Miss Ward, Miss Friskin, Mr. Coon and Mr. Howe gave us a taste of the compositions of the far-famed.
- Wednesday 30 Every "May Breakfaster" feels like a rubber ball. Also Pupils' Recital: we'll produce a few Bachs yet.

## MAY

- Sunday 1 We all love to hear about those people who have loved Abbot before we came. This Sunday Miss Kelsey with her gentle, humorous touch made Mr. and Mrs. Draper seem alive in Abbot again. Miss Knapp, Dean of Wellesley Freshmen and Sophomores, told us some of the difficulties of the freshmen and made all who were lucky enough to be present want to go to Wellesley.
- Tuesday 3 No one will ever cease to be thrilled by the memory of Theodate Johnson's beautiful voice. The full beauty of Italian, French and English in song has rarely been so given to us.
- Wednesday 4 Abbot made vivid its youth by draping McKeen à

- la Colonial for her birthday. Did we say Colonial? Not the orchestra! The gaily decorated booths, delicious food and exuberant crowd also added to the general liveliness and joy.
- Saturday 7 Rev. R. Wicks of Princeton gave us in a whole-hearted talk some very good pointers on "How to Live with Ourselves."
- The original recital of the Aeolian Society, combining very real and talented performance of difficult duets and "quartets," with delightful vocal entertainment. The *pièce de resistance*, the woodland orchestra, with Betty Palmer as the nightingale, will not soon be forgotten.
- Tuesday 10 The faculty play. "Mr. Pim Passes By" and leaves Abbot hilarious. The handsome young artist was Miss Carpenter, his co-player, Dinah, Miss Bean, Mr. Pim, Miss Baker; Mrs. Marden, Miss Patten, Mr. Marden, Miss Baynes, and Lady Marden, Miss Friskin.
- Saturday 14 The Prom! Highlight of the Spring Term. Did you ever hear of a Prom not being absolutely perfect? This one seemed especially so.
- Tuesday 17 We have to thank Mme. Craig and Mlle. Mercat and the French Department for one of the pleasantest evenings we have had. The number and variety of the subjects, the colorful costumes and the spirit and gaiety of the acting all combined to make it a delightful entertainment. And in addition to all that, we actually understood a good half, or even three-fourths, of the conversation!
- Saturday 21 Under Miss Mason's expert and interested guidance, the Philomatheia society gave us an interesting afternoon as, one by one, the members brought our knowledge of communication up to date, with the help of slides and movies.
- Wednesday 25 Again the Griffins crashed through to victory in the annual Spring Field Day, with a score of 50-10.

The weather was perfect, and the many visitors were pleased both with the school's appearance (we all know Abbot in the springtime!) and the spirit of the girls.

## Honor Roll

### FIRST SEMESTER

Ann Cole, Mariatta Tower	91
Jean Hume, Dorothy Rockwell	90
Ann Cutler, Mary Abbie Hollands, Susan Johnstone, Elizabeth Palmer, Alice Schultz	89
Isabel Arms, Constance Hoag, Ruth Stott, Mary E. Thompson, Atossa Welles	88

### THIRD QUARTER

Mariatta Tower	92
Elizabeth Palmer	91
Anne Cleveland, Ann Cole, Susan Johnstone, Dorothy Rockwell	90
Constance Hoag, Alice Schultz, Mary E. Thompson, Atossa Wells	89
Isabel Arms, Elizabeth Boyce, Catherine Campbell, Florence Dunbar, Lena Hamilton, Mary Abbie Hollands, Jean Hume, Mary Elizabeth Moore, Ruth Stott, Ruth Tyler	88

## From the Colleges

SMITH

It is 8.30; the college chapel bell rings from the tower of College Hall, and the few hundred faithful attendants are arriving, some on bicycles, others on foot. A black-robed class choir marches from both sides of the stage. Dean Nicolson in the absence of President Neilson conducts chapel. Today she announces, upon our return from Easter vacation, a two-week experimental reading period scheduled for next year.

It is 8.50; pedestrian and bicycle traffic is heavy, commanding concentration on the part of the campus cop and the student grass-cops. And so on through the day with lectures, classes, study, sports, and play. A normal program consists of sixteen semester hours a week. Twelve semester hours in science and in philosophical-historical courses are required the first two years. Reading tests in two different languages must be passed before senior year. Prerequisites may be taken for the Major, which is definitely chosen in junior year.

The freshman color this year has been significantly green. Our gym suits of the same color do not clash so much with the surrounding atmosphere now that it is spring and everything else is green. The four classes are equally represented in each house, in which the number of girls ranges from fourteen to sixty together with a house-mother and a resident faculty-member. Freshmen Bibles, containing hintful suggestions, welcoming greetings, and a campus map are quite forgotten; we are no longer entirely alone.

To be originally collegiate is well worthwhile. One must pursue intellectual enlargement; it will not pursue you. May the pursuit never outrun its usefulness!

*Emily Bullock*

BRYN MAWR

My first and lasting impression of college is how hard everyone works! When one enters Pembroke Arch there seems to be a different atmosphere, which extends all over the campus but is concentrated in the library. Imagine, you girls still at school, everyone here works



more than the required number of hours and they really enjoy it. The "Lib" is always full from eight in the morning till ten at night, and then about half the college goes to bed and the rest stay up till twelve. There is a great deal of freedom here, but you would be surprised how little we take advantage of it. Of course we can go to Philadelphia at any time, but the only ones who go regularly at all are those who have symphony tickets. But this doesn't mean that we don't have fun here, because I enjoy it more than almost anywhere I have been. In the first place, the girls are so terribly interesting and attractive. They come from all over the country and are all brilliant. I miss winter sports very much, but it is a lovely part of the country, and we take long walks and bicycle rides very often. I hope this is what you wanted to hear and that its peculiar qualities, its size and especially the new decision to allow entrance by the Comprehensive Plan will make many of you decide to come here. Let's make a real Abbot group around here because I shall be all alone if some of you don't come.

*Helen Ripley*

## UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

A "letter about the University of Wisconsin" would go on and on before I could tell you all I'd like to. It is such a complicated place, and so many things happen here. Before I came people told me of the beautiful campus and lakes, of the extensive equipment, that the work would be excellent but stiff and the instructors hard-hearted. Someone else named it "America's Country Club." These are first impressions.

The catalogue is about like one of Sears and Roebuck's little leaflets and choosing a course is just as much fun as a shopping tour. Every subject imaginable is offered and a lot I never thought of. Requirements depend upon what school one plans to enter. The whole University is an organization of colleges, most of which aim at preparation for a definite occupation. Some of them are the Law School, Schools of Journalism, Education, Commerce, Engineering, Medicine, Agriculture; the Letters and Science course is more general than the others. Classes are large—there must be 300 in my history lecture and 30 in my history quiz—and the grading system seems to

be based on examinations and attendance. A schedule is a round of lectures, quizzes and labs.

The University is, of course, too big for any sort of supervised study and it would be impossible to keep close check on the activities of 9033 students. About the only real rules are to be "home" at 12.30 on Friday and Saturday nights and 10.30 on other nights and not to cut too many classes. But that is where the hard part begins—in setting your own schedule. It is funny how many Abbot regulations fit—such as 7.30 breakfasts and evening study hours beginning at 7.20. Even the best dressed co-eds wear "flatties" to walk to class up the long Hill—that-no-Wellesley-bicycle-could-climb.

There are all kinds of places to live; dormitories, rooming houses, and fraternity and sorority houses. These latter constitute the Greek quarter and are on one long street parallel to, or on courts running down to, the lake. Perhaps I should have mentioned Lake Mendota first. Most people would. There are skating and ice-boating on it in winter, and crew and canoeing, sailing and swimming as soon as it begins to get warm. The flagged terrace of the Memorial Union building slopes down to it and wooded roads go around it. That is where the country club idea comes in and even the deans warn us to work hard before spring comes to Madison!

There are all kinds of activities to rival school work. You can become a Communist or work with the Y. W. C. A. The *Daily Cardinal* is a student publication and the Wisconsin Players have just ended a successful theatrical season. There are Intramural and Athletic Association sports for everyone. There are grand parties. There are also departmental chemistry examinations and weeks of work without "after schools" or free Wednesdays or Saturdays. The Sears and Roebuck idea applies to variety in things to do, places to go and people to meet—and customers are well satisfied—at least three of them are.

Mary Smead

## French Plays

### LE MEDECIN MALGRE LUI

PAR MOLIÈRE

*Personnages*

SGANARELLE . . . . .	Dorothy Rockwell
MARTINE . . . . .	Constance Hoag
M. ROBERT . . . . .	Catharine Campbell

### CYRANO DE BERGERAC

PAR ROSTAND

*Personnages*

CYRANO . . . . .	Frances Harvey
ROXANE . . . . .	Bettie Piper

*Explications des pièces*

Mlles. Harriet Wright Dorothy Reinhart

*Directeur, Mme. Craig*

### RONDES FRANCAISES

IL COURT, IL COURT, LE FURET

FRÈRE JACQUES

SAVEZ-VOUS PLANTER LES CHOUX

IL ÉTAIT UNE BERGÈRE

SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON

Scène écritee et arrangée par Monique Mercat

### LA SURPRISE D'ISIDORE

FRANCIS JAVIER

ISIDORE . . . . .	Helen Allen
ADOLPHE PICARD . . . . .	Mary Thompson
JEANNE . . . . .	Jean Hume
MME. DUVAL . . . . .	Rozilla Chase
SUZANNE . . . . .	Elizabeth Boyce

### LE MARIAGE DE FIGARO

*Scène*

BEAUMARCHAIS

LA COMTESSE . . . . .	Anne Cleveland
LE COMTE . . . . .	Mary Hyde
SUZANNE . . . . .	Alice Schultz
LE PAGE . . . . .	Delight Hall

*Explications des pièces*

Priscilla Donnell

Delight Hall

*Directeur, Mlle. Mercat*

## Senior Class Play

### THE CRADLE SONG

G. MARTINEZ SIERRA

SISTER JOANNA OF THE CROSS . . . . .	Katherine Cook
TERESA . . . . .	Dorothy Reinhart
THE PRIORESS . . . . .	Elizabeth Lathrop
THE VICARESS . . . . .	Carol E. Pike
MISTRESS OF THE NOVICES . . . . .	Pauline Burt
SISTER MARCELLA . . . . .	Constance Hoag
SISTER MARIA JESUS . . . . .	Elizabeth Piper
SISTER SAGRIRIO . . . . .	Betty Vincent
SISTER SUEZ . . . . .	Virginia Lawton
SISTER TORNERA . . . . .	Leonore Hezlett
ANTONIO . . . . .	Clare O'Connell
THE POET . . . . .	Elizabeth Palmer
A COUNTRY MAN . . . . .	Dorothy Rockwell
THE LAY SISTER . . . . .	Dorothy Richardson
A MONITOR . . . . .	Mary Thompson
A MONITOR . . . . .	Mary Abbie Hollands
NUNS . . . . .	Lucy Drummond, Hilda Lynde, Helen Allen, Atossa Welles

### SCENES

ACT I—Room opening on the cloister.

ACT II—Parlor of the convent.

*Coach:* Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray

*Stage Manager:* Helen Cutler

*Scenery:* Mr. Scannell

## Faculty Play

### MR. PIM PASSES BY

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By A. A. MILNE

ANNE . . . . .	Beatrice Ward
CARRAWAY PIM . . . . .	Ruth S. Baker
DINAH . . . . .	Helen Bean
BRIAN STRANGE . . . . .	Mary Carpenter
OLIVIA MARDEN . . . . .	Dorothy Patten
GEORGE MARDEN, J.P. . . . .	J. Hope Baynes
LADY MARDEN . . . . .	Kate Friskin

Action of the play takes place in the morning-room at Marden House,  
Buckinghamshire, on a day in July.

*Coach:* Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray

## School Organizations

### JUNIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	FRANCES McTERNEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	CONSTANCE ZINN
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	BEVERLY SUTHERLAND
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	ELEANOR JOHNSON

### JUNIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	BETTY SCUTT
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	MARION ROGERS
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	KAY DAMON
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	ELEANOR HARRYMAN

### SENIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	BARBARA WORTH
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	CATHERINE CAMPBELL
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	ALICE HILL
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	JANE BURNHAM

### SENIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	LUCY DRUMMOND
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	KATHERINE COOK
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	LEONORE HEZLITT
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	ATOSSA WELLES

### STUDENT GOVERNMENT

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	CONSTANCE HOAG
<i>First Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	JULIA WILHELMI
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	HARRIET BOLTON
<i>Third Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	HELEN ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	ELIZABETH BIGLER

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	VIRGINIA BROWN
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	FRANCES MCGARRY
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	MARY HYDE
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	DOROTHY REINHART



## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	RUTH TYLER
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	HELEN CUTLER
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	BETTY WEAVER
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	CLARA SHAW

## ATHLETIC COUNCIL

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	VIRGINIA BROWN
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	FRANCES MCGARRY
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	MARY HYDE
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	DOROTHY REINHART
<i>Captain of Gargoyles</i>	. . . . .	DOROTHY ROCKWELL
<i>Captain of Griffins</i>	. . . . .	CYNTHIA JAMES
<i>Head of Hockey</i>	. . . . .	BETTY WEAVER
<i>Head of Basketball</i>	. . . . .	ELIZABETH BOYCE
<i>Head of Tennis</i>	. . . . .	ANN COLE
<i>Head of Riding</i>	. . . . .	GEORGIA THOMSON
<i>Head of Hiking</i>	. . . . .	FRANCES HARVEY
<i>Assistant Head of Hiking</i>	. . . . .	PAULINE BURTT
<i>Head of Archery</i>	. . . . .	KATHRYN WHITTEMORE
<i>Head of Golf</i>	. . . . .	ELIZABETH LATHROP
<i>Head of Croquet</i>	. . . . .	SUSAN JOHNSTONE
<i>Head of Volley Ball</i>	. . . . .	HAZEL WALTERS
<i>Head of Baseball</i>	. . . . .	JOYCE HENRY
<i>Head of Track</i>	. . . . .	MERCEDES CLOS
<i>Head of Badminton</i>	. . . . .	JEAN HUME

## ODEON

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	HARRIET BOLTON
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	ELIZABETH PIPER

## Q. E. D.

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	JULIA WILHELMI
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	FRANCES MCGARRY

## "A" SOCIETY

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	ELIZABETH BIGLER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	PAULINE BURTT

## PHILOMATHEIA

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	ATOSSA WELLES
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	VIRGINIA LAWTON

## A. D. S.

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	KATHERINE COOK
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	DOROTHY REINHART

## L. B. A.

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	LEONORE HEZLITT
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	CAROL BULLOCK

## AEOLIAN

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	ELIZABETH HOLIHAN
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	OLIVE FRENCH

## CHOIR

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	ALICE SCHULTZ
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## FIDELIO

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	ALICE SCHULTZ
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## Alumnae Notes

1839-1840

Mr. Arthur B. Wilder, of Woodstock, Vermont, has recently presented to the school a lovely oil painting, "The Arch Bridge", in memory of his mother, Lucy Woods Brickett Wilder.

1858

Mr. Harry Nelson Gay, son of Antoinette Kenny, has assembled a collection of historical material considered the finest in existence relating to the Italian Risorgimento, that is, the period between 1815 and 1871. This has been recently acquired by Harvard College Library. Mr. Gay has been reappointed honorary curator of the library.

1862

Death: Sarah R. Coburn (Mrs. Edward S. L. Swallow), at Tyngsboro, February, 1930.

1866

Death: Katherine M. Johnston, at Jamestown, N. Y., April 18, 1932. She had lived for many years with Doctor Jane Greeley, 1884, whose activities and interests were her pride and joy. Dr. Greeley says: "Hers was an alert mind, a staunch and loyal character, with a wide range of human interests, and generous sympathies. She was a worthy representative of one of the best types of character that entered into the building of this nation."

1867

Death: Henrietta A. Swinney (Mrs. Charles E. Longley), at Pawtucket, R. I., April 27, 1931.

1869

Death: M. Alice Moseley (Mrs. Abiel J. Abbot), at Westford, April 25, 1931.

Death: Sarah H. Warren, Gorham, Me., February 26, 1931.

1870

Death: Ellen P. Rogers, in Syracuse, N. Y., February 7, 1932.

1874

Death: Anna Noonan, at West Concord, January 28, 1932. For nearly a lifetime she had been a member of the household of Rev. William J. Batt, and for more than thirty-seven years the treasurer of the Union Church. The brief tribute printed in the church calendar shows something of what her life had meant in the community. "Devoted, warm-hearted, wise, she had built herself into the life of this household, the household of this Church of God and into the affection and esteem of our people."

1876

Death: Abbie M. Bunker (Mrs. Benjamin F. Weston), of Santa Clara, Calif., January 11, 1932.

Death: Louise J. Russell (Mrs. Isaac Conard) at Massillon, Ohio, March 10, 1932.

1881

Death: Emma L. Pratt (Mrs. Theodore A. Richmond), at Brockton, February 24, 1932.

1882

Death: Emma T. Bird, wife of the late Albert Murdoch and sister of Sarah Bird Harris, 1877, at Winchester, February 1, 1932.

1883

Death: Ella C. Wheeler (Mrs. Fred A. Wiggin), at Melrose, March 26, 1932.

1889

Kathleen Jones was editor-in-chief of the recently published "Prison Library Handbook," compiled by the coöperation of two organizations whose interests overlap, the American Library Association and the American Prison Association.

1890

Death: Grace A. Langlands (Mrs. Charles H. Marston), at Reading, January 26, 1932.

1892

Dr. Arthur C. Heublein, husband of Ethel Whipple of West Hartford, Conn., died in April after several weeks of illness. During the last few years Dr. Heublein has been engaged in research in this country and Europe on the use of radium in cases of cancer, and had become an authority on that subject. There are two children, a son in the Yale School of Medicine, and a daughter at Vassar.

Death: Charlotte L. Odell (Mrs. Louise P. Baker), Beverly, February 12, 1932.

1896

Mrs. Marcia Richards Mackintosh, of Wellesley, is rejoicing over the birth of a daughter to her daughter Margaret on the twenty-ninth of February.

1897

Mr. James D. Brennan, husband of Edith Poor, died in April. His election a short time before to the important office of president of the Atlantic National Bank in Boston gave evidence of the high esteem in which he was held as a leader of men, and was the climax of an honorable career in the financial world.

1898

Miss Charlotte W. Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, a member of the Advisory Committee of the Alumnae Association, visited the school in March. As it happened the Navajo Indians were exhibiting and demonstrating their crafts that day, and Miss Hardy was especially interested because of her acquaintance from childhood with the Indians in settlements near her home. Both her father and grandfather were dealers in raw furs and for that reason had frequent negotiations with them. Her father made notes of what he had learned about their customs, and her sister Fanny (Mrs. Eckstorm), 1884, has been compiling them for publication. Miss Hardy sailed for a short stay in Europe soon after leaving Andover.

1901

Among the Harvard University professors to whom special grants have been made for original research during the coming year is Dr. Joseph A. Cushman, husband of Frieda Billings. He will compare and correlate certain forms of minute plants in fossils in North America and Europe.

1902

Mrs. Edward Cobb, mother of Ruth Draper Cobb and Winifred Cobb Fisher, 1903, died in Cambridge in February.

Death: Ione Bedell (Mrs. Nelson Adams), of Rome, N.Y., February 7, 1932.

1907

Mabel Rhodes Manter, of Taunton, visited Taunton, England, last summer and described her experiences at a meeting of the Old Colony Historical Society in her home town.

Mr. Joseph J. Bond, father of Marjory Bond Crowley and Dorothy Bond Kennedy, 1914, of New York City, died in Reading in March.

1908

Rev. Sidney Lovett, Esther Parker's husband, has been appointed chaplain of Yale University, and will begin his duties in the fall. He has been pastor of Mt. Vernon

Church, Boston, since 1919. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lovett are anticipating the opportunities of this new work.

Death: Harold W. O'Leary, husband of Frances Skolfield and father of Margaret O'Leary, 1931, in Waban, February 23, 1932.

## 1910

Ruth Newcomb writes that she is "putting her hand to the clay again" as a special student this semester at the Norwich Art School.

Clarissa Hall Hammond has been studying and writing poetry as an "avocation." One of her poems "Wisdom" was published in the *Christian Science Monitor* for March 14, and she has had poems in *L'Alouette* and in *Decimal*.

Marion Sanford, of the Paris office of the *Woman's Home Companion*, has contributed an article on "Points for Happy Travel" for the April number of that magazine.

## 1917

Word comes through Ruth Newcomb, 1910, of the recent death from pneumonia, of Betty Graves Hill's mother.

## 1918

Birth: A son, Robert Taylor, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Stainton (Margaret Taylor), of Libertyville, Ill., November 14, 1930.

## 1919

Gwendolen Bossi Henson of Scarsdale, N. Y. is reported in the *Wellesley Magazine* for April as having three children, Truman, seven years old, May, two years, and Arnold, four months.

Marriage: Gertrude Louise Lombard to Frank Flint McGinley, at West Springfield, June 26, 1929. Address: 68 Jefferson St., Bangor, Me.

Birth: A son, George Allen, to Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Howe, (Margaret Clark), of Lowell, September 19, 1931.

Margaret Dane Titcomb is moving from Providence to Andover or North Andover. It will be pleasant to have her near the school.

## 1920

Birth: A son, William Gustave, to Mr. and Mrs. William Kurth (Isabel Sutherland) of Shawsheen Village, Andover, on January 6, 1932.

Birth: A son, to Mr. and Mrs. David Mercer (Sally Bartlett), March 16, 1932, at Worcester.

Birth: A daughter, Joan, to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace E. Richmond (Dorothea Flagg), at Bradford, Penn., April 21, 1932.

Among items of news about Ohio alumnae sent by Louise Norpell Meek, 1909, of Columbus, are the birth of a son to Virginia Miller Smucker, 1920, and of a son to Alice Miller Spalding, 1925.

## 1921

Marriage: Clara Louise Cleveland to Arthur Lefevre Hill, at Denver, Colo., March 19, 1932.

Birth: A son, Charles Knight, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman C. Fassett (Katherine Knight), of Madison, Wis., on February 24, 1932.

## 1922

At Madison, Wisconsin, May 16, 1931, a daughter, Edith Damon, to Mr. and Mrs. Seymour W. Kletzien (Katherine Damon).

Beatrice Goff has been teaching this semester at Randolph-Macon College in the department of Biblical History.

Phyllis Bankart, who is now Mrs. Thorwald Sindre Paulsen, has recently moved to Watertown, 370 School Street.



Birth: A daughter, Christine Alice, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vance (Olive Howard), of Needham, August 24, 1931.

## 1923

Birth: A daughter, Beverly Adelle, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Bacon (Olive Mitchell), of Dedham, October 3, 1931.

Marriage: Doris Saunders Holt to Edgar William Hinton, of Williamstown, April 5, 1932.

## 1924

Engagement: Florence L. Allen to Allen Knight, of Needham.

Birth: A daughter, Patricia Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. Lee W. Court (Elsie Draper), on February 8, 1932 at Canton.

## 1925

Birth: A son, Duane Clinton, to Mr. and Mrs. Gustave C. Magnuson (Nesta Johnson), now of Huntington Woods, Mich., on March 14, 1932.

Eunice Huntsman is working in the South End Day Nursery, Boston.

Theodate Johnson, who gave a recital at Abbot, on May third, has been appearing before critical audiences during the past season and has passed the test with honors. She sang with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra under Nikolai Sokoloff, taking with signal success two roles in Pierne's "The Children's Crusade." Cleveland critics spoke of her voice as ample in range and controlled with skill and assurance.

Birth: A son, Edward Merrill, to Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Hay (Evelyn McDougall) of Cape Cottage, Maine.

Birth: A daughter, Alice Jeannette, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Giles (Lila Rich), of Rutherford, N. J., February 10, 1932.

## 1926

Suzanne Loiseaux has purchased, with a partner, a printing and publishing business in her home town, Plymouth, N. H. and is editor of the *Plymouth Record*, a weekly newspaper.

Katharine Clay has left the Alumnae Office to become secretary and registrar at the Addison Art Gallery, Phillips Academy.

Engagement: Priscilla Raymond Perkins to Lawrence Roberts Leach of Danvers.

Elinor Mahoney was given the degree of Master of Arts at Radcliffe, in February.

From a Japanese newspaper we read of an address given in January at the Tokyo Woman's Club by Fuki Wooyenaka, in which she explained in detail the background of Japanese marriage customs.

Frances Merrick, and Barbara Folk, 1929, who have positions at the Worcester State Hospital, have enjoyed very much their membership and practice in the Worcester Choral Society.

Engagement: Sylvea B. Shapleigh to Mortimer Brewster Smith, of New York City.

## 1927

Engagement: Alice Wilbur Sommers to Philip R. French of Andover. The wedding day is May 28, and the address will be 526 Portland Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Engagement: Maeda L. Elmer to Herbert P. Koepke, of Bogota, N. J.

Engagement: Marjorie Knowlton to Charles Hilliard Hollis, of Swampscott.

Engagement: Margaret T. Cutler to George Morton Fuller, of Lawrence.

Gertrude Drummond is working in the office of a specialist in tropical diseases in New York City, and is studying with him to be a "technician" in that subject.

Lucy Sanborn is being graduated from Bryn Mawr, summa cum laude.

Marriage: Hersilia Warren to William Bull Elmer, at New York City, December 26, 1931.

## 1928

Graduating this June from Wellesley are Frances Anderson, Lois Dunn, Margaret Nivison, Barbara Vail, and Ruth Cushman. Ruth Cushman has made Phi Beta Kappa.

Jean Frederick graduates from Cornell on our Commencement day.

Susan Ripley is getting her diploma from the Institute of Musical Art in New York City.

Isabelle Bartlett is graduating from Connecticut College. She has been president of the senior class.

In a presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" at Connecticut College, the name role was taken by Camille Sams and Isabelle Bartlett was in charge of properties.

Margaret Graham and Louise Hyde are graduating from Mt. Holyoke College.

Elizabeth Schuh graduates from Wheaton.

Bunny Bliss and Betty Hollis are graduating from the University of Vermont. Betty was on the honor list and is retiring chairman of the social committee of *Bluestockings*, the women's literary society.

Katharine Ross, who gets her degree from Radcliffe this June, has been on the Dean's List.

Patty Snell sailed in January for Egypt to take a position as private secretary to the leader of Y.M.C.A. work in Cairo. She plans to stay at least three years.

Theodora Talcott (Mrs. Patrick Slater) is living at 79 Tower Street, London W. C. 1. (apparently near the British Museum.)

#### 1929

Marriage: Eleanor Reestell Foreman to Howard Winfield Barber, at Charlotte, N. C., January 16, 1932.

Grace Stephens has been elected president of the Student Government Association at Connecticut College, for the coming year.

Betty Bowser, a Junior at Wellesley, is a "Wellesley Scholar."

Marriage: Ruth Luella Shulze to Burton Hall Hammond at Brooklyn, N. Y., April 25, 1931.

#### 1931

Linda Rollins is studying in Boston at the School of Decorative Design, directed by Miss Sacker.



# The Abbot Courant

February, 1933

ANDOVER, MASS.

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LIX

FEBRUARY, 1933

NUMBER 1

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A. C.

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LIX

FEBRUARY, 1933

NUMBER 1

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## Au Courant

Last October we saw the Abbot Circle, which stretches 'round the world, gladly open to receive two new friends, Miss Comegys and Miss Morgan. Miss Morgan, whom we see often bending over apparatus in Abbot Hall, brings with her from the West a fresh scientific breeze much enjoyed by all.

And we could hardly realize that in four and a half months anyone could have settled so firmly into the stride of school life as Miss Comegys has. Initiated by the lengthy intricacies of schedule arrangement, she has since greeted us daily in classes and from the chapel platform in Miss Bailey's absence, and many of the densest algebra students (*quorum pars magna fui*) have been astounded at the sudden lucidity of the subject with its terrifying problems. We simply can't imagine life here without Miss Morgan and Miss Comegys.

Dark clouds were scurrying across the face of the November moon as an editor hurried up the drive to a late appointment. Suddenly she stopped, petrified at the sight of a row of white figures under the McKean Room windows. Her carefully set wave stood stiffly erect as she imagined ghosts of deceased alumnae returning to learn at last

the dread secrets of a faculty meeting. But alas for a new Abbot tradition! Instead of the sheeted dead she found only sheeted geraniums, covered to keep out the frost.

It was surprising and gratifying to note the collective modesty of the whole school (with the exception of the faculty) when The Picture was taken. Some evil minds, however, would rather suspect us of an insidious vanity that prefers not to be photographed with that drawn and haggard look that is the aftermath of a history exam.

"Shades of our grandmothers!" quoth the returning members of the class of 1927 as they tripped into the rec room with astonishment. To be sure the Vic was moaning in the most modern (approved) fashion, nor were there any little old bespectacled ladies gently rocking before the glowing fire, but—oh, heavens to Betsy,—the knitting!

Friday night again, and again that thoughtful expression settled down upon different ones in the dining-room, like a shade being drawn over their faces. One glance at the silent, meditative individuals immediately raised great doubts in an editor's mind. Was it possible that callers could invoke such a tribute? This amused her for awhile, until the obvious "no" finally made itself heard. Could it be the thought of the impending ice-cream? While pondering over this it was queer how that editor finally realized the oddity to be caused by the third Friday characteristic—fish—with its bones.

It seems that certain Abbot students are of the opinion that the statue of the Charioteer of Delphi in upper McKeen lacks something in the way of clothing. For, on passing by, I have often looked up to see this gentleman decked out in a snappy scarlet beret and a fetching bow tie, the latter being made out of a black gym stocking.

And now for a Great Thought (reg. U.S. Pat. off.). It would be wrong to send this to the press without a word to our great unseen audience about the subject nearest their minds—Hard Times. We noticed something curious about it the other day: although the

subject is international, each nation has an entirely different word for it. Take the English. Theirs is a Slump—bad posture, a physical sign that might be produced by fatigue or boredom as well as by a broken heart. Now *we* have a Depression. That is emotional not physical; it is like the spirit of pessimism rampant. But take the French; theirs is a Crisis. They are up in the air, excited. Storm scenes in the *Chambre des Députés*, the clatter of falling ministries . . .

We are not sure what this proves, but that is a feature common to most Great Thoughts.

We've all missed Miss Mason and Miss Kelsey. Though we love to think of them living in their little brown cottage with its green shutters at 47 Bartlet Street, and though we like to feel that door will always be open to Abbot girls, still Abbot just doesn't feel the same with them gone. We do hope we may see them often this term.

## Death

Why is the world so beautiful today?  
It dies, and dies with such an easy grace,  
With so much music in its glowing heart,  
That wonder fills my mind. Have woods a soul?  
Does Nature feel the touch of love and hope  
Which make some human deaths so beautiful?

*Kathryn Whittemore, '33*

## Symphony

Mrs. A. J. Lodge glanced up quickly from her intent perusal of the notes on the concert about to be played. It was only her concentration on them that had kept her from looking up before, because everyone else in the fifteenth row had already noticed the slim, smartly dressed young woman who swung her supple length across the laps of almost everyone in the row. In spite of the fact that she had come down the wrong aisle, she had quite shamelessly broken up the comfort of several icy dowagers of the pillar-of-Boston-society type, and a few feeble old men who attempted gallantly but ineffectively to rise.

Mrs. A. J. Lodge, however, viewed the rather late arrival with mild and unhostile eyes, behind which a very piercing appraisal of the young lady was going on. (Mrs. Lodge sat on the other side of the lady in question; hence her lap had not been scrambled over.) Then the lights grew dim and the program began. But after a little careful listening she formed a swift and decided opinion, that she did not care at all for the overture being played, and turned her attention to a covert study of this young person who had managed to clamber to her seat so gracefully. Discontent there, she thought. Or maybe something deeper. As the music crescendoed to a crashing minor climax, she thought a gleam of rebellion came into the girl's eyes as she clenched the arm of her chair until the knuckles of the blue-veined hands were white. Wonder who she is, thought Mrs. Lodge.

As a matter of fact, her name was Myra, and the Symphony today was merely, for her, an escape from a comfortably well-ordered suburban household over which her mother dominated. Not that she didn't always dominate, Myra thought bitterly. She did; she *had* ever since Myra's father died and Myra's mother had set about to get for her daughter all the things she'd wanted for herself. The mere fact that Myra hadn't in the least cared about society and everything it symbolized, and would far rather have done what she liked, and married, oh, just anybody, had not mattered at all. So now at twenty-seven she found herself revolting against a tyranny that forbade her the sole right to bring up her two children as she wished. They were darlings, the children, she thought, but how



could you expect them to stay sweet and happy if their grandmother disciplined them so severely in trivial things that they paid little attention to Myra's reprovals? It wasn't fair to John either. Oh John was good, she realized, and a wave of tenderness swept over her; why should he have to share this burden of hers? What a horrid, tight, unyielding knot life was anyway! Despair swept over her in a great wave as the music sank to a still, tragic close.

They were getting up for intermission . . . This time Myra climbed out the short end of the row and hurried unseeingly towards the corridor. You couldn't run away from everything you loved just because someone nagged tirelessly at you . . . you couldn't do anything. You were caught . . . caught, that was it.

"Flowers, lady? Thesa beooteful gardenias only twenta-fi' cents . . . pleeza . . ."

She stared down at an old, old lady, Italian probably, whose watery sunken blue eyes implored her to buy. She kept on staring; the old hag held the dewy white flowers out to her pleadingly; she noticed that the wizened brown hand trembled. "Yes . . . yes, I'll take those," breathlessly, giving the pathetic creature a bill. Myra fled up the steps, a strange look in her eyes. The intermission was over.

Mrs. A. J. Lodge fidgeted . . . she looked at her neighbor closely. Strange, that sudden look of peace in the girl's eyes—a sort of resolution in her bearing . . . something triumphant. The music swept onward in overwhelming grandeur and dropped suddenly to a quiet sunny calm that made you think of the pattern of rich green grass, sun-flecked. Peace! . . . that was it.

*Alice Schultz, '33*

## Inspiration

It came to me as now at last I lay  
Under smooth sheets, as though the very touch  
And warm caress of them had kindled in me  
A kind of fire, the seed of a great poem.

Beauty and Strength and Grace my song would have:  
A vivid, burning loveliness, like trees  
In all the pride of autumn colouring;  
And strength as of an athlete, firm and sure,  
Strength of clear eye and perfect symmetry,  
And grace of rounded sinuous muscles playing  
Under a sleek white skin. Brilliant, exotic,  
Would be my song—scarlet and green and gold  
And velvet black. And there would be  
A pale enchantress with slow amber eyes  
And crimson wine in crystal goblets glowing  
And soft dimmed lamps. There would be action, too,  
And lights on burnished steel, and gleaming arms,  
The chiseled bronze of weather-beaten faces,  
The heat and blood of battle. In my mind  
I saw the page I wrote on as a fold  
Of brilliant tapestry where figures moved,  
Scarlet and green and gold and velvet black.

When I awoke with but faint recollection  
Of my night thoughts, the blazing fire had gone,  
Leaving a dingy shadow of itself  
Like a red lantern when the light's gone out.

*Anne Cleveland, '33*

## Certainty

Spell-bound, I gaze with utter fascination  
Marvelling at the autumn country-side  
And wonder if this variety of color  
Has by Supreme Divinity been planned.  
The distant mountains, shadowy with purple,  
Outline with misty clouds tall spires of green  
Of pines whose linear conformity  
Offsets the blatant festal robes of fall.  
And as from all this shimmering rhapsody  
Again I turn eyes dazed by the reflection,  
With pounding heart that once knew indecision  
My very soul cries out, "There *is* a God."

*Catharine Campbell, '33*

## Broken Sleep

The quiet street reveres the dark of night,  
The green-eyed house is primly deep in sleep,  
The bleary lamp the darkness pricks with light,  
Stillness prevails, and even time must creep  
For fear the bustling seconds may perchance,  
Hastening to pass, the quiet stillness shatter.  
But now the green-eyed house observes askance  
The street, awakened by unearthly clatter.  
With shouts of joy in utter heedlessness  
They come. They must be young! for only youth  
With disrespect and cruel carelessness,  
Could wake from sleep, with raucous shouts uncouth,  
The poor old fools who, though the night invites,  
Undress, retire, and then put out the lights.

*Jean Vernon, '33*



## Frenchman Stranded

Everywhere was clinging gray mist. It was suffocating in its proud majestic way, and cold too . . . a piercing, clammy coldness. The light was getting dimmer, although it had been half-dark since early morning, and now a slight wind sometimes made the waves slip-slap against the little boat. That slip-slap had been the only sound for hours in the drifting dinghy.

Slowly Jacques became conscious, through rough waves of deathly nausea, of an oppressing thought tormenting his brain. He tried to distinguish it, but at each attempt it slipped away leaving him weak and troubled. Finally he gave it up. Then he became conscious of a rough something supporting his back, and he would have liked to move, but general lassitude and a constant threat of sickness kept him still. Fragments of thoughts began to drift across his mind—all of these vaguely disturbing and indistinct. As he grew warmer the damp fog dissolved in drops upon his face, producing a singularly creepy sensation which made him open his eyes in pain to look about him. His first sensation was of being in heaven; for there was only pearly gray mist everywhere—in the boat, above, as far as he could see. He was almost a part of the vagueness in his weak condition. It was peaceful enough for heaven. Then it began—slip-slap, and the dark persistent thought started tormenting him again. It couldn't be heaven then. He was shivering now—partly from apprehension, partly because of the chill wind cutting through his soaking clothes.

Attempting to move, he looked down. He was lying in several inches of water in the bottom of a boat, and his hard pillow had been a wooden seat placed in the middle of the boat. Exhausted by the effort he closed his eyes, but in a moment opened them again and attempted to rise. Crawling painfully he lifted himself on the seat, where a most awful throbbing and nausea beset him, and he leaned feebly over the side of the boat. When he opened his eyes again, instead of gray fog everywhere, he saw only green water below him. He languidly watched a piece of wood floating past in the shadow of the boat—but in a few moments he realized it wasn't drifting; it was following him. It was an oar. He sat up, querulously puzzled, and peered through the close blanket of the fog which was rapidly grow-



ing darker and colder. Slip-slap—it sounded ominous, deathly. His memory suddenly clicked; it became almost super-active. He was alone—that was natural—he often was. But he was so cursedly weak, and suddenly ravenously hungry. He looked about the boat and discovered a paper bag of ship's biscuits and a small bottle of sour wine under the seat. As he ate he gave a sharp cry. *Mon Dieu!* He knew now. That thought—it had been the lives of all the crew out there on the ship. He seized the oars and began to row furiously through the shroud-like fog. Then he stopped in despair. Where in the world was he going? He had no idea in what direction land lay. In the dead silence that followed—while the boat floated on rapidly, still under momentum—distantly there came the dull booms of broadside firing. He listened again. No mistake; it was gunfire. Then there was still hope. His ship was still holding out against great odds. He must have been adrift for hours while thirty men (were there still thirty?) prayed for his return. He started rowing again. If the booming were behind him, then land must be somewhere ahead in the mist. And where land was there was help. His men out there were weak and starved and pitifully outnumbered; he alone had been spared to make this dangerous mission, their last hope of help. But he had left in early morning under the cover of the fog, and now it was black night. What a weak fool he was to faint after only a few hours of rowing when the lives of all his men were at stake. Was he never going to reach land?

All the time these jerky thoughts kept racing through his head he worked feverishly over his oars, pausing now and then to listen for the dull booming sounding far away through the fog. Once it stopped for what seemed like hours and the man held his breath. No, there it was again.

Suddenly the side of the boat rasped against stone. He looked up. A black stone breakwater towered above him in the mist. He felt frantically for a rope ladder, and at last was rewarded by the feel of the mossy, slimy rungs. He gave a leap for it—letting the boat drift past with the tide—but the sudden effort was too much for him, and he fought desperately for control, hanging dizzily over the black water. Slip-slap. The friendly, gurgling noise helped him master his faintness, and he carefully but hurriedly groped up the side of the wall. Then he had only to run along the breakwater, reach the shore,

and slip down a black alley to a small house where a light shone in the lower floor. Jacques knew he opened the door, gasped a few words, and then was conscious only of shapes springing forward to catch him, and of a faintness—like his soul flickering out.

Alice Hill, '33

## Brownie's Tail

Somehow my pony brown  
Lost his tail,  
His nice tail.  
What *shall* I do? Frown?  
Sulk? Wail?  
About that tail?

I think I'll go an' look  
'Most everywhere  
For a tail.  
Does it tell in any book  
How to prepare  
A nice, straight tail?

What if I went an' took  
Some of *my* hair  
For that tail!  
I'll go an' ask the cook,  
If I dare,  
For scissors for the tail.

I'll tiptoe an' I'll peep!  
She's in her chair,  
Just as *sound* asleep;  
She *couldn't* care  
If I took her scissors  
For the tail!

An' now my little pony,  
Your nice new tail  
Is nearly ready, only—

My hair is light!  
That isn't right  
For your tail!

If I was black as Mandy,  
That would do,  
For hair like licorice candy  
An' fuzzy too  
*Is used* for tails!

Mandy has so many,—  
One pigtail, only one—!  
She wouldn't miss it any!  
I'll borrow it for fun,  
For that tail!

The front one's nice an' fat,  
And on tiptoe  
I'm *sure* I could reach that,  
For it is so  
*Perfect* for a tail!

Now, Brownie, do be still,  
Or she will hear!  
I most *know* she will,  
I clip so near  
Her ear,  
To get your tail!

Oh, Brownie dear, it's *done*!  
It's go'n 'a be, I'm *sure*,  
A whole lot nicer one  
Than your  
    old  
        straight  
          tail!

*Delight Hall, '34*

## The Green Cadillac Roadster

If someone were to ask me why I chose to write an account of an evening at home, and dare to call it a "short story", he would not receive a very satisfactory answer. But if this same querulous person were to take the time and trouble to pursue this tale to the end, perhaps he would find his own answer. Perhaps his family has points in common with mine; or there may even be a brother like the one I intend to write of . . . there usually is. The events I describe happened on a Christmas evening, and any city may be used as a setting. The only way I know of describing the occasion is to tell of each member of the family separately, as he starts out for the parental home. Lorna, the oldest, will start the procession.

"Tom, darling, will you hurry? You know how mother always likes us there early for Christmas Eve."

"Yes, dear, this package is almost tied. There— 'Love, Lorna and Tom'. By the way, what are we doing for Leslie? If we thought he would be there we could stop at the drugstore and pick up a carton of cigarettes."

"He hasn't been home for two days, so goodness knows whether he will be now or not. After all, it *is* Christmas Eve; we can only hope for the best!"

"Even without him, there'll be a crowd, won't there? Let's see, you and I, Bob and Bev, your mother and father, Aunt Amelia, and did you say Glad and Ted were coming up from New York or is Ted staying with his people?"

Lorna meditated a moment, and then replied that she thought the Smiths would come. Tom, who had already helped his wife to don her coat, collected the various presents which lay about the bedroom. They were both enthusiastic about the celebration which was to follow. Putting out the lights and locking the door, the couple resumed their conversation as they felt their way down the apartment steps.

"You know," said Tom judicially, "I like your idea of giving presents Christmas Eve instead of Christmas day. I always like to sleep in the morning—"

"We thought it was a good idea as soon as all the children grew

up." Lorna sighed sentimentally. "How they do grow! Here's Bev sixteen already, and Leslie just of age."

Her husband sniffed. "Said from the great and lofty age of twenty-five!"

"Oh well, after all, I was so much older than they when they were little. By the way, here's the corner—didn't you want cigarettes and a newspaper?"

"Good girl! Sometimes I think I married you for your memory!" Suddenly realising what he had said, Tom retracted the statement. "I mean—! Good heavens, that sounded awful—do let me make it up." And before the astonished eyes of the news-dealer they kissed. Securing the "Times", Tom hastily ran through the important items. Suddenly he started, and exclaimed,

"Listen! (reading) 'Last evening an accident occurred on the Bronx River Parkway which resulted in the death of these found in a large touring car—(giving names). However, authorities have not been able to locate the other party to the accident, although a witness asserts that someone driving a green Cadillac roadster, which was not damaged, was the culprit.'" At the last words, Lorna gasped a little and thought quickly aloud—"Green cadillac roadster—Bronx River Parkway—Tom! Leslie!"

Tom quieted her anxiously. "Don't worry, dear, at least he's safe. I wonder if your mother and father know of this."

Hurrying on, they were about to mount the steps of the Sutherland home when a small gray car drew up at the curb and they recognized the Smiths.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gladys rested her head back upon her arm which lay over the window-ledge of the Chrysler. She looked out upon the panorama disclosed as the little car made its way along Riverside Drive; great black silhouette of the Palisades against a faintly glowing sky, dim reflection of the dying sun mirrored in swirling eddies of the Hudson, and faint cheery lights here and there along the shore—the only human influence in the scene.

"Oh, Ted—I never get over the feeling this drive gives me—it's nice of you to drive so I can enjoy it. Isn't it like Fairyland—all those millions of glowing lights against the black?"



"Honestly, your imagination!" Ted scoffed reprovingly. "Oh, well, I wish I had one like it—all I can see in lights is that they're bright."

They drove on quietly for a while, she almost dozing in the beauty of the evening, he making a point of passing every car ahead of them. Presently he broke the silence.

"By the way, hon, has anything turned up about Lel? Last I heard he was among the missing."

Mrs. Smith brought herself back reluctantly to reality. What was that about Leslie? Oh yes, he hadn't been home for several days—

"I haven't heard anything new, dear; you never can tell what that boy will do—but we can always be sure it's nothing serious; I mean, up to now, anyway."

Ted slowed up as they approached a newsstand, and throwing twenty-five cents upon the counter, bought a copy of "The Sun." As he waited for change, Gladys glanced through the paper and suddenly startled him by a nudge.

"Look—(reading)'Speakeasy raided last night on 59th street, and all present held except the owner of a green Cadillac roadster, reports Sergeant.'"

She looked at her husband and nodded confirmation. Who else would be in a night club on 59th street owning a green Cadillac roadster? It was unmistakable.

Ted whistled, and remarked lightly,

"What was that about Leslie never having nerve to do anything?" She said nothing, but read the account for any other details. However, it looked very much as if it were indeed Leslie. Presently they drew up in front of the Sutherland home and parked across the street, where they could see that the lights had been lit at the foot of the steps for the convenience of late arrivals. In the glow these shed the figures of the Cowells could be seen about to ascend, and Glad called to her sister.

\* \* \* \* \*

At Paul's night club just over the city line from Yonkers on Broadway, two men were emerging into the early December twilight. Approaching a De Soto coupé, they climbed in, staggering a little. The younger, a blonde, pleasant-looking chap, took the wheel and

headed the car for Yonkers. The other leaned back and became the picture of complete exhaustion. However, he turned to his companion presently, and whispered softly,

"This is lovely—just lovely of you (hic) to ask me home with (hic) you, Bob—" His friend looked at him with unconcealed disgust.

"All you need is a glass of beer and you're done for. Why don't you stop drinking if you can't hold your liquor? I can drink enough, but I never show it."

However, he swerved dangerously as he said this, and narrowly missed a downtown trolley. But he kept to his point.

"Look at Leslie—there's an example for you—two drinks and he forgets to come home."

Bill grunted grudgingly but did not deny the truth of the assertion.

"Where is (hic) your lil' brother?"

Bob frowned, not knowing whether to take his friend into his confidence or let him sleep unconcernedly. He decided upon the former.

"I'll tell you—I saw an article in 'The Herald' this morning saying that a green Cadillac roadster had been found up-state in a bad condition; obviously a smash-up—I didn't say anything to the folks about it—they always take things like that so seriously. I could hardly believe it myself, because—well, you know Lel—he'd never have nerve enough to get himself in a scrape."

Getting no reply, Bob looked curiously at Bill, who was slumped in the corner and snoring strenuously. He sighed resignedly, and pulled up in front of the Sutherland house. Hearing voices, he shook Bill vigorously and finally propelled him up the many stone steps to the porch, where his two sisters and brothers-in-law were congregated. Almost with one breath each (except Bill) exclaimed,

"Leslie—did you hear about the accident?—about the night-club? about his car found up-state?"

With astonishment, they looked at each other in almost complete silence for one brief moment. And then Lorna began,

"We saw in the 'Times' tonight"—but Gladys broke in with,

"We saw it in 'The Sun!'—and Bob had to add, humorously,

"You're all wrong, it was 'The Herald'.

Tom tried to bring things to order by discussing it quietly, but no one heard him. Ted took charge of affairs, then, and ordered them

all not to say anything about it to Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland because it was well known that if Leslie were to do anything against principles, he would be, to put it plainly, "kicked out." Having decided to keep to this plan, they opened the door and entered the living-room.

\* \* \* \* \*

While different members of the family had been approaching the house, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland and their youngest daughter had been preparing festivities at home. They were all through now; the sandwiches were made, the punch concocted after many trials with lemons, oranges, ginger-ale and grapejuice, and a very delightful buffet supper was arranged in the dining-room awaiting the arrivals. Mrs. Sutherland plumped with a sigh of relief into a comfortable armchair and stretched her hands to the fire. Her husband seated himself beside her on the arm of the chair.

Presently the mother spoke a trifle hesitantly.

"Leslie will come home tonight, I think, don't you?" She looked at her husband cautiously and saw his brow darken.

"He will not come into *my* house tonight, I know that. If I should ever lay hands on him—! He'd be sorry he was alive—worrying his mother, disgracing his family—" He banged his fist on the table to emphasize the point, but only succeeded in bringing Mrs. Sutherland anxiously to her feet.

"But, father, he hasn't done anything! It would be different if anything had really happened, but—"

"But, but, but! Just let a son of mine act the way he has, out two whole nights—or is it three?—and not a word to his family! For all we know, he might be in jail!"

"Oh, no, surely not in jail! Oh, dear, if he'd only come home! He might be hurt, or injured in some way—" She wrung her hands excitedly.

"Shall I answer the bell, mother?" Beverly looked inquiringly toward her parents, who turned to her questioningly. Her mother said,

"Bell? I didn't hear it—who can it be? The children never ring when they come."

"I'll see, then." She crossed the room and opened the door upon—

Leslie. All three stared at him mutely until he broke the spell by a deprecatory cough.

"Hello, mother. Hello, father—" Hardly knowing what to do, he looked at them timidly. Mr. Sutherland drew himself up and pointed a finger at him.

"Young man, come here!"

Not daring to disobey, the boy looked at his father appealingly, and then turned to someone behind him. A small, shivering, frightened girl appeared and the two stood together in the doorway.

Another moment of silence, this time broken by Mrs. Sutherland, who rushed forward quickly.

"Leslie—are you all right? Who is this? Where have you been?"

Her son only said quietly,

"Mother, this is Lydia—my wife."

"Your—wife?" They looked at each other, the poor young bride and the new mother-in-law. Mrs. Sutherland's heart went out to her at once, and she put her arm about her protectingly as her husband repeated,

"Wife?" But she need not have feared anything from him. He only came close to the girl and looked down at her in a kindly way as his wife removed her coat and hat and seated her near the heat.

"You poor child," he said, "I remember you—I knew your parents well. What ever induced you—?"

But Lydia was so shaken she could only murmur,

"You're so kind—I used to think you were fearful, but you're really very kind."

Beverly here interposed with,

"Goodness, you used to know my sister, didn't you? That must have been the way you met Lel—what pretty hair! Is it naturally wavy? I wish mine were as light—Do tell us about it—"

But Mrs. Sutherland could see how terrified her daughter-in-law was, and she began to talk to her calmly and soothingly.

"There, are you warmer now? We expect the rest of the family any minute, in fact, that must be they now on the porch—my, what a racket! You know them, don't you; at least Gladys and Lorna and Bob—Tom and Ted will be your brothers-in-law—Why don't they come in? Bev—run and let them—oh never mind, here they are."

Lorna was the first to come in, and after kissing her mother, sud-



denly saw Leslie standing with his arm about Lydia. The others perceived him at the same time, and all started to exclaim and talk at once. But it was Mr. Sutherland who announced casually his son's marriage. Again there was great astonishment.

Gladys recognized Lydia as one of her girl-hood chums and immediately made her at home by bringing up things they had done as children. Soon the whole tale was out, and Lydia could begin to enjoy her new position. Now the tales of the almost famous "green Cadillac roadster" could be referred to humorously, although none could get over the remarkable coincidences easily. To the surprise of all, Leslie thought they had all seen the announcement of his wedding; but they found after some inquiry into the matter that the account was in "The Statesman", a paper which no one had happened to buy. The evening went on, plus a new member of the Sutherland family, as all Christmas Eves had gone on before. That night was no time to think of details, so all enjoyed themselves thoroughly, leaving explanations for the morrow. And so the evening closed, one of anxiety, doubt, and fear for many, but ending with the good-will always found when congenial people get together to "eat, drink, and be merry".

*Beverly Sutherland, '34*







D. H.

## Fair Wind

You slide along before a langorous breeze . . .  
 It's all so simple—nothing much to do—  
 Just hold the main sheet—mustn't let her jibe . . .  
 The wind behind you carries you along!  
 You're lazy, basking in the mellow sun.

## Head Wind

A cutting wind tops leaden waves with white,  
 Whips back your hair and drenches you with salt . . .  
 A pungent, good, clean taste . . . You're fighting now.  
 You're getting blisters on your hands . . . Who cares?  
 You skim along like a winged victory.

*Alice Schultz, '33*

## The Tryst

### CHARACTERS

Mrs. Hall

Prudence, her daughter

Henry

Man

TIME—1924

SCENE I—*Prudence's room. Prudence is standing in front of bureau putting on hat. Enter Mrs. Hall hurriedly.*

MRS. HALL: You aren't still planning on going to meet Henry, are you? If you are, you are even more foolish than—

PRUDENCE (*turning around*): Now, Mama, I have waited for eight years. Surely I am not foolish to meet my fiancé and—

MRS. HALL: That is exactly it. Eight years! What changes that time can bring over people, changes that those whom you are with do not notice! Besides, I have told you repeatedly that no man is worth waiting for that long. It was all right waiting for Henry during the war, though Lord knows that was taking a chance! But after the war, when he didn't come right back—and all those eligible and, I must say, charming young men who were quite smitten on you, and you, silly child, paid no attention to any of them, just sat at home, moping and waiting for Henry. You're no child any more. You're twenty-eight, and ought to have been married long ago to one of those eligible, charming—

PRUDENCE: Mama, if you say another word, I'll scream! You've never liked Henry, though he's the finest, strongest, most brilliant and intelligent—

MRS. HALL: And just how has he been applying this great intelligence during the last five years?

PRUDENCE: I've told you a dozen times. He's been taking advantage of being left on the other side, and has been studying. He came home to this country for the first time since the war yesterday, and I am to meet him at the Majestic Hotel—where we first met, you know.

MRS. HALL: Well, I certainly cannot prevent you from meeting the man, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he's not there.

PRUDENCE: You're such a wet blanket, Mama.

MRS. HALL: No, not a bit surprised. Any man that can keep a girl waiting for eight years is capable of doing it for another eight years. You may be sure no man ever made a fool of me in such a manner. I made your Pa wait for me for six months, while I was making up my mind as to whether 'twas he or Johnny Clark I loved.

PRUDENCE: Well, I'm going, Mama. Do I look all right? I had a facial and my hair re-dyed, for the occasion. The lady at the beauty parlor said that you should have your eyebrows plucked like mine are. Well, Toodle-do.—*Exit*.

MRS. HALL (*calling after her*): You look fine to your Ma—I only hope you look as good to Henry, if he's there.

SCENE II—*Hotel Lobby*.

Henry (*disfigured face*)—*seated in chair. Next to him is a man.*

MAN: Pardon me, but have you the time?

HENRY: It's just two now—Are you waiting for someone, too?

MAN: Yes, my wife, but she's always late. You've been waiting for quite a time, too.

HENRY: Yes, and every minute brings greater suspense. I'm waiting for my fiancée whom I haven't seen in eight years.

MAN: Eight years! And do you expect to remember her?

HENRY: Remember her, how could I forget her! She's tall and has long chestnut hair. She's very refined-looking—but I must be boring you?

MAN: No, not at all. I was finding it most interesting. Tell me, how does it happen that you haven't seen her in eight years?

HENRY (*softly*): I have been on the other side ever since the war. I was wounded in the war, though I never told her of it, and I've spent the last five years, first in Paris, and then in the southern part of France, recuperating. She thinks I have been studying all this time—and doesn't know that I was considered dead—and only managed to live for her sake. Though it's taken five years, I'm absolutely well now, except for this scar on my face.

(*Prudence passes through the lobby.*)

HENRY: That's the fifth time that woman has passed through this lobby.

MAN: She's a cheap, common-looking girl, too.

HENRY: Very. Her hair is obviously dyed and her face is so plastered with make-up that I doubt if one sees her real features. Prudence is just the opposite of that. She's as old-fashioned as her name suggests.

MAN: There's my wife now. I must say good-bye. I've enjoyed chatting with you. Good luck with Prudence! (*Exit*)

(*Enter Prudence. She crosses over towards Henry.*)

PRUDENCE: Pardon me, sir, but have you the time?

HENRY (*looking at her very closely*): It's just eight years, Prudence.

Billie Sage, '33

## A Philosophy

I saw a robin, herald of the spring,  
While yet the frost lay white upon the ground,  
And I admired it, for its caroling  
Revealed the courage that I have not found.

I saw a leaf fall lightly to the earth,  
Twisting and turning energetically,  
And, oh, I wondered at its seeming mirth  
While meeting death. Is that how I shall be?

I saw a bee in weary, droning flight,  
Resting from flower to flower while on its way,  
And then I marveled that with such delight  
It did its tiring work from day to day.

And may not bird, or leaf, or toiling bee  
The truest way of life reveal to me?

Jane Campbell, '34

## Dinner Date

### SETTING

This story takes place in a certain section of New York City called Central Park West. The main scene of action is laid in the living-room of an apartment thirty-two stories above New York's pavements. This room is a strikingly modern one, conveying the idea of extreme luxury, and smartness rather than comfort and homeliness. As it is evening, the room is permeated with a soft glow, coming from concealed lights. Crimson venetian blinds silhouetted against oyster-white walls immediately catch the eye and almost startle one by their very vividness. Thick piled rugs and fantastic teak-wood furniture further add to the sense of remoteness from the ordinary things of life. Here in this sky scraper—high above New York's night-life—aloof, mysterious, unconquerable—another human incident will be unfolded, dwarfed to pettiness by the nature of its background.

### STORY

She entered the room noiselessly, and immediately went to the high windows overlooking Central Park, where she stood gazing out, an entrancing vision in a pale, clinging gown. There was something curiously tense in her attitude, but when she turned around a moment later no signs of emotion were visible on her delicate features. A clock on a small table marked quarter of seven. Her eyes grew moody as she thought, "He said he'd call at six. Why doesn't he ever keep his promises?" Then she took a sharp breath and passionately said aloud, "Why doesn't that phone ring?" She felt an uncontrollable impulse to rush over to it and shake it—to overturn a table and hear its crash; something, anything to drown her clamoring thoughts.

With an effort she again turned to the window. Far below and stretching up town for miles the dark masses of Central Park showed up. She could see the ribbons of light along the roads forming beautiful patterns of steady and friendly color, blended with the countless moving gleams of speeding automobiles. New York's skyline was a vast panorama of lighted towers and ever-shifting



electric signs. The roar of a passing 'elevated' drifted up from Third Avenue, together with the faint hoots of taxis and the still fainter echo of a policeman's whistle. This whole great city of hers was vibrantly alive and moving. Traffic stopped, and went on—signs changed—searchlights moved fitfully through the sky like pale and ghostly fingers—a radio blared in an apartment below—cars drove up to the curb and departed.

Then suddenly, cutting the stillness like a knife, came the shrill and insistent jangle of the telephone. Her heart gave a queer little jump; she listened again—no mistaking it. Strangely enough she didn't move towards it but nodded to the maid to answer it.

"Mr. Carfield? I'm—I'm not in."

She turned deliberately to the window again and smiled down into the heart of the city, saying, "New York, tonight I dine with self-respect."

No one answered; but New York seemed to grow larger and warmer and drift in through the open windows, filling the room with the happy future.

*Mercedes Clos, '34*

## Nocturnal Friend

The light was just un-lit; alone I lay  
Half-sleeping—All at once an awful dread  
Beset me, holding howling thoughts at bay:  
Quite powerless I stiffened on the bed.  
O Night was very real to me that night,  
I heard her stealthy tread and felt her gown;  
Almost I prayed for blessedness of light,  
In overpowering darkness I would drown.  
I thought my o'er-taxed senses soon would snap,  
And it was then at last I heard her speak,  
And laid my head in her, a mother's, lap.  
With cool and velvet hand she stroked my cheek,  
She whispered, "All the night your bed I tend;  
Poor frightened child, what am I but a friend?"

*Beverly Sutherland, '34*



A. S.

## My Dreams

My dreams in iridescent rays pour out  
The inmost thoughts of my subconscious mind,  
And bathe my soul in vacillating doubt  
That makes me wonder what is the real truth  
Of my existence in this varied world.  
Have I lived anywhere before this life,  
That memories crystallized within my soul  
Should searching find me in my nightly dreams  
And make me think of things gone on before?  
Or are my dreams like some great telescope  
That peering out through the eternal space,  
Has found some distant spark of the beyond?

*Marcia Gaylord, '33*

## The Passing of the Woodshed

Our woodshed is something which I remember as far back as I have any connected memories. From the time I was tall enough to reach a certain nail with my hand and thus to swing myself up to the garret, I invariably hid in the attic during our games of "hide and seek," while the others, as they were smaller, were forced of necessity to use the ground floor.

The main business of this outhouse was in providing a storage place for firewood. Our house was heated entirely by separate stoves in each room, all of which burned wood except the kitchen range, which was supplied with coal from a bin in the woodshed. Besides this, there were neat stacks of wood in the rear of the shed and a large box of kindling, split daily by the hired boy.

Every fall our shed was the scene of the woodcutter's labors. For ten days he would chop, saw, and pile the logs, until the shed was finally filled with many cords of fresh-smelling, orderly arranged piles of wood ready for use.

Four years ago we installed steam heat. It was done for convenience; the woodshed's opinion was never asked. Now the shed is used for nothing. The logs we use for our fireplaces, scanty in comparison to the once-needed supply, are stored with the coal in the cellar near the furnace. The woodshed is left in solitude, except when one small girl plays there with her dolls.

*Helen Cary, '35*

## Winter

I love the winter time when buried deep  
In glistening snow the distant landscape hides;  
I know that down beneath each shining heap  
Some once familiar object now resides.  
That snowy mound beyond the rocky ledge,  
An ant hill in the summer time may be;  
That lonely figure by the cedar hedge,  
With arm aloft, a bent and broken tree.  
That graceful crest conceals an old stone wall;  
Those piles of dazzling lace, where gardens hide,  
Are sheaves of withered cornstalks, left in fall  
By careless farmer of the country side.

I love the winter time when homely things  
Are covered deep by snow that Nature brings.

*Carolyn Muzzy, '34*

## Derelect

It's strange that I should feel so coldly lone,  
Cruel, that that mad tossing flung me by;  
The sea I sought seemed to have grown more calm  
And left me to grow old in this dead pool.

At rest in body—with dim Memory;  
She drowned the longings that I tried to feel.  
At first I fought—fought to regain the thrills.  
Oh God—don't leave me here, a derelect,  
Alive and moving but unmanned within!

At first I scorned—hated the joys I knew,  
I sought and sought for something live and new,  
But nothing came—even my scorn grew cold,  
And I left stranded here to watch—grew old.

*Alice Hill, '33*

## Mademoiselle Flandé

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mlle. Duclos—Head Mistress at the "Institution"

Mlle Armande—Teacher at the "Institution"

Mlle. Flandé—Teacher at the "Institution"

Odette, Gracienne, Titi, Annette—Pupils

Nora, Gladys—English pupils

Colonel Beaumont, Madame Beaumont

PLACE—*a little town in southern France*

SCENE—*In the courtyard of the "Institution St. Pierre," a girls' school, during the afternoon recess. A narrow yard surrounded by an old, moss-stained wall. Left, a heavy iron gate leads into the street; right, a corner of the building with a door which gives a glimpse of desks and blackboards. On a bench under a tree are Mlle. Armande, Odette, Gracienne and Annette; Titi and a few other girls are grouped around them on the ground. As the curtain rises there is a sound of laughter.—*

ODETTE: Oh, Mademoiselle, you didn't really!

GRACIENNE: And then what did he say?

TITI: Did he kiss you, Mademoiselle?

MLLE. ARMANDE: (*giggling*): Now really, girls . . .

ANNETTE: Tell us, please tell us!

MLLE ARMANDE (*simpering*): You girls must learn not to ask such awful questions. Why, what would Mademoiselle Flandé say if she heard you?

TITI (*with sudden daring*): Old Camel!

MLLE. ARMANDE: Titi!!!

TITI: Well, she does look sort of like one . . .

MLLE. ARMANDE: Really!!! I—

TITI (*quickly*): I wish all the teachers were as nice as you, and never scolded. I think you're the most beautiful person in the world!

MLLE. ARMANDE (*completely mollified*): You little darling. Come up on the bench and sit beside me, silly child.

TITI: Move over, Gracienne.



GRACIENNE: No. *I* want to sit next to Mlle. Armande. I was here first.

ODETTE (*patronizingly*): Don't be selfish, Gracienne.

GRACIENNE: Well, you're sitting next to her too, aren't you? Why don't you move over?

Mlle. ARMANDE: Please, girls—

ODETTE: I can't move over. I'm already at the end of the seat.

Mlle. ARMANDE: Girls, Girls!—(*The gate opens. Enter Nora and Gladys and Mlle. Flandé. The girls, dressed in uniform coat and hat, carrying little rubber sponge bags go over to the bench. Mlle. Flandé crosses the yard and enters door, right. When she sees them, Mlle. Armande springs up*) What, are you back already? Oh dear, why didn't somebody tell me how late it was? I should have been in chapel ten minutes ago! Oh dear! (*exit running*)

ANNETTE: I think she's a darling. (*to Gladys*) And how was the bath?

GLADYS: Very well, thank you.

GRACIENNE: Why do you have to take so many baths? It must be awfully expensive!

NORA: You see, they usually have bathtubs in English schools.

GLADYS (*suddenly*): Oh, I *hate* this place! It's all so grubby and old-fashioned and dingy!

TITI (*aghast*): Ohhh! ! !

GLADYS (*vehemently*): Yes, it is. And the teachers are so narrow and catty—and—and stiff!

GRACIENNE (*indignantly*): I think Mlle. Armande is awfully nice; she's not stiff a bit.

GLADYS: No, she's not stiff, she's just silly. Probably they were all that way when they were young. Only now they've been here so long that their silliness has all dried up and there isn't anything else left.

NORA: I don't think you're right in saying that about all of them. I think there's something different about Mlle. Flandé. She's not old-maidish—just terribly aloof. Besides, she hasn't always been here, has she?

ODETTE: Yes she has. She was even born here. She was only away once, I think, when her father died and she went to stay with her uncle in the colonies. That was only for a couple of years, and then he died too, and she had to come back. She's just as bad as any of the others.

GLADYS: I think she's worse than any of the others.

ANNETTE: So do I, much worse.

TITI (*importantly*): She slapped me once. I was just drawing a little, tiny—(*enter Mlle Flandé. There is a dead silence*).

Mlle. FLANDÉ: What is the meaning of this unladylike posture? (*to the girls on the ground*) Get up at once! And why are you sitting there idling, when you might be working on your altar-cloths? Go get them immediately. (*exeunt all except Titi*) You—Antoinette, I want to see you about those scribblings on the dormitory wall.

TITE (*squirming*): Honestly I didn't touch it! Hon—

Mlle. FLANDÉ (*sternly*): Don't lie to me, Antoinette. Go wash off everyone of those filthy marks. Don't stop until I have seen it—and use plenty of soap. Hurry! (*exit Titi, sobbing. Mlle. Flandé goes over to the bench and sits down wearily. In a minute she is up again, hastily smoothing her hair and dress, as voices are heard from the house. Enter Mlle. Duclos, Colonel Beaumont, Mme. Beaumont, right.*)

Mlle. DUCLOS: This is the yard where the girls spend their recreation periods—I'm sure your daughter would be very happy here. Of course I would take her under my especial care—

MME. BEAUMONT: I think—

Mlle. DUCLOS: Now I must show you the garden . . . (*a bell rings. Several girls carrying books etc., pass across the stage and enter the building*). Oh, I'm so sorry—I'm afraid I must leave you. I must take a class in Catechism at this hour. But perhaps one of my teachers can show you around. The garden is so lovely in the evening—of course the girls are not allowed there—oh, Mlle. Flandé, will you conduct the Colonel and Madame to the garden. I hope you'll excuse me, I'm so sorry . . . (*exit*).

(*Mlle. Flandé has started toward the visitors. Suddenly she stops, staring at the Colonel. He too is silent a moment, and there is a puzzled frown on his face.*)

COLONEL BEAUMONT: Mademoiselle Flandé . . . ? Were you—but no, that is impossible.

MME. BEAUMONT: What is it? Have you met before?

COLONEL BEAUMONT: No . . . yes—I don't know. It was so long ago . . . I—Mademoiselle, were you ever in the colonies?

Mlle. FLANDÉ: Yes, Monsieur. I remember you, but I did not think you would remember me.

COLONEL BEAUMONT (*taking her hand*): Not remember you! Mademoiselle! (*he kisses her hand*) only—I didn't expect . . . this.

Why are you here? This seems—so . . . so different.

MLLE. FLANDÉ: My uncle died—

COLONEL BEAUMONT: The governor himself looked for you, afterwards. We all thought you should have been decorated. You ought not to have left without telling us.

MME. BEAUMONT: Jacques, who is she?

COLONEL BEAUMONT (*magnificently*): A very great heroine.

MLLE. FLANDÉ (*embarrassed*): No, no, that is not true; anyone could have done it.

MME. BEAUMONT: Done what? I don't understand.

COLONEL BEAUMONT: It was in Indo-China—

MLLE. FLANDÉ (*distressed*): Please, Monsieur!

COLONEL BEAUMONT: At the time of the famine. Mademoiselle was staying there with her uncle who was a doctor. The people were suffering terribly—even we did not realize how much; but Mademoiselle knew, and she went out, and brought them food and comfort, while we cowered behind locked doors for fear of the mob . . .

MLLE. FLANDÉ: No! No!

COLONEL BEAUMONT: Yes, *we* were afraid. It was only because of your kindness that they did not attack us sooner—they blamed the government for everything. Afterwards, when the crowds grew more threatening, Mademoiselle and her uncle took refuge at Government House. Then the storm broke. The governor ordered us to fire out the windows at the people . . .

MME. BEAUMONT: Ciel!

COLONEL BEAUMONT:—but Mademoiselle would not let us, because, you see, to her they were all children. So she went out in front of the house, with the mob yelling and the stones falling all around her—and they were silent, all of a sudden, like that. Then she spoke to them, and no one harmed her, and after a while they went away.

MLLE. FLANDÉ: You see—it was what any woman would have done. There was no danger.

MME. BEAUMONT: No danger!!—But Jacques, how could the governor have let her leave, after that?

COLONEL BEAUMONT: I don't know. It was the confusion, the sickness, the heat. We did not understand what was happening. And so Mademoiselle went away, very quietly, and came . . . here!

MME. BEAUMONT: But now, everyone must know who you are. You must be treated as you deserve.

COLONEL BEAUMONT: Yes, you must get out of this place. Go somewhere where you will have a chance to use your courage and resourcefulness. I myself shall tell Mademoiselle Duclos what you have done.

MLLE. FLANDÉ (*with sudden authority*): No! Listen! (*with growing agitation*) I have no courage, no great qualities of any sort—I am timid—I would not dare face reality—that was the one act of my life that proves to me that I have lived; I do not want to lose it, too, by going out into the world—and failing. I am afraid! Afraid of life! (*with sudden calm*) But here, I am dead. (*she stops, not looking at them. Then turning she holds out her hand to the Colonel*) Do not wake me! (*He bows over her hand, kissing it respectfully. Exeunt in silence.*)

(*It is almost dark now. A beam of light from the classroom window falls on her still face as she stares, wide-eyed, into the shadows. Then the door into the building opens and the sound of voices is heard. There is a burst of laughter. Titi appears in the doorway carrying a cloth and a small basin of water. Turning, Mademoiselle Flandé sees her and stiffens.*)

MLLE. FLANDÉ (*sharply*): What are you doing out here with those things? Come, I want to have a look at that wall.

Anne Cleveland '33

## The Cry of Ulysses

O Circe, thou hast me in the scented tangles of thy tresses!  
Sweet, so sweet, are thy caresses,  
And yet I know the evil genius of thy liquid eyes.  
O Circe, cast them down! Hide them! Veil them from me,  
I cannot turn away.  
If I would I could not flee thee, with thine honeyed breath upon my  
cheek,  
And my heart entreating,  
"Stay, oh stay, I cannot live without thee!"

Look! Circe, go that way, go quickly  
Before I am indeed a swine!

What! Circe, back again because my heart called after thee?  
Creep not up to me! I do not, must not, want thee!  
Twine me not twice in thy alluring arms,  
For then would I cry as a drowning man in a lovely sea  
And give myself blissfully to hell.

But no—I scorn thee!  
Still wilt thou not be gone from me?  
Ah!! Then there is a dagger for thee!  
Come back now, O Snake, if thou darest!

*Elizabeth Flanders, '34*



## The Treasure

In the forest,  
In the rustling silver silence,  
Like a swift loophole in a wall of mist,  
I saw it,  
Gleaming in the midst of pale, wet grasses.

About it hung a cool grey curtain of old moss,  
And it lay there, a jewel,  
Burning with an unbearable intensity of brightness,  
In a sanctuary of tall trees.

When I took it in my hand, it was as light and cold as a shifting sea-  
fog,  
And it was white and keen like moonlight through the cracks of a  
shutter—  
A magic box, . . .  
I bent low to read the writing on the lid.

It seemed then that the shrill whisperings of the wood had ceased  
In a silence full of held breath and tiptoe-ing;  
Ghostly, livid,  
A white toadstool swayed forward watchfully.

And I read: "Buy Butterworth's Better Biscuits,  
They satisfy."  
The toadstool leered up at me sardonically . . .

*Anne Cleveland, '33*



A. C.

## Hate

Leslie was twenty-seven, Margy was twenty-five, and the children were five and three. A tragic early marriage with no money. Musicians are always poor; but at least the Stones did not live in a garret. Sometimes Leslie thought that they would be better off if they did; it would be more interesting, more stimulating. In his mind's eye he saw himself practicing on a broken-down piano, or better still, walking miles like Schubert, to use a friend's piano.

Margy was pretty, and that was all. Leslie had long since tired of her conventional blonde beauty; but it was her eyes that he hated. They were blue, the blue of listless summer sky, he thought, expressionless, stupid. This morning as he faced her across the table he tried to imagine her as an old woman. He could not visualize her. He told himself that it was not because her beauty was of an enduring

quality but her face expressed no personality which might be translated into terms of lines, traced by traits of character, and aged eyes still sparkling with intelligence. He did not wonder why he had married her. He hated her, for he was sure that she had tricked him into it, tricked him with her beauty which had palled.

"Leslie, dear, can't we have a new sofa? Baby has pulled the stuffing out of the old one."

For a long moment, during which he hated violently Margy and the baby, Leslie did not answer. Finally he asked, "Must you bother me with such matters today? Tonight is my first recital. You know that. Don't you realize that an artist must not be disturbed. Besides, don't call me dear."

He had been cruel and he knew it, but he felt better. He liked to see that hurt look in Margy's eyes. It was the only real expression that he had ever seen there. Why, he asked himself, had he, an artist, who needed appreciation and understanding, been burdened with an unimaginative wife, a wife unversed in the subtleties of an artistic temperament, a wife who devoted her time, herself, even her soul to domesticity. He hated her, hated her gentleness, her kindness and her affection. Why couldn't she have been cruel, hard and cold? Again he saw himself playing in an attic, driven to the creation of discordant masterpieces by the contempt and scorn of such a woman.

"Leslie, would you please go into the music room while I clear the table." Her sweet, forgiving voice cut into his reveries.

All morning he practiced. He almost forgot how much he hated Margy. Indeed, he had forgotten until she came in to dust off the piano and to straighten out his music. He felt that she was a drudge, an obstacle in the path of his happiness which led to the applause of the world. While he remained with her he could never compose beautiful music. She oppressed his mind, weighed upon his soul.

Somehow he dragged himself through the day. In the evening he felt that he must put himself into a mood which might lend itself to his playing. There was a beautiful sunset, and as he stood upon the hill top watching it he felt that he might almost succeed in spite of Margy. Then came a soft voice at his elbow, "It is nearly supper time."

He spun around, an insane desire to strike her seized him. What she saw in his eyes frightened her. She turned and fled. He ran after

her, tripped, and fell. All his weight came down on his long slender artist's hands of which he was so proud. He had broken two fingers of his right hand. The doctor said that they would heal shortly but there would be a permanent stiffness. Never would Leslie Stone become a great pianist.

All the next day he avoided Margy and she did not come near him. Time and time again he started to sit down at the piano, seeking to find an outlet for his emotions, only to find his hands swathed in bandages. He thought first of his vanished career and then of his hate for Margy. How could he go on without his music and still live with her. The children would grow up, prosaic imitations of their mother. He would grow old and feeble. He couldn't bear it. He would shoot himself. In his room was a loaded pistol.

He climbed the stairs slowly. With each step a sense of impending disaster was borne in upon his senses. He began to enjoy himself, reveling in his morbid thoughts. His enjoyment had reached the point of ecstasy by the time he reached his room. Slowly he opened the door. The sight that met his eyes struck him with horror. On the floor lay Margy, the pistol in her hand. She had out-tricked him.

*Jean Vernon, '33*



## Beauty

“Truth  
is the shattered mirror strewn  
In myriad bits; while each believes his little  
bit the whole to own.”

*The Kasîdah of Hajî Abdû El-Yezdî*

The mountain slept. His bald head raised itself high above the surrounding hills and plains. It was fall, and the country-side was a mass of radiant glory. The streams formed black pools where the happy waters stopped to catch their breath on their mad dash down the mountain side.

The day was still young when a group of people set out on a hike up the mountain. The narrow path was a tunnel through a forest of flaming oaks. As the procession climbed higher, aspens and birches took the place of the oaks. Still higher they climbed and were lost from sight among the solemn evergreens. Every now and then they stopped to rest and gaze out over the surrounding country. The evergreens were left behind and the group hurried on over huge boulders. Now everyone tried to keep his eyes from roaming, lest he taste prematurely the supreme moment of ecstasy when the summit should be reached and he could exult with all his heart.

At last they reached the top. Each one raised his head and looked at the wondrous beauty spread before him.

An artist gazed at the panorama and said, “Such beauty there has never been.”

A musician listened to the mysterious roaring of a distant and mighty river, to the sound of the wind in the trees below, and said, “Ah, there is beauty in its perfection.”

A botanist knelt to a rare, beautiful flower tucked under an immense boulder and said, “Here is beauty in its most marvelous form.”

A geologist spread his hand over a wondrous specimen of granite and said, “My comrades, gaze at this unsurpassed beauty.”





A poet said, "A carpet of reds and golds covers the country-side.  
My heart is throbbing with the supreme beauty."

A priest said, "Surely God has not created this beauty for wretched man."

So each one praised beauty in his own conception.

They descended as they came up; across huge boulders, amongst solemn evergreens, between aspens and birches, through a tunnel of flaming oaks—and the mountain slept on.

*Delight Hall, '34*

## Someone

The path I walk upon's uneven,  
The path where life and death are woven;  
The very birds have lost their song,  
Dead flowers border beaten trails,  
As though all life joined in my wails—  
The cry for one who's gone before.

As the radiant sun in the sky above  
Is guardian to God's children of love,  
So art thou keeper of my heart.  
And when life's task is done  
And the earth, stars and sun  
Say goodbye, then united we'll be  
At life's close, where all roads tie  
In the shadowy land of the sky.

*Gloria Grosvenor, '36*

## Courants d'Air

MISS COMEGYS (*long ago to a once very dense Algebra class*): "You see, girls, you can't add a, b, c, and have three a's any more than you can add three apples, two pears, and eight oranges and have thirteen apples."

JEAN (*suddenly enlightened*): "No, but you'd have thirteen fruit salads."

---

Imagine my shocked dismay when one day as we were over in McKean Alice Schultz told me sadly that our Abbot ancestors had been at the root of the scandalous murder of Julius Caesar. (Any body but Caesar, that was too much!) I quickly thought back and decided that Abbot had probably been in existence at that infamous date, but Italy? Rome? Abbot? Terribly wrought up, I whispered, "Who was it?" Slowly Alice led me across the hall and there on the wall was the victim's picture. The inscription beneath read "Framed by the class of 1912."

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### *Over An Abbot Centerpiece*

MRS. C.: "Dear me, Miss M., I can hardly see you through the interstices."

MISS M.: "Oh, are those interstices? I thought they were chrysanthemums."

---

LITTLE BOY: "Doctor Wilson brought us a baby today."

LITTLE BOY: "Yeah. We take from him too."

---

NURSE: "How did you cut your head, my dear girl?"

STUDENT: "I must have bit myself."

NURSE: "How could you bite yourself up there?"

STUDENT: "Must have stood on a chair."

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## The Abbot Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

- Tuesday 20 The new girls arrive and we like them immensely. "Hi, there!" say the new girls.
- Wednesday 21 More old, experienced members greet their new funsters. And—good old intelligence tests.
- Thursday 22 Exams. Renewed explorations of Andover's caloric resources.
- Saturday 24 We're off! Hall exercises produced speeches by Miss Bailey, Clara Shaw, Betty Weaver and Fran McGarry on the purpose and advantages of Student Government. Clara Smith read the Constitution.
- Sunday 25 We're all acquainted now after those bountiful New Girl-Old Girl teas. In Chapel Miss Bailey made us realize our many advantages.
- Tuesday 27 New-Old Depression Dance! Prize was awarded to Mary Mahoney, arrayed in Ticker Tapes, bonds and graphs.

### OCTOBER

- Saturday 1 Weren't you fascinated by "Green Pastures?" We certainly were.
- Tuesday 4 Senior picnic, beautiful spot and sunset, scrumptious weenies, songs, games and fun plus.
- Saturday 8 Senior-mid picnic. Hot dogs must grow on bushes! In chapel Mr. Stackpole showed us the way to higher "Ideals".
- Sunday 9 Dr. J. Edgar Park discussed good times, the everyday ones we overlook.
- Tuesday 11 Corridor Stunts showed us the latest in fashions—and midnight feasts. A hilarious presentation of "Then and now in Abbot" rounded off the evening.
- Sunday 16 Miss Ann Wiggin, National Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., stirred us with stories of European Students' hardships.

- Tuesday 18 Miss Ellenor Cook charmingly presented characteristic bits of Europe in folk songs and dances.
- Wednesday 19 The Annual Faculty Reception with its charming, social atmosphere.
- Sunday 23 Miss Bailey thrillingly compared the beauty of Nature with that of the human Soul.
- Wednesday 26 Those interested in Wellesley visited the College and the Old Abbot Girls there.
- Sunday 30 Dr. Henry H. Tweedy confronted us with the problem of "Getting Your Money's Worth Out of Life." Music by Fidelio and Mr. Howe at Organ.
- Monday 31 Q. E. D. Election forum. Ruth Stott presiding. Fran McGarry—Democratic, Ann Cole—Republican, and Barbara Worth—Socialist. We want to tell Miss Butterfield how much we enjoyed that ghostly orgy of a Hallowe'en dinner.

## NOVEMBER

- Tuesday 1 Miss Friskin gave a beautiful recital. Notable among her selections were Bach's French Suite in G Major and César Franck's Prelude, Aria and Finale.
- Wednesday 2 Thank you, Bradford. We enjoyed Play Day with you.
- Sunday 6 Rev. Raymond G. Clapp certainly knows his subject: International Understanding.
- Tuesday 8 Grand Opera, "The Secret of Suzanna" by Wolf-Ferrai, comes to amuse Abbot!
- Wednesday 9 Two delightful teas given by Mr. and Mrs. Noss and Mr. and Mrs. Henry enabled us to know better our ministers.
- Sunday 13 Rev. Charles W. Henry stressed the importance of the true values in life.
- Wednesday 16 The eternal struggle of the Griffins versus the Gargoyles produces the Griffins as the day's victors.
- Saturday 19 Mr. Sidney C. Woodward enriched our minds by introducing us to the fine points of etchings.



- Sunday 20 Miss Miller of the Lawrence Y. W. C. A. interested us in that organization's work.
- Tuesday 22 Dr. Georg Rœmmert with his invention, the micro-projector, showed us that long unseen world that lives on every thing we use.
- Wednesday 23 The traditional Thanksgiving Service finds the spirit the better for wear.
- Sunday 27 Mr. K. Mather gives a new interpretation of "In My Father's House Are Many Mansions." Music by Fidelio with Mr. Howe at the Organ.
- Tuesday 29 We love the Organ—especially when Mr. Howe played Three Choral-preludes on the Chorale by Johann Sebastian Bach, with the mysterious hidden choir.

## DECEMBER

- Sunday 4 Mr. Noss: "Jesus loved children because of their trusting and flexible minds."
- Tuesday 6 Mr. Ellsworth charmed us in Chapel with poetry and that evening with a lecture on "The Glories of the Thirteenth Century."
- Wednesday 7 "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Maedchen in Uniform" in Boston.
- Friday 9 William Butler Yeats at Phillips!!
- Saturday 10 Harvard Instrumental Clubs at Phillips.
- Sunday 11 Mr. Beane of North Andover spoke of Jesus, the Heretic, one who stood against and for the world.
- Tuesday 13 A. D. S. Presented "The Artist"—A. A. Milne, very charming; "When the Whirlwind Blows"—Dane, intensely thrilling. Can Jane wield the axe! Last came the amusing "The Lost Silk Hat"—Dunsany.
- Saturday 17 Happy Birthday, Miss Bailey! The Children's Christmas Party. Santa Claus couldn't tell who were children and who Abbot Girls.
- Sunday 18 The impressive Christmas Service. Miss Bailey spoke of the Little Child everyone loves.

- Tuesday 20 Miss Bailey's Carol Party. Thank you, Miss Bailey,  
we love it!
- Wednesday 21 Vacation! Oh, my! We're off!

JANUARY

- Tuesday 10 Here we are. Oh, my, I forgot to register.
- Sunday 15 Dr. A. T. Fowler enlarged on The Length, Breadth  
and Height of Life.
- Tuesday 17 The lovely voice of Joan Peebles carried us away,  
especially with "The Silver Ring" by Chaminade  
and an Aria from Carmen.

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER

Alice Hill	92
Ann Cole, Mariatta Tower	90
Delight Hall	89
Catharine Campbell, Mary Rockwell, Mary Elizabeth Scutt, Jean Vernon	88

A. D. S. Plays

THE ARTIST  
A. A. MILNE

He	Mabel Savage
She	Anne Hurlburt

WHEN THE WHIRLWIND BLOWS  
Essex Dane

MADAME ELIZABETH ANDROYA	Carolyn Guptill
JOSEFA	Jane Burnham
ANNA—Madame Androya's maid	Margaret Morrill

THE LOST SILK HAT  
LORD DUNSANY

CALLER	Catherine McDonald
LABORER	Margaret Walker
CLERK	Martha Whipple
POET	Mercedes Clos
POLICEMAN	Mabel Savage



## Gargoyle-Griffin Day

This year Gargoyle-Griffin Day fell on Wednesday, the sixteenth of November. It was just the weather for keen competition, and after both teams had met in front of Draper Hall and sung their club songs (for the first time to the accompaniment of a drum), they marched to the courts for the tennis tournaments. Although the cold, damp air did not improve the condition of the courts, the players showed extraordinary skill despite this handicap. The Griffins won tennis this year as last and they led also in basketball, archery and hockey. However the Gargoyles won ping-pong and several other minor sports. Either the Gargoyles' spirit was stronger or their number was greater, for they won the last event on the program, the tug-of-war. Surely the effort of the young Amazons required refreshments, so a tea was held in the "rec" room later. Coffee was one of its main features and quickly disappeared when partaken of by girls who had, of course, broken no training rules for the past three weeks. All in all, there was good spirit shown, and both Gargoyles and Griffins feel that the day was a success.

## Class of '32

I'll start off with the A's first. There's Izzie. She's at Mt. Holyoke and very rushed, on the Literary Board of Lllamarada, the senior year-book, and the Census Committee, not to mention the freshman choir. Next please—you know Helen Allen has moved from Andover to Waban, Mass., 42 Plainfield Street, and is now at Smith. Betty Bigler is taking an extension secretarial course at Columbia and probably learning lots besides typing (such as proper language for a subway jam). Harriet Bolton is at Smith (studying). Pauline Burt is at Katharine Gibbs, and Kitty, as far as we know, is in the Emerson School, but we wouldn't promise. Miss Covey is voluntarily taking mathematics courses at Columbia (can you believe it?). Lucy Drummond is "at home", we hope taking a well-earned rest. "Flop" Dunbar is on the all-Holyoke volley ball squad, a member of the freshman choir, and has taken parts in their German dramatics. Phil Frederick is an Alpha Phi at Cornell (which we know she won't forget soon). "Mad" Hartwell is in Smith (doing we don't know what). Fran Harvey is secretary of the freshman class at Mount Holyoke and a member of the Freshman choir (Cheer up Fidelio, you have a future). Connie Hoag and Ginnie Brown are at Sarah Lawrence—we hope you're out of the infirmary now, Connie. The Holihans are at Smith. Joyce Henry is rooming with Georgia Thompson at Wellesley. Georgia is doing lots on the crew, we hear. Jean Hume is studying at Mt. Holyoke. Min Hyde is at home (most anywhere). Cyn James is also at Smith, having breakfast in bed to the tunes of the radio, so they say. Susan Johnstone is in the French Club, the College Glee club, and on the Freshman Debate at Vassar. Betty Lathrop is at home but taking a secretarial course too. Honey Lawton is at the Yale University School of Nursing. Miss Ling has left us for a year to visit and work in Kentucky. Hilda Lynde is in the Art Club (of course), the Glee Club and Lincoln Center at Vassar. Dot Moore is at Simmons, so is Betty Boyce. Clare O'Connell sings in the Wellesley choir. Betty Palmer is in Sarah Lawrence, and "Charrul" is at New Jersey College for Women. Bettie Piper is at home, but probably not often enough to become a habit. Eunice Randall is at Mt. Holyoke, and Dottie Reinhart is at Smith, where

Dot Rockwell is Captain of the third Freshman hockey team. Kay Roth loves Vassar—that's that. Mary Thompson is working hard at Wellesley. Ruth Tyler is on the second hockey team at Smith. Bettie Vincent is attending the Lesley School. Miss Ward is working hard in a Settlement School of Music in Providence. Toddy Welles and Judy Wilhelmi are at Smith too, two more of the privileged lotus (or bacon) eaters. H. Wright is out at Oberlin (it's in Ohio), and loves it, and Gretchen Wyman is taking Physical Ed. at the Sargent School. Oh—Dotso had appendicitis this fall, she is at Wheaton.

## Exchanges

THE QUILL (Bradford Academy)—Your "Hall of Fame" is original and well done. Bradford poets seem a little scarce this year.

THE BLUE-PRINT (Katherine Branson School)—Your short essays are the envy of the Abbot girls, and your book-reviews are most interesting.

THE TURRET (Tower School)—You are certainly developing writers in your midst. We admire too the school's interest in the publication.

THE CIRCLE (Briarcliff Manor)—We admire immediately your cover and selection, but we miss editorials, as they seem to give such a personal touch to the magazine.

THE WIND-MILL (Manlius)—Your paper is a fine combination of sports with activities and other interests.

THE NORTHFIELD STAR (Northfield)—We enjoy your editorials immensely. Your essays on the gum-chewing and borrowing addicts are tactfully and delightfully written.

HILL-BREEZES (Hillsdale Country Day)—We consider your Christmas number the best of all exchanges. Your selection is good, your undergraduates have done unusual work, and your style and printing is delightful.

THE HEBRONIAN (Hebron Academy)—Your paper (the Christmas number) has what Abbot hunts—a sense of humor. We've enjoyed it a great deal.



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# The Abbot Courant

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## Au Courant

For over three months now there has been a very decided feeling of queerness and loss here at school. Abbot hasn't been wholly Abbot since Mr. Scannell died on February thirteenth. We miss him everywhere: in Davis Hall where he was always so calm and capable, on the campus, and especially in Draper, where one could not pass a day without feeling the variety of his daily attentions.

When you stop to think about it this has been an important year at Abbot, if only for the creation of new titles. Our new dean, Miss Comegys, you now know of or about, but do you all realize that Miss Jenks, not new at all, but one of our oldest friends, is now "registrar"? It is she who performs all those countless duties which, although we see them and think them quite right, we never stop to think of. Miss Jenks is now the why and wherefor behind all these—as well as being Miss Bailey's "right hand man."

And another important creation in the line of titles is that belonging to Miss Winship, our new "Secretary of Public Relations." This is almost as involved as it sounds, for it means, among other things,

keeping all of Abbot's old girls in touch with the school and what goes on there today.

One morning this spring we were all surprised in chapel when Miss Bailey announced an early election to the Cum Laude Society of three girls who hold honor-roll records for over two years: Ann Cole, Alice Schultz, and Mariatta Tower. One day in May these three had the opportunity of attending the first regional luncheon of the society held at Phillips Academy. Ann Cole rose to the occasion with a fine impromptu talk on the value of the progressive method in Latin.

This year, partly to feel "in tune with the times," but chiefly to be economical, the Senior Class voted on a home-made banner. This task, which required a great deal of patience and ingenuity, was beautifully done, in green and white of course, by Betty Snyder. It had its opening showing at the Prom in May.

And because they felt you were anxious to hear, the Seniors have parted with the secret of their class gift. It is to be a new flag to hang in Abbot Hall; we are sorry they won't be here to admire it with us next year.

---

I wonder how many diaries record a diversion never mentioned in any other Abbot chronicle—days spent in the laundry. Perhaps in years past, "b.c.", this avocation has not been so prominent as Necessity now makes it. Wednesday after Wednesday finds us hard at it; good company makes that back-breaking labor over tubs take on all the aspects of a social hour, for there's music (whistling permitted), gossip (oh very much so) and tea for the privileged.

We reflect, we ponder, and we meditate, and, through vapors of vegetable soup rising from the kitchen, it dawns upon us that spring has come. And with her begins the Spring Symphony held annually at Abbot. It has as its conductor Theodoresky, and includes in the orchestral pieces the lawn mower, the bass lawn mower, usually accompanied by the treble sprinkler.

The annual outing of the E.W.F.S. (Earth Worms' Friendly Society) took place April eleventh. A fine rain-washed day presided over the daring excursions of the younger generation, whose ad-

venturous spirit led them even as far afield as the third step of Draper Hall. A picnic lunch was provided in the circle, where young and old alike joined in the familiar games of "loop-the-loop" and "bury-your-neighbor." Unfortunately, the occasion was saddened by several tragic casualties when a party of young worms found themselves in the path of a last-minute rush to chapel. Nevertheless we are looking forward to next year's outing with pleasant anticipation.

Another sure sign of spring—the ruts left by irreverent drivers impiously trespassing on the sacred circle were being filled in and carefully reseeded. We hesitate to mention it, but we wonder whether the morning after the Prom the green did not again show slight signs of desecration. No ruts, merely countless small holes gleefully imprinted by Abbot treading thereon.

On May 20th Visitors' Day established a delightful precedent, which we hope will be followed in future years, by permitting parents and others interested in the school to see it as it is during the school year instead of in the lifeless emptiness of vacation. The class rooms were decorated with maps and pictures done during the year. The Latin department had the largest showing, including a clay bust of Cicero by Betty Flanders, drawings of soldiers and mythological heroes and a map of the Infernal Regions after Vergil. In the art gallery an exhibition of contemporary oils had been arranged by Mrs. Van Ness, and downstairs an exhibition of watercolours, drawings and woodcuts by the art classes. Demonstrations were also given in the science laboratories, one of which produced delicious cookies for the tea, which came later in the afternoon after the gymkhana. A musical program given by Miss Friskin and Mr. Howe with the assistance of Fidelio was a fit ending to a very pleasant and memorable day.

We feel we must mention the Prom—for it was almost a double one. Our guests were invited to dinner in Draper Hall—thank you, Miss Bailey and thank you, Miss Butterfield. This was followed by dancing in Davis Hall until one. And the next afternoon, after a morning spent in writing sonnets in English class, there was a second dance in Davis, completing an entirely enjoyable week-end.

## A Young Man's Fancy

It was spring and to Jimmy, pounding New York's pavements, the daffodils in the florist's windows perfectly mirrored his mood. They smiled goldenly at themselves and danced up and down in delight; and Jimmy's heart beat time with them. A fresh little breeze played about among his ears and investigated his deep pockets—then wandered off to collide around the corner with someone else.

As he strolled along, he noted with an appreciative eye the wisps of feminine spring-finery that drifted by him, even going so far as to turn around and look a second time at a particularly enchanting and perky hat that looked as if it had a very definite purpose in life. So he went, shedding unconscious sunshine and attracting the attention of all and sundry by his beatific expression.

Yes indeed, the Spring weather certainly buoyed up Jimmy's hopes and prospects, he thought, after stepping out of the elevator and onto the roof garden overlooking the river, and why not? Softly moaned the saxophones as Jimmy impatiently looked at his watch; insidiously the syncopated rhythm crept through his senses even as he frowned. "Anyone," he muttered, "anyone who can keep me waiting is a—is—," his voice trailed off into silence as he looked over the harbour to far away in the misty distance. Down the middle of the river lay a path of shining gold; just like her hair he thought—then looked at his watch once more.

Well, after steadily staring at his watch for fifteen minutes he decided that something should be done about it—and that he was the one to do it. With grim determination he turned on his heel and, "Oh, pardon me," he said as he all but ran someone down. "Hello, Jimmy," said a familiar little voice, laughing delightedly.

Jimmy grew firm once more, caught a tight grip on her elbow and led her to a table on the dance-floor. After staring entrancedly at the honey-coloured vision opposite him, he came to and replied, "Hello, you darling"—then was struck mute. For there on the table in a mirrored bowl, laughing goldenly at themselves, were daffodils, kissing their reflection in the glass.

*Mercedes Clos, '34*

## Tiger Waves

Over and back the tiger waves fawn,  
And track the sand with frothy foam;  
Night thickens; they take on that desperate tone  
Of hate that beasts put on when all their love is gone.

Fearful that creeping advance, with ears laid back,  
That suspended crouch with outstretched claws of spray;  
Powerful that crashing leap,  
Yet graceful in its descent;  
Sonorous that vengeful snarl,  
Yet beautiful in its vent.

Then——content.

An icy, dripping tongue laps up the sand,  
Inch by inch, with childlike greed;  
Then careful and watchful the slow retreat,  
Back to the jungle of the deep.

*Margot Walker, '33*





A. C.

## The Word of Allah

The haunting, soul-stirring notes of the *ut* floated out to the men seated under the flowering peach trees by a small murmuring stream. They came from the near-by mud house where Turgut's bride, dressed in a long sleeveless velvet coat embroidered with gold, was entertaining the women guests. As if reminded by those weird strains, one man took up the *ney*, another a violin, and a young boy started beating a crude drum. Soon all the men, led by Turgut, with joined hands were dancing a simple step. The bridegroom, in his long robe and headdress not unlike that of an Arab, was inventing fancy steps and twirling his handkerchief with great zest.

They had been dancing thus in the gathering twilight, when Hasan, the story-teller, appeared. He had been hired from Gazi-Antep, the nearest town, and arrived an hour late, as he came with the camel caravan on its way to Aleppo. He was greeted with laughter and jokes and a few slight jibes, for Hasan was well-known in the village.

Seated at last, with the attention of the whole ring of men centered on him, he began his usual fanciful tales, throwing in a new Nasr-ed-tin Hodja story once in a while. Then someone suggested that he tell of his experiences in the war, for Hasan had been at Gallipoli and other battles of importance during the Revolution and saving of Turkey for the Turks. So he told of his marvelous adventures (mostly fictitious) and how he had once saved the Gazi. Whereupon he began to praise his hero fervently.

"I tell you, we must forget the past and follow Mustafa Kemal Pasha. He has saved us from the hands of Europeans. He is noble, clever, courageous . . . why I would do anything for him, cut off my arm or . . ."

At this moment a dervish plunged into their circle from somewhere in the dark beyond. Immediately he sat down and began to howl and rock to and fro, muttering incantations. Then he raised his voice.

"O people of this village, hear the word of Allah, and grace and peace be unto you who obey His commandments. If you do not shelter and hide me, you are eternally damned! Behold, heretical

changes are coming to pass. This mere man, Mustafa Kemal, has dared to order the Koran read in humble Turkish and no longer in the language of Heaven. Now I am being pursued for trial for having denounced this order and interpreted God's true wishes. Allah! Your bride will be barren, O bridegroom, and all the crops of the village will fail if you hide me not." He rocked back and forth, wailing and howling the prayers and incantations of his order.

The people drew apart fearfully and consulted about what should be done. Evidently the dervish had displeased the Gazi and, if caught, might be sentenced to death. And they—who knows what would happen to them for harbouring him.

"We had better shelter him for one night anyway," Turgut finally decided. "Yes, by all means, you must not reject the holy man," chimed in the story-teller. "But I thought you said we ought all to follow the Gazi and have faith in his wisdom," ventured one young boy who had been fired by the praises of the Gazi.

"Eh, yaho, would you have one give up his soul for the Gazi? An arm or leg, yes, but he is not the caliph; he cannot rule our souls."

*Elizabeth Leslie '33*

In Sicily there is an old, old garden,  
The grass there is smooth with the passing of many feet,  
Smooth and rich with the passing of white feet in sandals.  
And the old gods live in the garden,  
To them the dark cypresses rise like still, blue smoke of incense.

*Anne Cleveland, '33*



## SPRING FEVER

*Selections*

The world is a gray bubble,  
misty, uncertain,  
wavering gloomily through the cold rain arrows  
which try to break it, and cannot.

The sun with sparkling fingers,  
blazing with heat,  
pushes aside the cloud curtain,  
And hurling a huge shaft of sunlight  
breaks the bubble.

*Mary Rockwell, '34*

## Awakening

Dim consciousness of cool green air  
 Penetrating into a drowsy mind  
 Still semi-dormant,  
 Fuzzy thoughts sinking into oblivion  
 In a cotton batting brain.  
 A sharp clash of tin cans—the milk man.  
 Faint odor of cooking,  
 Bustling early morning activity,  
 Which seems so futile then.  
 A sigh, a stretch, a yawn,  
 Another day's begun.

*Mary Elizabeth Burnham, '33*

## A Hum

Just to meander, won't you?  
 Along by our two selves.  
 A sort of a wander:  
 Thinking  
 Not of anything big, I don't mean,  
 Merely of trifles—like you and me.

Just to meander, please do.  
 We'll try and lose ourselves.  
 Maybe we'll saunter,  
 Kicking  
 The stones with our toes—you know—  
 You and I—not anywhere known.

Just a meander for two,  
 A whimsical kind of a day—  
 All bees and grasshoppers  
 Blurbing,  
 Just doing whatever they please.  
 And you and I to meander—  
 O please!

*Alice Hill, '33*



## Ink

Gurgling pool of blackness,  
Dully gleaming through stodgy glass,  
Excitement lurks beneath your languid depth.

Sharpened steel  
Pricks the slumbrous surface,  
As stars prick the inky heavens.  
A point violates that pensive splendor.

Swirls flung across the void  
Of white paper.  
Don't be frightened, they're only ideas.  
Ink is ideas, praying for freedom.  
Magic ink! maybe it's poetry.

*Jean Vernon, '33*

## Extravaganza

Have you ever seen a little pink salmon of a cloud  
Insolently tickling the church spire  
With its feathery tail?  
I have.

Have you ever heard the maple leaves  
Laughing to themselves,  
Keeping their secrets safe?  
I have.

Have you ever wanted, until it hurts,  
To taste the aching pink and blue sky,  
When it's springtime, in the evening?

The birds raise their eyebrows and chirp fun at me.

*Jean Vernon, '33*

## Portrait of a Lady Unknown

One morning in New York (very early, you understand) an old and grizzled elevator man dozed in his wooden chair in the deserted hall below the Prior Galleries. But he did that every morning; what is unusual is that *this* morning a very trim brunette young lady came briskly in, high heels clicking, and had to be taken up to the galleries. And it was *so* early! What could a stylish young lady like that be flying about for so early in the day? The grizzled old man scratched his head, ruminating, and resumed his creaking wooden chair.

Mr. Brooks would be in soon perhaps, and he wouldn't want to find anyone about, not even an elegant young Fräulein in clicking shiny heels. There was a strange young man for you! Always coming in the early morning to stand in adoration before the big portrait in his exhibit up above. (Once Herr Schmidt—the elevator man—had followed on tiptoe to find him gazing at her reverently. Naturally he had tiptoed away again and no one was the wiser). The papers said Mr. Brooks, the promising artist, was sailing at noon on the Bremen. Perhaps he would not be in again . . . Herr Schmidt nodded and slumbered peacefully.

A man's hurried strides, echoed by the tile floor. Herr Schmidt awoke with a bounce. Ach Gott, who was that now! Mr. Brooks to be sure—and the old man hastened to the elevator. His eyes twinkled. Why not let Mr. Brooks discover the gnädige Fräulein for himself? Yes, certainly, that would be the best thing to do. And . . . (a moment's hesitation)—yes, of course it would be permissible; he tiptoed to the door and listened:

"Mercy how you frightened me," the Fräulein was saying. (Herr Schmidt chuckled softly.)

"I'm so sorry—I—you, you too are interested in the portraits?"

"I—yes." A pause. "I should like to meet the painter."

"Should you? Why?"

"He has done a very interesting thing to the woman in this portrait." Mr. Brooks started; the girl moved to the large unnamed portrait of a tall beautiful woman with black hair and brows and a white skin and carmine lips. It was an arresting canvas.

"You . . . you *know* her?" stammered the young man. Herr Schmidt was peering in the door now, quite unnoticed.

"Only . . . only slightly," and a strange look passed over the face of the vivid young girl with her hand on the frame of the portrait.

"What has the artist done?"

"You really want to know?"

"Yes."

"And you won't tell?"

"No." An electric pause.

"He's painted in every bit of her beauty: her wonderful eyes, her lovely skin and hair; he has quite done justice to her beauty. Even she must be quite pleased . . . But he has left out altogether the hauteur of her bearing, a certain cruelty in her lips, the subtle stubbornness in the set of her chin, the selfishness . . . It's strange . . . Perhaps he didn't see them."

Mr. Brooks was looking at her keenly. Finally with an effort to be casual he replied: "Yes, I think that must have been it. He never saw them."

Herr Schmidt, feeling that things were a bit beyond his depth, had retired quietly and was now considering the matter in his customary chair downstairs. A golden hush settled in the gallery.

At length Larry Brooks broke the silence by asking suddenly, "Please, I don't mean to intrude in your personal affairs and you don't have to answer, but . . . who are you?"

The girl smiled queerly. "I don't know why I've permitted this strange conversation at all, but I might as well tell you. You said you'd never tell and I believe you." She walked slowly back to her former position beside the portrait and stood there. "Look again." . . . black hair, startlingly white skin, carmine lips. The resemblance between mother and daughter was striking. "Now do you see?"

Then she walked swiftly from the room and into the hall. She did not wait to ring for the elevator. Brooks heard her heels clicking down the stone stairs. He turned back to the place where two Lucillas had faced him a minute ago, and only one remained now. Something the girl had said ran through his mind. It seemed tragic now: "I . . . only knew her slightly."

Lucilla, hurrying down the last step, bumped into the chair of the

dozing Herr Schmidt. "Get me a cab, please, and what time is it?" Annoyed by his deliberate movements and owlish mien she added sharply, "Do get it as fast as you can. I am sailing at noon for Europe and have so much to do before I go."

Herr Schmidt stopped short on the curb and looked at her. "At noon? On the Bremen perhaps?"

"Why, yes, as it happens. Why do you ask? How could you know?" Obviously surprised.

The worthy Herr Schmidt handing her into the cab only chuckled happily and shook his head. He closed the door with a flourish and saluted the puzzled young woman in a courtly fashion.

He was still chuckling and shaking his head as he disappeared into the hall to his creaking old chair by the elevator.

*Alice Schultz, '33*

## Spring

The pinks come up by the meadow stream,  
The spring wind sings to the lovely day,  
The leaves unfold and are like a dream,  
Now that the earth has returned to May.

But lovely leaves of a year ago,  
Where do you dance, where do you play?  
Where does the song of your sweet self go,  
Now that the earth has returned to May?

*Helen Rice, '33*



### Duty Bound in Darkness

A light flashed on—dimmed by the coating of dust gathered in the past years. A cold, damp, misty smell met the delicately chisled nostrils of one Ann Lee. A shudder passed up and down her straight spine, as she took the first step in fulfillment of her duty. Small black spiders blinked their beady eyes at the fair child as she progressed slowly down the stairs. A cricket, hiding in the corner, chirped a song of encouragement. Her groping hands came in contact with the crumbling plaster, and the gentle gnawing sound of a mouse ceased its drone to listen. A sudden bang shut out the light that had streamed down from above—the door had closed. A roaring crackling sound came from the furnace below.



Slowly she walked on. Huge cobwebs of silver-gray hung around her and with slow determination clung to her hands and face. Only a faint light in the distance guided her way. A sharp pain and a lunge forward interrupted her advance. Clammy air rushed past her as she fell forward. With a cry of anguish, she clutched the slimy moist earth. As she pulled herself up, she wondered what had caused her to fall, but she did not look around to see.

A pair of glassy eyes gleamed in the darkness, and then disappeared; a warm body of hair, filled with electricity, brushed across her legs. A wild desire to run seized her, but the effect of her mother's words was too strong. She reached out and felt a shelf. She counted two to the left, three in depth, and grasped a cold, round, ribbed object. Dust and dirt gritted underneath her fingers, but she hung on and fled—out of the cellar with her mother's best preserves.

*Carolyn Guptill, '33*

## Moods

"Please go away—I want to be alone."  
(You lock your door and wish that you could cry.)  
In misery you watch the monotone  
Of grey bleak woods and hostile sullen sky.  
Toward all you love you hold yourself aloof;  
Depression o'er you spreads a gloomy pall.  
Then fickle fortune's favors offer proof  
That life is worth the living after all.  
You feel like working hard, you want to shout;  
Your inner joy no blasted hopes can steal;  
You want to dance and pirouette about  
And share the sudden happiness you feel.  
Your parents, much relieved, will laugh at you  
And shrug: "It's just a stage she's passing through!"

*Alice Schultz, '33*

## Song of Silence

I would I had a song to match this day—  
A sky-blue cadence like a peacock's throat,  
With fairy trills like sunlight far away,  
And tiny piquant bells above each note.  
I would I knew a chord with tone as true,  
As subtle as this shadowed afternoon;  
Perhaps with undercurrents running through  
Of sadness, as a life that ends too soon.  
There is one song to match the lazy gold  
That crowns this day, but it is scarcely known.  
I heard it sung one day beneath the old  
Gaunt redwoods—once when I was all alone.  
The Song of Silence is a greater lay  
Than ever bard can sing, or minstrel play.

*Marion Houghton, '33*

## To a Girl without an Imagination

At birth your winged soul was strangely clipped,  
Without your body free you could not fly  
Out over waves in black and silver dipped  
Into a deep and crimson sunset sky.  
Perhaps your weary soul was never young,  
Perhaps no one could teach it how to play,  
Perhaps a heavy hand had cruelly wrung  
It, crushing its last wish of being gay.  
But frequently within it must awake  
A faintly struggling wisp of new desire;  
Who could be harsh enough to rudely break  
That fanciful, that glowing spark of fire?  
O Spirit, I shall always weep for thee,  
That hast not power to burst into the free!

*Marcia Gaylord, '33*

## The Green Parrot

"Of a truth, my son, I am very old, and therefore very wise in the way of things. So it is that I tell thee; not for unbelieving eyes was the green parrot placed by the priests far down in the cellars below the temple of Siva." The querulous old voice gained strength with the vehemence of its warning. In the small, pinched face, almost grey with age, small, bright eyes peered anxiously up into his companion's face to see the effect of this warning.

Plainly incredulous, but tolerant of an old man's fancies, Roger Carr smiled pleasantly, but declined to be dissuaded from exploring a passage which he had found, by accident, below the temple. Its only occupants, at present, were bugs, black spiders spinning their sticky webs over the mystically carved pillars and upon the strange old altar.

Determined to follow up his discovery, Roger shook himself free of the old man's detaining grasp, and strode down the narrow alley toward the temple. Half rising to his feet, Abdullah called after him; then, as if realizing the futility of further protest, he sank back on his heels, rocking to and fro with an appearance of fatalistic calm.

Behind the temple Roger came to a small projecting stone. Pressing firmly upon it, he noted with satisfaction that it was yielding. At length he perceived a small tunnel, down which he crawled, not without some misgivings as to the strength of the masonry. As he progressed, the tunnel widened, and in a moment he was able to stand upright before beginning the descent of innumerable flights of stairs.

Down, down, down, he went swinging his lantern, further and further into the very bowels of the earth. An indescribable smell of things incredibly old smote his nostrils, and a faint rustling sound behind him made him turn suddenly to look back. Nothing, however, met his eye, and the silence of centuries brooded over the place, making Roger involuntarily catch his breath.

The silence and darkness had begun to prey upon his nerves, when far down ahead he glimpsed an open space. Here the stairs broke off abruptly, leaving no opening save that through which he had come.

At first glance the room seemed empty, but as his eyes became ac-

customed to the dim light he saw a small black book lying in a niche in the wall. Reaching in he grasped it, but there he paused, for above the inscription was the seal of Solomon, which, in almost all early religions, had meant inviolability to that which it covered. Conversant as he was with the legends of black magic in the East, Roger hesitated to break the seal of the interlocked triangles.

Then, with an impatient movement, as if to shake off the weight of superstition, he turned back the cover. As he strained his eyes to read the faint characters, suddenly, indisputably, he sensed an alien presence in the room. The air grew suddenly thick with a feeling of hostility, so intense that Roger rose nervously to his feet, still clutching the book. In the murky gloom beyond the rays of the lantern he could see nothing, but again a rustling as of heavy wings came to him.

For a moment he stood silent, not knowing from which direction an attack might come. Holding the lantern high, he gazed keenly into the corners of the room, seeking to pierce their impenetrable darkness. Then, with a rush of wings, a heavy body caromed violently against him, the lantern was knocked from his hand, and in a moment the place was plunged into Stygian darkness. Instantly two great claws raked across his face, but when he threw up his arms to ward them off, the thing was gone into the blackness. In growing horror he rushed for the staircase, but came in contact only with a hard, stone wall. Panic-stricken he turned, but in his backward rush he was enveloped in a whirlwind of stormy wings, while those cruel talons ripped and tore again and again at his face. Elusive as the wind the creature again swept back. Dropping the book, Roger made one more desperate attempt, and gained the opening.

Up the stairs he scrambled, panting, sobbing almost, in his terror. Behind him came the sweep of powerful wings, and frantically he raced forward stumbling, falling to his knees, but ever struggling to his feet again, breathless, and bleeding from a score of gashes. On upward he sped madly, while far down in the black murk behind him, a huge green parrot brooded over a small, evil book, chuckling satirically to itself.

*Anne Cutler, '35*

## My Friend

We are friends, thou and I,  
We are good friends,  
Yet I am not what I seem.  
Seeming is but a garment I wear,  
A garment that protects  
Me from thy questions  
And thee from my real self.  
The "I" in me, my friend,  
Dwells in a house of silence,  
Ever to remain unperceived  
Or approached, even by thee.

When thou sayest,  
"The sea is beautiful,"  
I say, "Ay, the sea is beautiful."  
For I would not have thee know  
That I think not of the sea,  
But of the mountains.  
Thou, a seafarer, canst not  
Understand my thoughts,  
Nor would I have thee understand.  
I would be in the mountains alone.

My friend, thou art not my friend,  
But how shall I  
Make thee understand  
My path is not thy path?  
Yet we walk together,  
Hand in hand,  
But each taking different steps.

*Delight Hall, '34*



## Aunt Amelia's Jaunt

Aunt Amelia was on a Jaunt. There was no doubt about it, for there was the thirteen-year-old hat with its wreath of faded roses, bought when Aunt Amelia was only fifty-four—and, to corroborate the evidence of the hat, there was—but whisper it—the wig. And why shouldn't she visit her newly-married nephew, when after all, her money would go to him after—well, soon? Stepping from the train, she read the signboard with "Carmel" scrawled over it, to make sure she was in the right place. Oh dear! Perhaps she shouldn't have come; if the girl was one of these cheap little chits one sees about everywhere now, she wouldn't be surprised if she were even treated rudely. But there was Leslie now, just getting out of the little Cadillac roadster she had given him not long ago, and he turned to speak to someone within. How nice of him to bring Lydia with him so she might meet her before arriving at the farm-house, where the family was letting them live for the time being. One never knew with Leslie, however; she had always thought that a nice, steady little wife was what he needed, but nowadays—! Leslie was taking so long to reach her, with his long, gangly legs, that she snatched up her huge travelling bag, crunched her hat firmly down upon her awry wig, and hurried forward to intercept him, brimming over with curiosity to see Lydia.

Leslie turned sharply when he heard the timid greeting from his aunt, who suddenly appeared at his side with quick, running little steps, bent down some four feet or so to kiss the little lady, and shoved into the car her bag and the umbrella which she had suddenly produced from behind her back, an antique of many years standing. With eyes sharpened by many years of keen observation, Aunt Amelia caught the look the girl inside the car cast at the bag and umbrella, and all at once an almost indefinable prejudice began to form itself in the mind of the little aunt against the wife of her nephew. Suddenly she wished she hadn't come . . . they didn't want her at all . . . they would make fun of her . . .

As Leslie took her arm gently and piloted her into the car, she looked sharply and observantly at the girl at the wheel. She never had believed in women drivers and, as a matter of fact, she didn't

trust them. She murmured unhappily, "Hadn't Leslie better . . .?" But neither of them listening to her, she stopped and resigned herself to the twenty-minute ride out to the farm. Leslie got in the rumble seat to give them plenty of room, and probably to give her a chance to get acquainted with his wife, thought she, stealing another covert glance at her companion. By this time she had sized the girl up quite thoroughly: tall and very thin, but strongly built, with a heavy white complexion and a scarlet mouth (Aunt Amelia didn't approve of lip-stick either) and dark, almost black stringy hair, framing the haggard white face, with dark eyes much too big for it. The mouth, at the moment, looked almost leering, and the dark pencilled eyebrows were raised sceptically. Aunt Amelia never noticed clothes, but we may remark that the girl wore no hat, no stockings, very high-heeled white shoes (the high-heels were the third thing Aunt Amelia held against her in her sizing-up) which were a rather startling contrast to the brilliant red of her silk dress. Altogether the picture was not reassuring, and Aunt Amelia stirred uneasily as they drove along, as the speedometer showed some fifty miles an hour. She was framing some such question as, "Do you like it here?" or "How do you like being a farmer's wife?" but somehow they didn't seem to suit the occasion. She would not like to bring those dark glaring eyes upon her with some such platitude. But in no time they had arrived at the farm, and Lydia rushed up the brick walk to the porch of the low, rambling, two-story, yellow "farm" house, which was a little inappropriately named, perhaps, for it more closely resembled someone's summer estate. Lydia then rushed up to the porch and threw herself down upon the top step beside a very light-haired young man whom she immediately engaged in conversation. Aunt Amelia, somewhat breathless from the ride, gathered her belongings together and approached more slowly with Leslie, but always with short, light, bird-like steps. Imagine her amazement and horror when Lydia suddenly laughed rather loud, took the young man's head in her hands, rumbled his hair, kissed him lightly, and said,

"Well, I couldn't help it; if I want to learn to drive I have to practise, don't I? And who else wanted to get the old . . ."

Aunt Amelia passed the couple with all the dignity she was capable of, but when she was inside the house she suddenly felt feelings she had not experienced since her youth . . . outraged vanity and

pride, mortification, a desire to speak sharply to the little fool who was carrying on right under her husband's nose . . . especially when the husband was her own nephew! But luckily she was prevented from this by perceiving Leslie coming down-stairs with a little girl behind him. Then she realized that this must be a house-party she had broken in on, and determined to leave at once. But she certainly would not have that shameless girl drive her back to the station! Oh, what a miserable affair the whole thing had been, and she had meant it all to be so pleasant, so exciting . . . What a child that little girl was to be coming to house-parties! Hardly eighteen, she would say. She was a very pretty girl, too; not much higher than Aunt Amelia herself, who was almost five feet, and she stood there, with her head on one side, looking at Aunt Amelia out of bright, kind blue eyes, smiling shyly as Aunt Amelia said impulsively,

"What pretty hair you have, child!"

It was lovely hair, not quite a long bob, not quite short, and of a lovely honey color with tints of red-gold in it, and it hovered in delicious little tendrils about her rounded face.

"Oh, thank you," she said simply, and Aunt Amelia saw with amazement that Leslie was twirling a curl of it about one of his fingers. Oh dear! She didn't understand the youth of today! Out there was Leslie's lawfully wedded wife carrying on with a blonde young man, and here was a sweet child who would much more properly be a member of the family, and of whom Leslie was apparently very fond. For, observant as ever, she saw the expression of his face as he looked down on the girl. Horrors! Almost an adoring expression! Suddenly she asked,

"How old are you, child?" Surely not more than eighteen! If that.

"Twenty-one yesterday," replied the young lady proudly with a glance at Leslie, showing plainly that she thought as much of him as he of her. But she continued,

"You see, I lied about my age when I was married, because they said I wasn't old enough."

Aunt Amelia's heart sank. She was married too! What was everybody doing nowadays . . . getting married was all very well, but not to the wrong people! She sighed unhappily and then, remembering her decision to leave at once, said quickly and in a rather hard,

dry little voice which didn't sound at all like the one she had spoken to the honey-haired little girl with,

"Could you see that someone . . . that *someone* takes me back to the station at once, Leslie? I just wanted to meet Lydia, of course, and I must be back."

"But," he said, "Gee! You haven't hardly stayed! . . . why, you haven't even had lunch yet!" And turning to the little figure at his side, looking down at her smilingly, adoring every little red-gold-honey-colored curl that clustered about the head of his wife, Leslie said, "Lydia, hon, get Aunt 'Melia some of that blueberry pie you made yesterday."

*Beverly Sutherland, '34*

## Shelter

I sit by the fire  
So comfy,  
So cozy,  
Thinking of things past—  
Today and tomorrow—  
That everything's perfect and I am so happy;  
Life seems too short, too easy, too lazy,  
As I sit by the fire  
So comfy,  
So cozy.

Outside the thunder,  
The blasts,  
And the lightning  
Rage in the sky—  
So fearful, so active—  
The rain pours in torrents, the hail hits the windows;  
Life seems too short, too easy, too lazy,  
As I sit by the fire  
So comfy,  
So cozy.

*Mary Rockwell, '34*



## A Glimpse of the Ominous

Why I don't know. The minute the sensation had passed I wondered what on earth had been sufficient cause to bring it about. The circumstances were queer; I was half-lying on the floor—not in the trance-like state which seems to be common to the trances, visions and experiences of the temperamentally blessed; but instead I had a distinctly empty feeling about my middle which kept suggesting the very material prospect of dinner. But my desires were completely ignored—the music kept on and on—forever I guessed. The name of the particular masterpiece, for it was a masterpiece, has left me entirely—I can only vaguely hum one theme which kept recurring. At last I despaired of stopping my persistent entertainer by fidgeting—I gave up and closed my eyes.

One minute or sixty—I could never be sure. But I was in India, northern India—and seemed quite permanently settled. And it was convincingly casual—this dream of mine. Quite casually I was walking, on a hot day (which was extremely hot) along a dusty road (unusually dusty). There were few trees for shade; instead, many very competent-looking iron fences, Government out-skirts, which were most unsympathetic in appearance. Quite naturally I walked on and on—the piano went on and on too, and the consciousness made me even warmer. Queerly enough in India I was not conscious of any irritation. There, I was not hungry. There, no one else was visible on the hot dusty road; I felt I wanted some one to be there, felt there would be some one. But there was no one. And so I was hurrying, walking rapidly toward a high terraced hill on which the last rays of still, hot light slanted oddly. I climbed one terrace quickly, turned about and looked below; not satisfied, I hurried on to the next.

At last I reached my goal, my seventh terrace; I turned, and below me was the city. All the way up this red-gold hill-side the inconsistent rumble of this walled-in hubbub had been rising to me; now it was faint, a mere hoarseness. But the myriad expanse of jumbled color was bright below me—bright like a crystal set in the palm of the valley. There was red, every red in the world, red, orange-red, crimson, purple-red. The distance blended them all, all the reds and



the whites of the religious robes, into a pattern; it all seemed like a miniature duplicate of that glory on the pale sky opposite me. And here subconsciously, more felt than heard, the rich, massing themes of the music—a sort of opiate perhaps—blended with my India. How do I know it was India? Ah, but I am sure it is there waiting for me like that; I am sure, else why should it have been like this?

For I gazed, very warm and strangely excited, first at the city with its grotesquely huge domes and bizarre spires, all casting heavy, weird shadows over the crowded streets which were scarcely more than alleys, and then, relaxing, I leaned nearer to look into the waving tops of poplars set delicately on the six ledges below. They were red too, a very gold red, and I listened for a clinking as of gold upon gold, they seemed so brittle. Unwillingly, I heard a faint staccato crispness enter the music to match my leaves. Why couldn't they leave me my dream? It was all mine for the moment—the red-gold glory, the white dust, and India stretching to the sunset.

And I resumed my breathless watching for the something. The setting sun seemed to be hanging suspended from an invisible wire—dripping fire. Now the noise in the city was becoming fainter; the discordant shrieks of merchants, rugs and tapestry sellers were the only noises which rose to my terrace. This terrace was my favorite. I knew every hump and hollow of its grassy slope; but the grass was drying now, turned yellow and tender under the hot stare of the sun. The warm evening breeze blew raspingly across the drying tops. There came a sudden hush; birds ceased their calling, the breeze slowly died, and the short grass stood still to listen. I lay with my chin in my hands looking far out from my hill-top, quiet and expectant, but trembling 'way down inside.

Slowly, wearily, a small band of men was moving across the plain out there—down from the north toward this walled city of India. As they came nearer, their animals, not the small, shy pony of the Indian, and their dress, no white robes there, proclaimed them—Russians. Merely a band of Russians approaching slowly.

Insidiously the music crept in again—a fierce troubled climax becoming more and more intense. Was this all? There was no puzzle there—why usher this group of weary, footsore wanderers with this savage climax? How disappointing and meaningless!

The music ended at last upon a quivering note—Curious and

dreamy I came back to earth, real earth. I opened my eyes. What did it mean?

*Alice Hill, '33*

## Water-lilies

Water-lilies—

Above cool caverns calmly floating,  
The candid chalice of each bloom  
Lies lightly on the scarcely-stirring lake.  
The whitely burnished blossoms seem to shine  
With veritable holiness; the clouds  
Reflected in the water make a sheen,  
And are lush, misty halos for their heads.  
But far below the surface, beauty-peopled  
By these pure flowers—ghostly apparitions—  
Extends a mass of slimy, snake-like stems  
That sadly stretch with green and ghastly hue  
Down to dark mud; while with a moan  
That, whispering, seems to reach one o'er the depths,  
They indicate the choking wax-like flowers  
With their poor twisted bodies, sadly sighing:  
"Their fairness we must feed with nourishment  
Through our long forms—with oozing from our feet";  
And still the blossoms grow and keep the sun  
From penetrating underneath, where stems  
Slimy and slippery ever struggle up.  
—Water-lilies.

*Catharine Campbell, '33*



## “Pooh” and “Tigger” Take a Walk

POOH: Good morning, Tigger!

TIGGER: Good morning, Pooh!

POOH: Do Tiggers like walking?

TIGGER: Tiggers like everything.

POOH: Good! Then shall we walk? When I woke up this morning I had a very nice feeling—the kind I sometimes get when I’m about to have a little smackerel of something. So I climbed out of bed and got down one of my honey pots. But even after I had eaten all I could eat of my *very* best honey the nice feeling remained.

TIGGER: That’s funny. Did you discover what it was?

POOH: Yes, after a bit. I went over to see Piglet because that’s what I usually do when I have nothing else to do. Piglet was busy cleaning house, but he paused long enough for me to explain about the mysterious feeling which I couldn’t place.

TIGGER: Did Piglet know what it was?

POOH: Yes. He guessed right away. “Pooh,” he said, “Pooh, I think I know what’s troubling you!” “Do you really Piglet,” I cried,

becoming a little anxious. "Tell me quickly?" "It's genius stirring within you, Pooh," Piglet replied solemnly. "That's what it is. This is the kind of a day when you should take a friend for a walk and compose a little hum." "You're right, Piglet," I replied. "Will you come with me?" "Pooh," said Piglet, "I would love to. In fact, Pooh, there is nothing I would like better. But this is one of my busy days. I'm cleaning house. I'm certain, however, if you asked Tigger, Pooh, he would be very glad to go. And when you have composed your hum, Pooh, you and Tigger might drop in—perhaps about tea time?" "Yes, of course, Piglet," I replied, and, thanking him kindly, hurried off to get you.

TIGGER: That was very nice of Piglet, Pooh.

POOH: You are quite right, Tigger. In fact, Tigger, you are perfectly correct. It *was* very nice of Piglet. I was thinking of that on my way to Kanga's house to get you. I said to myself, Tigger, "Piglet was very considerate to ask us over in time for tea," and then I thought, "I ought to do something for Piglet now," and then after a while it occurred to me.

TIGGER: What occurred to you, Pooh?

POOH: Why, what I should do for Piglet.

TIGGER: What was that, Pooh?

POOH: I shall make up my hum about Piglet. That's what grateful people always do when someone has been nice to them—really considerate, I mean.

TIGGER: Really? I didn't know.

POOH: Yes, that's what they do.

TIGGER: What will the hum be like?

POOH: I don't quite know, yet. I shall have to think.

TIGGER: Then, if you don't mind, Pooh, I will bounce ahead a little—just to get up an appetite, you know.

POOH: Run right along, Tigger.

\* \* \* \* \*

*(sometime later)*

TIGGER: Here I am, Pooh!

POOH: Excellent! You're just in time.

TIGGER: Just in time for what?

POOH: To hear the hum. I've just finished it. Do you know, Tigger, I think this is the best hum I've composed yet!

TIGGER: Really, Pooh?

POOH: Yes, don't you think so?

TIGGER: Well, perhaps you'd better recite it before I say, don't you think?

POOH: Oh, yes! Of course! This is how it goes—

Piglet lives in a nice big tree  
Which he keeps very clean and neat.  
And whenever he sees a friend (like me)  
He says, "Drop in when it's time for tea  
And we'll see what there is to eat."

"Now who could help loving friend Piglet so kind?"

I said to Tigger, and he to me,

"There's no one else you could ever find  
Who looks on things with as broad a mind  
As to ask you *back* to tea!"

There! How do you like it, Tigger?

TIGGER: It's wonderful, Pooh!

POOH: And now, Tigger, I think we had better be getting back. Piglet will be very anxious to hear my hum, and besides, something tells me its tea-time.

Betty Scutt, '34



## Three Pictures from the Life of Rossetti

## I

## THE ANGEL AT THE EXPOSITION

The long hall glows with sombre brownish light  
From heavy gilded frames, dark canvases  
Crammed with brown bursting fruit, or brown dead birds,  
Or fat white women, statuesquely draped,  
In dark brown groves where dark brown shepherds lie.  
A great brown crowd mills slowly up and down,  
Halting in wholesome ecstasy before  
Some overpowering mass of brownish fruit . . .

But half way down the line there's something queer,  
Some most unseemly, scandalous mistake!  
Between an ample nymph and a dead hare  
Hangs a strange picture in a simple frame,  
Pale blue and white it is, and cool, and light:  
An angel stands there, all in spotless white,  
His gold-brown head is bent, one hand outstretched  
In greeting, full of dignity and grace,  
Where Mary crouches on her narrow bed,  
Gazing with dark eyes full of hope and awe—  
And over all the clear, pale morning sun  
Spreads its cool radiance. On the frame is written  
"Ecce Ancilla Domini"—Rossetti.

"Hideous! a sacrilege," the critics said,  
"The man's a fool, who knows not Raphael,  
Or even good perspective," and there fell  
A storm of wrath on the young painter's head.

## II

## MISS SIDELL

She sat before his easel, quietly.  
How often he had looked at that calm face,  
How often he had traced its graceful curves  
For some pale, lofty Beatrice, passing by  
Unconscious of a poet's mystic love.  
How many times that glowing hair had graced  
With its red gold Francesca's eager head  
With face upraised to seek her lover's face.  
The deep, unsparkling greenness of her eyes,  
Her soft bright skin, her white long-fingered hands,  
How often he had watched and painted them . . .

But now he loved her for herself, not them,  
And they were married, living joyfully,  
Writing gay tales and singing poetry,  
Sketching and painting, planning endlessly  
A joyous future full of fame and love.

She died . . . it was as if a door had shut  
And, shutting, left the passage dark without.

## III

## BEATA BEATRIX

The slow sun trickles down the canvas edge  
Still roughly white where the smooth-flowing brush  
Has not yet reached to make its surface dark  
With deep cool green. The painter's head is bowed;  
There is a careful reverence in his strokes,  
For this, they say, is like a vow he made  
To Her pale memory, that lingered there:  
No wild, impetuous rush of inspiration,  
Such as so often made him leave his work  
To swoop down on an unsuspecting friend,  
Borrow his bed, his brushes or his coat,  
And paint in frenzy till the fire was gone—  
This was not thus, this tense absorbing search  
For clear expression of a single thought,  
To show in every line and subtle shade  
His love for her, her courage, her repose,  
Her perfect grace. Again he turns, steps back,  
And warm dark shadow-forms enfold the room,  
That silent, pale, exalted figure seems  
To move and glow, that well-known face shines out.  
The painter turns away, remembering.

*Anne Cleveland, '33*

## Nationalism and Internationalism

### *One Point of View*

Americans usually think of Europe as many nations squabbling and either fighting or on the point of fighting, all very jealous and suspicious of each other, and they feel greatly superior to them in their self-sufficiency and disdain for war. It is true that Europeans are more national than Americans, and I think that is one reason why they have a different view-point on the question of war and peace. They are fed up with war and the great majority believe in peace; I have heard many Europeans, Bulgarians, Germans, Russians, Italians, advocate peace very strongly, and I do not think they are the exceptions. But if the direct question is asked them, whether they would fight if there were a war, invariably the answer is "yes". They do not believe in war, they have no special hate for another country, but their loyalty to their country is stronger than personal opinions; they must serve her before all else, in war or peace.

This strong loyalty goes back further than government or country; it really goes back to the race and tribe. Poland is a very good instance of this. She apparently cannot govern herself adequately and for a long time she was not a nation, but the loyalty to tribe kept the Poles together, to emerge a separate country after the World War. It was more than race loyalty, for although the Poles are of practically the same race as the Russians, they would not become a part of Russia. Another clear example of this is Jugoslavia, a country made up of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, all of the Slav race, yet Jugoslavia is having a difficult time keeping herself intact. One tribe is not oppressed more than another, but the Croats and Slovenes are jealous of the Serbs and do not like the idea of a Serb ruling them. They cannot unite and be loyal to their country, Jugoslavia, loyalty to the tribe is too strong. The canon of the Nazi ministers again shows this loyalty to tribe and race which sweeps away all other considerations: "God has created me a German. Germanism is a gift of God, and God wants me to fight for Germanism."

Because of this strong nationalism, each country is very compact and the boundaries must be definite. The different tribes are really so much alike in fundamental characteristics that they cannot get on

well together. Have you ever noticed that two people who are very much alike often do not get on as well together as two very different people? That is why American relations with European nations are much better than those between the European countries themselves.

And this brings me to a very paradoxical statement: Europeans, with all their strong nationalism are really more *international* than Americans, for Europeans are so much alike that when they get together informally and really try to understand each other, they succeed very well. Marriage between different nationalities is not at all infrequent, and in big schools and universities there is a great deal of companionship and real friendship between them.

I have had a chance to notice this as strikingly illustrated at Robert College, Constantinople, where most of the European nations are represented, as well as Turks, Armenians and some other Asiatic peoples. The real friendship between the boys and the feeling of internationalism is very marked, in spite of occasional disturbances. Last year there was a fight between the Bulgarians and the Turks when each felt that their race had been insulted, but I happen to know that many of those Bulgarians and Turks are very close friends, just as close as any two of the same race, and that they will probably be friends all their lives.

There was also a group of Americans in the college, and they had neither the unity of the other nationalities, nor the same companionship with those of other nationalities. So it seems to me that Americans are not as strongly national as Europeans, nor yet as international. They cannot be as national as the European countries, for there is no one race to be loyal to. The people who have settled America have voluntarily cut themselves off from their own tribes and there is nothing that can take the place of tribe loyalty.

Another reason for America's lack of overwhelming nationalism is the great agitation for liberty, personal and individual liberty. In America everyone thinks first of himself, his gains, his ideas, his business, and this individualism detracts from nationalism. In Europe the people do not expect the government to do things for them personally. The government is to hold the tribe together and defend the tribe's liberty against other nations; that is their primary interest. So, in Germany, multitudes are following Hitler, not so much because any one special person will gain, but because Hitler



says he will build up a strong Germany—save Germany for the Germans, bring relief to the masses.

In America there are the hunger marchers, the veterans seeking a bonus bill and the continual violation of prohibition laws. The hunger marchers expect the government to help them personally, the veterans want their bonus irrespective of the other great needs of the people. Each one thinks of his own needs, the individual expresses himself, the individual drinks illegal liquors if he pleases. Europeans cannot understand the contempt of Americans for the law. It astounds them. Individualism has not yet reached Europe; that is the secret of her nationalism and, paradoxically, of her internationalism.

*Elizabeth Leslie, '33*

## Funny

Funny old woodpecker  
All up a tree  
Knocking your head off,  
But you don't see me.

Knocking and knocking,  
What's it about?  
Do bugs say, "Come in,"  
Or do you pull them out?

You don't know I'm here,  
Though I laugh as I sing,  
And I don't know why  
Except that it's spring!

*Kathryn Whittemore, '33*

## Speedometer

One of the new Ford Eight Convertibles was speeding its low, swanky lines along the beautiful smoothness of Route A, Connecticut. Inside, surrounded by leather springiness, young Mr. Conadel thrilled with pride as his hand slipped over the wheel of his new possession.

But from somewhere in the trail came a haughty competitor whom Mr. Conadel hadn't seen approach in his mirror, absorbed as he was in dreams of shining pistons and flat tires. Now, aroused from the thought of such a calamity, the Charioteer de Ford saw out of the corner of his eye the insolent gleaming of a Plymouth radiator! Brrrrm—the Ford was overwhelmed by a great wave of gasoline-tinged patriotism.

"Marvelous response!" Involuntarily Mr. Conadel spoke aloud, then eased back into the leather pleats.

"What!" He almost shrieked with shocked injury. Plymouth had retained her place as though she were her sister, the Rock.

Yet once more, O motor, leap at the jab of a foot sending the accelerator all but through the floor. But again Plymouth was adamant.

Turning to scan his would-be conqueror, the Ford pilot observed he was being overtaken hard to port by an insurmountable wave of blue, the Police, mounted on Plymouth.

It was plain to be seen that Mr. Conadel was taken aback. In fact after a short monologue slightly touching on the characters of all racers, etc. he was taken back to "tell it to the Judge." That wordy individual listened benevolently while Mr. Conadel explained that he was not in the habit of racing the police, mentioning at frequent intervals his friendship with a Massachusetts judge.

But as the tale curled to rest, the Judge's expression slowly congealed into that of one whose house of cards has departed into the uttermost parts of the Universe.

"A Ford beat a *Plymouth*?" His voice trembled on high "g".  
"And I have a Buick! —Ten dollars fine!"

Kathryn Whittemore, '33

## Sonnets Written in Class

*(Acknowledgments to Wordsworth for rhymes)*

## TRAMP SONG

Arrayed in rags they start again to climb,  
No poorer than before if weighed in scale.  
Still on and on, no matter if he fail  
To gain the haven whence he hears the chime  
Of monastery bells. Who says, a crime  
To live a rover? Free! Sans care  
Of what tomorrow forces him to bear.  
Oh, for a land of sun and pardon! Rime  
A thing unknown to gypsies of the plain.  
To laugh! to love! to roam! a life sublime  
For comrades tested to the quick. The wear  
And jangle of too many lives sustain  
The only craving of a soul for air.  
A rover! Vulnerable but to time.

*Alice Hill, '33*

## RAIN

White steely sheets slide slowly, as I climb  
Up to the tower, whose side looks like the scale  
Of some great fish wrapped by the sea. I fail  
To hear the droning peal of churches' chime.  
The God that sends this rain must deem it crime  
Not to appreciate his wondrous care  
To make each glistening, splashing rain-drop bear  
A covering to yon trees, whose frosty rime  
Converts to shining seas the rolling plain  
That undulates before me. How sublime  
To see these wonders of God's nature wear  
The misty veil of beauty they sustain!  
This deluge sweet does clarify the air  
And with its spell does halt the hands of time.

*Catharine Campbell, '33*

## AFTER THOUGHT

Through the mazes step by step you guide  
The dance; with you my utmost sympathies  
Reside. In the gleaming purpose of your eyes  
I read determination; may't there abide!  
With airy grace from dip to dip we glide,  
And in your eyes the purpose never dies,—  
Sleek as a Buddha, straight, and stiff and wise . . .  
Conventions, moral principles defied.  
Not only in our dancing be it so,  
But even on through life, oh may this power  
Remain with us; as in this very hour  
Step by step and close together we go;  
Expressions on our faces dark or dour  
Will ne'er be seen by either; this we know.

*Beverly Sutherland, '34*

## AFTER THOUGHT

Across the slippery floor he was my guide,  
Cavorting on without my sympathies.  
What can one do when lads with popping eyes  
Too often on one's tired toes abide,  
And make their stately hops instead of glides,  
A-lilting on until one nearly dies,  
And praying to be dancing otherwise?  
O god of mercy art thou now defied?  
Or else indeed thou wouldst not leave me so,  
With fervent pleas to thy now lacking power,  
While helpless I am strutted by the hour.  
Oh blissful heaven, I see a haven! I go  
At last and flee from him who made life dour;  
And yet, ('tis sad!) it's sure *he'll* never know.

*Betty Flanders, '34*

## Europe and the America of Sinclair Lewis

Americans living in America were moved by a natural feeling of vicarious pride at the news that their fellow-countryman had won the Nobel Prize. But among some of the Americans in Europe there was a corresponding feeling of annoyance and impatience that Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt" should become any more popular with foreigners than it already was. For "Babbitt" was very popular, and it is not hard to find the reason. The author was looking at American life with the same attitude towards it as that of the most bigoted Frenchman, and, as a result, his views coincided perfectly with those of even the more broad-minded of Frenchmen, who took it for granted that he, being an American, ought to know. Thus this book seen in its true light by Americans as a clever but rather cruel satire, and acclaimed as such, became to Europe an exact portrayal of typical American life.

The America of Mr. Sinclair Lewis is no more the whole of our country than New York is. It is only the middle class, middle-west America. His characters are dull, inhibited, imaginationless and stodgy or, perhaps, people with imagination struggling vainly against crushing, omnipotent convention. That in itself does no harm; we do not blame him for preferring only one cross-section of our life, any more than we blame Zane Gray for confining himself to cowboys and Mexicans: it is his triumphant assurance that in this tiny section he has discovered "The Heart of America" that annoys. He describes at length, detail by detail, a long, dull, entirely purposeless day in the life of a small-town business man and announces to the eagerly credulous world: "Behold the conquering spirit of a great Nation!" And French and English students nod gravely and marvel at the truth and "power" of the book and its miraculous insight into the ridiculous, arrogant pettiness of American character.

—And how can there be international peace when there is not international respect?

*Anne Cleveland, '33*



## Honor Roll

### FIRST SEMESTER

Mariatta Tower	92
Ann Cole, Katharine Scudder	90
Jane Campbell, Ann Cutler, Alice Schultz, Jean Vernon	89
Catharine Campbell, Delight Hall, Rozilla Chase, Elaine Eaton, Alice Hill, Barbara Ritzman, Elinor Robinson, Una Rogers, Mary Elizabeth Scutt, Barbara Skelton, Helen Tower, Cecile Van Peursem, Ellen Willard	88

### THIRD QUARTER

Mariatta Tower	93
Jane Campbell, Ann Cole, Delight Hall, Alice Schultz, Kath- arine Scudder, Helen Tower	90
Ann Cutler, Elaine Eaton, Una Rogers, Mary Elizabeth Scutt, Jean Vernon	89
Kathleen Burns, Catharine Campbell, Anne Cleveland, Elizabeth Flanders, Alice Hill, Evelyn Kleven, Ellen Willard	88

## The Abbot Calendar

### JANUARY

Wednesday	18	Dr. J. Anton de Haas put us all into a state of high indignation that there are such things as International Debts. We feel like going out into the world and straightening things out.
Saturday	21	Miss Jackson told us a great deal that will help later on when we do find ourselves thrust out upon a cold world: namely, all about vocations.
Sunday	22	Again Miss Jackson spoke to us, this time in Chapel, helping us to understand the part we have to play in the world today.

- Tuesday 24 Senior-mid plays. This year we were entertained by our future "stars" in two short plays: "The Neighbors", interesting for its local color and dialogue, and "The Sleeping Beauty", a delicately humorous piece.
- Thursday 26 Skating is really becoming the leading sport at Abbot: "How *do* you learn?" say beginners dolefully.
- Tuesday 31 There's real excitement when we are granted privileges like having skating parties at night!

## FEBRUARY

- Thursday 2 This year even midyears seem bearable when we have delightful skating parties afterwards!
- Saturday 4 Saturday night brings these dreaded times to an end, with another skating party, with hot dogs (pardon us, sausages) and everything.
- Sunday 5 Mr. A. Buel Trowbridge told us his exciting adventures in Germany, through which he toured as a member of the I. S. S., meeting all sorts of people, from Communists to Hitlerites.
- Monday 6 The Seniors leave with that sort of gleam in their eyes which means "Intervale or bust!"
- Tuesday 7 The Day Pupils' Dinner was a great success, and everyone was feeling in a jovial mood after enjoying the almost impromptu plays given by ambitious students in the "rec" room.
- Wednesday 8 Everyone's eager to hear what this year's Seniors have to say about Intervale. The songs seem to get better and better every year.
- Sunday 12 Dr. Barbour told us of his fascinating work in the East, and we are all most anxious to read "Re-Thinking Missions", which, he explained, would help us in understanding what modern missionaries are trying to do.
- Monday 13 Great excitement caused by the presence of a photographer, who told us the pictures of us skating,

tobogganing, snow-shoeing and all, were to be published in several papers.

- Tuesday 14 Mr. Howe and Miss Friskin coöperated in giving us a delightful musical evening; we even recognized some of the Bach, Chopin, and Schumann.
- Wednesday 15 A visitor at Abbot would have been mystified at the sight of girls looking so industrious on a *Wednesday* in the library, the "rec" room, the art studio, and most surprising of all, the dining-room! We were only having our pictures taken to illustrate the booklet "Abbot in its Second Century."
- Friday 17 This Friday, Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" was especially beautiful; all the music lovers were enraptured.
- Saturday 18 We don't mind having "hall exercises" when they're as interesting as Miss Julia Richardson's explanations of wildflowers.
- Sunday 19 Dr. Burnham inspired us by showing us what a great factor youth is, and how we should make the right use of it.
- Tuesday 21 Davis Hall seems popular tonight! Why? Just come right in and see all the things you can do! Bridge, ping-pong, dancing, and lots of opportunity for puzzle-lovers.
- Saturday 25 Mrs. Frost of Wellesley told us about the college. After seeing real movies of the magnificent campus and buildings, how can anyone want to go anywhere else?
- Sunday 26 Miss Emerson, who has travelled extensively in India and Africa, tells us that we must not only love our brothers as ourselves, but be "world neighbors" too.
- Monday 27 Those of us who feel that Wellesley is too northerly for us certainly appreciate Miss Harsey's descriptions of "the culture of the south," which one can find at Hollins College in Virginia.

## MARCH

- Wednesday 1 Mr. Albert Stoessel and Miss Edna Stoessel gave us a spirited recital over at Davis. We especially liked Mr. Stoessel's own "Sonata" which was written right after the war.
- Sunday 5 Reverend Gordon Gilkey inspired us with what he considers three very important facts in a successful life: develop yourself, learn from criticism, and never give up trying.
- Monday 6 In Chapel this morning Miss Grace Hayward made us realize how hard it is to succeed in any vocation these years, but raised us up from a pit of despair by telling us of the opportunities in secretarial courses now. She sponsors Katharine Gibbs, with which we are all familiar.
- Wednesday 8 The long-deferred Senior-mid tea-dance at last came into being.
- Saturday 11 Mr. Richards of Oberlin talked with us about the value of prayer.
- Sunday 12 Miss Friskin and a very good friend of hers, Miss Gladys Barry, gave us an interesting Sunday afternoon concert, a very thrilling event in our "musical" lives.
- Tuesday 14 We are sure that Carolyn will be our future tragedienne after her moving intreprétation of the leading figure in "The Piper," this year's Senior play.
- Sunday 19 Our familiar Stabat Mater service thrilled us as always. Fidelio must work very hard to achieve the results it does!
- Thursday 23 One more term over.

## APRIL

- Sunday 9 Miss Bailey made Palm Sunday mean more to us than it ever has before.
- Tuesday 11 The Spanish class fulfilled all our expectations of an interesting Tuesday night with its slides and interesting facts about Spain.

- Friday 14 We go to Christ Church in the fog and rain for the Good Friday service there.
- Sunday 16 Easter Sunday at school is something to remember, for the tables look so festive decorated with tulips and all kinds of colorful flowers, to say nothing of the chicks! But the real importance of the day struck us with full force because of Dr. Tweedy's version of Easter.
- Tuesday 18 The COURANT staff got together in conference and launched a "Bridge," to which all were invited for only twenty-five cents.
- Sunday 23 Miss Baldwin of Boston showed us what we can get out of the Northfield Conference, not only with interesting details of it, but with a movie of the spacious grounds and delightful people who gather there.
- Tuesday 25 The Day Scholars out-did themselves this year, and their play was a great success.
- Wednesday 26 The Gym Exhibition this year was like no other; besides work in Danish and with the apparatus, Miss Carpenter's girls blossomed out as Dutchmen, Russians, Cats and Scarecrows!
- Thursday 27 Mrs. Kemper, an old Abbot girl, came back to tell us of the glories of Abbot.
- Saturday 29 L.B.A. has original ideas, certainly! Their puppet show, "The King of the Golden River" was fascinating.
- Sunday 30 Mr. Wicks of Princeton surprised us with, "What are you going to do with your lives?" He helped us answer, as far as possible, this puzzling question.

## MAY

- Tuesday 2 Miss Friskin's recitals are always attended eagerly, both for her skillful playing and for her interesting choice of material. We like Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, especially; and "Etudes Symphoniques" by Schumann was really thrilling.



- Wednesday 3 Abbot is a year older! "How time flies," she says wearily. But we cheered her up today with a lively Nautical Bazaar.
- Sunday 7 Miss Kelsey is back with us again for an evening service, making us wish she were with us more. Abbot, from its early days onward, seems real to us through her.
- Tuesday 9 Miss Baker's German class presented a delightful play, all in German.
- Friday 12 Prom Night.
- Saturday 13 The tea dance was second in success only to the Prom!
- Sunday 14 Miss Grace Boynton told us what the problems are that a young Chinese girl has to face these days in China.
- Tuesday 16 The Gargoyles entertained the Griffins and the faculty with impersonations of famous characters, mainly Ed Wynn, Burns and Allen, and others well known to radio fiends.
- Thursday 18 Aeolian must have worked hard and long to present such a delightful program.
- Saturday 20 Abbot once more opens its ground to visitors.

## Alumnae News

Florence Dunbar is doing honor work in English at Mount Holyoke College.

Dorothy Rockwell is to be permitted to try for "honors" in English at Smith.

Emily Bullock has recently been elected to membership of the Physics Club at Smith.

Helen Allen has been freshman representative on the Student Council at Smith.

Grace Stephens has been appointed permanent secretary of the Class of '33 at Connecticut College.

Mary Hyde's engagement to Mr. Spencer de Mille has been announced.

## The Stage

### SENIOR-MID PLAYS

Two short plays were given this year by the senior-mid class, as a study in contrast, apparently. The first, "The Neighbors," was laid in a mid-western small town. Kay Damon made a perfect widowed mother. Grandma, Eleanor Harriman, rocked away calmly in her old rocking chair. The plot centered around a certain middle-aged lady, Mis' Ellsworth, Jane Campbell, who was expecting her sister's little boy to come and live with her. The tragedy of it was that the little boy was sent somewhere else, and she is left to a lonely life. Romance is introduced through the two lovers, Beverly Sutherland and Mary Flaherty, as Inez and Peter. There are other characters which should be mentioned: Nancy Marsh as Mis' Moran, Sarah Maxfield as a blustering farmer. "The Sleeping Beauty" was a delightful contrast, and was carried along swiftly and lightly mostly through the efforts of Betty Flanders, as the Princess, who also made the scenery. Her lover, the famous Prince Charming, was none other than Chichi Clos, her Father, Delight Hall, and Ruth Stott the Mother.

### "THE PIPER"

Senior class plays are always well chosen, well acted, and well received; this year was no exception. Carolyn Guptill, playing the Piper, really thrilled us with her interpretative version of the famous character. Anne Cleveland seemed to live the part of the little lame boy's mother. As the boy, Betty Tompkins was appealing and pitiful, and just the right size! Martha Whipple and Ann Cole, the lovers, were most convincing. Of course we shall remember Rozilla Chase, in the white night-cap, leaning out of the casement window and adding spicy remarks to the conversations in the square below. The children, borrowed from willing mothers in Andover, seemed to be perfectly at home on the stage, and really enjoyed themselves. Not only was the acting and characterization excellent, but also the scenery, lighting effects and atmosphere. Lending local color to the scenes in the square were a number of tradesmen and their wives, unfamiliar to us in their costumes, changed voices, and impersonations.

## "THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING"

There's a double meaning in that title! Perhaps it would make it clearer to say, the whole town's talking *about* "The Whole Town's Talking." Whom do you think we had with us right over in Davis Hall on April twenty-fifth? A very famous movie star, adored from coast to coast, honored us with her presence. Of course, she is incognito, and we know her as Ada Carlson. She brought with her her jealous lover (Ellen Willard, to us!) and almost wrecked the home of a respectable middle-aged husband (Betty Flanders, in private life) and was the chief instrument in bringing together "for better, for worse," his daughter and her—shall I say simple . . . ? betrothed. What of Sadie Bloom, sometimes known as Delight Hall, the notorious dancing-teacher? The blasé sophisticate, we learned later, was none other than Anne Cleveland, masquerading as a man-of-the-world. We shall be old and grey before we forget Ruth Stott's "Listen to Mother, Ethel!" And, surely Mary Rockwell and Ann Cutler, the two lovers, deserve mention, and the two sweet-sixteens, Jean Palmer and Sara Dean. A word should be said about the decorations also. Forsythia was lavishly displayed, and tables and chairs were placed so that the audience could thoroughly enjoy itself afterwards when refreshments were served.

## SPANISH TRAVELOGUE

The spring term began pleasantly with the travelogue given by Miss Mathews's Spanish classes. Lovely slides of Spanish cities and famous pictures illustrated the talks given by the girls, and made us all eager to travel in that wonderful country.

## GERMAN PLAY

Such a long name for a play: "Die Kleinen Verwandten." But it didn't at all affect our enjoyment of Miss Baker's German entertainment, featuring Rozilla Chase, the father, and Sally O'Reilly, the mother who has ambitions for her daughter, Rachel Place. Nancy Marsh, the rich gentleman courting the daughter, is almost dissuaded from proposing by Ann Place and Katharine Scudder, poor relatives of the enterprising family. Of course we're not all Ger-

man students, but the play was sufficiently explained by an English summary. A group of German songs sung by a chorus began the evening in fine style.

### "THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER"

Black melodrama unrolled itself before our startled eyes one Saturday, as against a miniature background, for which we render due praise to Betty Scutt, the two black brothers maltreated little Gluck, until the King of the Golden River took a hand, and swift retribution overtook the puppet villains, turning them into two black rocks. As an antidote to such breath-taking action, a jaunty cowboy came out and played for us on his banjo. Altogether it was a delightful entertainment, and Les Beaux Arts is to be greatly congratulated upon its success.

### "LA BOITE A JOUJOUX"

"Don't tell me Aeolian is turning dramatic?" But such is the truth. Of course, there was music just to keep up appearances, which was so good that we almost forgot to watch the dancing while listening to Elizabeth Leslie and Cecile Van Peurseem play captivating selections from Debussy. "Not dancing, *too*?" Yes, indeed, A cast of seven dolls twirled and strutted about real as life; only we knew beforehand that the lovely doll in the blue gauze was Alice Schultz, and after much difficulty we recognized Peggy Black as Polichinelle, Olive French as Harlequin, Billie Sage as the Nigger (and how Billie can dance!), Alice Robinson as a very convincing Policeman indeed, Bertha Norton as a cocky Sailor, and Mariatta Tower and Gerry Eick as two stilted Soldiers. By this time you will want to know what this entertainment was, with all its dancing dolls, music, and impersonations. It was André Hellé's "La Boite à Joujoux," and (coached by Miss Friskin) they gave the first scene, which was in a toy shop in the dead of night. Every now and then the heavy footsteps of the shopkeeper were heard, and the dolls halted simultaneously in whatever attitude they happened to be. The lighting effects were so good and it was all done so delicately and delightfully that we are sure there are great things ahead for the participants, not only in the line of music, but also in dancing and dramatics.





## Gargoyle-Griffin News

Victory hovered over the Gargoyle standards at the gym exhibition, but only after a concerted effort on the part of the wearers of the Green, which proved successful by a narrow margin. Both teams drilled strenuously, played games with much noise and extraordinary vigor, performed on the apparatus with great skill, and finally bent their assorted talents to the task of becoming, briefly, Russian peasants (masculine), Dutch peasants (both kinds), cats, scarecrows, and clowns. The decision of the judges was then announced, and after a round of singing and cheers for Miss Carpenter all betook themselves to their various domiciles in a pleasantly jubilant Abbot mood.

At the gymkhana held on May twentieth, Abbot Visiting Day, there was an hour of skilled horsemanship exhibited by both Gargoyles and Griffins. On this occasion the Griffins were the winners by a margin of four decisive points.





# The Abbot Courant

February, 1934

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LX

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NUMBER 1

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## Au Courant

As you will read all about the famous "Sports Tea Dance" listed under the Au Courant of the season, we only wish to mention here an unusual point about tea dances in general—in other words, the ordinary, regular, if exciting excursions to the Hill to trip fantastically (that doesn't sound quite right, does it? Maybe it's one of those remarks that's more truth than poetry!). This important point is in connection with escorts, with whom we are privileged to enter the charmed circle and walk right up to Draper itself, arm-in-arm! The privilege and the unheard-of hour of seven-thirty have bewildered both Phillips and Abbot, who were, however, surprised and pleased. How do we know the exact hour of return? Well, we have witnesses; the happy chatter of the girls returning with their escorts can be heard by those who are not yet concentrating on their studies so hard that they are oblivious to the voices outside.

We all agree that this has certainly been a gay and unusually happy fall, and this spirit seems expressed in everything we have done. As an example we should like to mention a particularly clever corridor stunt . . . Walt Disney, beware! You have rivals in the persons of Bunny Hurlburt, Kay Damon and Ann Place, for ever since they imitated the three little pigs so cunningly we haven't had the heart to eat ham or bacon. So you see, it isn't unnatural that Abbot's



theme song, as a result of their little skit, seems to be "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

A casual reader may receive the impression that we spend our time dancing or humming snatches of tunes, an idea which we will correct at once. Indeed there are those who turn their thoughts to much weightier matters. For instance, on approaching study hall we are sometimes electrified by the scraps of conversation which float out.

"Atheism," says one stentorian voice, "is a perfectly sensible idea."

"Don't be absurd," interrupts another, sarcastic and faintly shocked. "Atheism is all wrong. My father says . . . wow!"

The rest is lost in the sounds of a scuffle, but we are not alarmed. It is just the informal debating club which gathers each afternoon, ostensibly for the purpose of studying or checking up on assignments, but actually for such intellectual arguments.

We have put in some hard work too; and with the opening of the gym and rhythmic classes settled down to concentration. These classes, however, are more enjoyment than work, and we were so happy to welcome back Miss Ling from her year's absence in Kentucky. We are very sorry for the girls who were new to Abbot last year and not here for this one, as they have missed the splendid chance of working under her expert guidance. She knows just how to guide us, too, for Miss Ling was an Abbot girl herself, not so long ago, and knows just how we feel and do things here.

"You're never glad but you're sorry" seems peculiarly applicable to us this year, for although it gives us great pleasure to see Miss Ling again, we lose two old friends who were very dear to all of us. No longer do Miss Moses's Irish dances liven up our class picnics; no longer do Miss Patten's brisk steps sound in the halls. Although we regret losing two such pleasant and beloved companions, we wish them luck in their new positions . . . Miss Moses as head of the Latin department in Concord High School, and Mrs. Minard in her role of happy wife.

Along with Miss Ling, however, we have two new friends to make up, in some measure, for these losses. We welcome to Abbot the new teacher who comes every Saturday to instruct some of the seniors in the History of Art. Miss Gay is the culprit guilty of causing so many cakes of ivory soap to be mangled. Also we notice a

little gray roadster parked by Draper these days. It belongs, we find, to Miss Alice Sweeney, a new addition to the ranks of that noble order, the Abbot Faculty. It is already obvious to her students that Miss Sweeney is upholding its traditions well, and we extend to her a cordial welcome.

We have hesitated a long time, considered and reconsidered, and at last have put aside our collective modesty enough to mention our play. We feel justified in doing so since the production was not so much the work of the COURANT as might be supposed, and so we should like to thank those who aided us so willingly in our "Place Aux Dames." Mrs. Gray gave us a great deal of her precious time, as did Miss Baynes, and we are fully appreciative of this as of Miss Baker's help in making us up. We were in a quandary about costumes until Dee Hall's Aunt Delight helped us out by furnishing both Macbeth's and Ophelia's costumes. The staff as well as the audience enjoyed the before-curtain entertainment with which Bunny Hurlburt and Cécile Van Peursem honored us, Bunny singing to Cécile's accompaniment some appropriate and delightful Elizabethan songs lent us by Miss P . . . we mean Mrs. Minard.

And in connection with the COURANT, we know all our readers and subscribers and contributors will be interested to know that the COURANT was asked to contribute a page to the February number of the *School Press Review*.

Everyone agrees that this school year started out with a bang, and has continued in the same manner with fair promises of ending so, too. Our standards of work are as high as ever, we seem to have taken a firmer grasp of our lives during this school term than most of us ever before have, and we all feel that a good deal more has been learned than what is included in our programs of studies. A subject like this is somewhat hard to discuss, as there is nothing tangible about it; but it is undeniably true that there seems to be a new spirit of taking hold of things in a brighter and more understanding manner. Everyone seems to be wearing braver hearts and "heads up, tilt chins" is the essence of the feeling. In the desire to express what is more an uplifting of the spirits than anything else, someone said, and we are inclined to agree with him at Abbot anyway,

"Yes, you will meet life, and yes, you will face it;

But better than that, you will love it and grace it."

Perhaps none of us have happened to come across a book by Octave Thanet, but if we ever do it should be with justifiable pride. Octave Thanet was the pen name of Miss Alice French, one of our own Abbot girls long years ago. The news of her death on January ninth came to us just as the *COURANT* was going to press. The *COURANT* had not yet come into being when Miss French was at Abbot, but if it had, we are sure she would have been one of its heartiest contributors, for her short stories of Iowa life were humorous, original, and showed an unusual understanding of human nature. And we have a memorial of her here at Abbot. Have any of you ever wondered where that enormous mirror at the head of the Library stairs came from? It was a gift from Miss French, characteristic of her generous nature and of her interest in Abbot.

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## Things Seen from a Height

I climbed to the very topmost branch  
Of a tree, from which I could spy  
Past a wall concealing a beautiful yard  
Because I was up so high!

I rode to the top of the Empire State—  
Saw the city below me lie  
While the wind blew my hair. I said,  
    "Isn't it great  
And I'm up so high, so high!"

A small child longed for my favorite toy  
So I gave it to him with a sigh—  
But I saw in his eyes such a gleam of joy  
That my soul soared high, so high!

And now that I'm down to things mundane  
After being so near the sky,  
I'm just resting before I seek again  
The beauty of being high!

*Jane Campbell '34*

## Brother Knows Best

Putting the telephone receiver down quietly so that the person on the other end of the wire might not guess of her excitement, Faith emitted one long, wild shout of joy and dashed into the living room.

"Guess what, mother! Guess what, Jack! Guess what quickly or I shall die!" Then, assuming a very sophisticated and dignified air, she continued, "Mr. Philip Moseley requests the pleasure of Miss Faith Lamont's presence at the Phi Si dance this evening at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston. —Well? *Now*, what do you think of your kid sister, Jack? Isn't that simply divine? Think of it — Phil Moseley, the one boy around here that Betty Clarke and all her crowd would give their very eye-teeth to go out with. And to think that he'd ask me, only sixteen, while they—"

"Mother! You aren't actually going to let her go out with that fellow, are you?" interrupted Jack sharply. "Why, he's awful! You know, he just cawn't understand what enjoyment we people get in this town. He's so terribly thankful that he lives in Boston—and so is everyone else! Why, none of the fellows around here like him, and none of the girls do except some of the silly young ones like Faith, that are 'thrilled to pieces' every time he looks at them. For heaven's sake, mother, tell her she can't go. I won't have any sister of mine racing around with that conceited—"

"Now, just a minute, Jack," interrupted Mrs. Lamont in a calm tone, such as mothers always seem to have at times like this. "You know, dear, he comes from a very nice family and, although I have never met him, I will certainly trust him if he is like either his mother or father. Now, Faith dear, don't you think it would have been better if you had asked for my opinion before you accepted?"

"Why, Mother, I couldn't have possibly done that. It would have made me seem so young," replied Faith. "You'll like him, anyway, for he has wonderful manners and he's smooth-looking."

"Wonderful manners! smooth-looking!" retorted Jack in a most disgusted voice. "I guess you're right at that. Smooth is just the word for him. Well, I'll tell you this much—if my sister is going to Boston with that dude, I'm going, too, to keep an eye on her."



This last remark caused a great deal of commotion, but it was finally decided by everyone but Faith that it really was an excellent idea. Faith would go to the dance, but so would Jack.

About ten hours later we find Faith having the grandest time ever. Phil has been very attentive and very eager to introduce his friends to her. She had not seen Jack at all and had decided that he either didn't come or that the crowd was so large that he couldn't find her.

At about one-thirty Faith began wondering where Phil was. She had been having such a good time that she hadn't noticed his absence during the past hour. Just then she looked over towards the entrance door and saw Phil and another girl just leaving. How could he do such a thing? Had he forgotten her? What should she do? Then turning around she saw a familiar face. It was Jack! She knew right away that he, too, had seen Phil leave. He came across the floor toward her. Never before had she been so glad to see him. Never before had she noticed how nicely he walked, how nicely he talked, and how nice he looked. The way in which he said, "May I cut in on my kid sister?" made her feel so proud that he was her brother that her answering smile fairly shrieked for joy.

There were no "I told you so's"—just, "Let's amble homeward, Sis. I'm tired as the devil, and if you want and if you promise to be careful, I'll let you drive home. O.K.?"

*Frances McTernan '35*



## French Page

The following quaint song was written in the thirteenth century by Quesne de Berhune, Sire de Coucy, a troubadour who, on the point of leaving for a Crusade to the Holy Land, expresses his sorrow at leaving "La douce France." While studying the Mediaeval literature of France, it was chosen by the class in French IV to be translated into English verse.

### FRENCH SONG

Quand l'été et la douce saison  
Fait reverdir feuille et fleur et les prés,  
Et que le doux chant des petits oiseaux  
Rappelle à plusieurs des souvenirs joyeux,  
Hélas, chacun chante, et moi, je pleure, je soupire,  
Et cela n'est ni juste ni sage.

### ENGLISH VERSION

When pleasant summer, with o'erflowing hand  
On springing flowers and trees and all the land  
Again her sweet and gentle warmth doth shed;  
And when the songs of little birds again  
Echo from bough to bough their sweet refrain;  
Alas! all hearts but mine thrill to their lays,  
All hearts are cheered by sunny summer days,  
But my heart, full of sorrow, weeps and sighs!  
And that is neither fair nor good nor wise.

*Nancy Marsh '34*

## To a Little Boy

All in the spicéd harvest time  
When leaves seem butter-dipped,  
And fuzzy seedlets on the wind  
To alien fields are shipped,

Then Nature's airy galleries  
Do rustle in applause,  
It is the coming of the elves  
That gives them joyous cause!

Where are they? No one knows.  
At night-time they go by,  
For every blade wears seals of frost  
When daylight streaks the sky.

Those archers with their icy arrows  
Render stiff each tender breeze,  
And acorns clad in chocolate coats  
Fall trembling to their knees.

By special order of queen Mab  
(To every field a shawl),  
It is the coming of her elves  
That makes mysterious fall.

*Margit Thöny '35*

## “People in the House”

Aunt Amelia was trying to decide whether or not to go out. The house seemed stuffy tonight, probably because she had closed the windows for fear of the window-seats getting wet. Usually she could turn to her reading or writing or even drawing when the weather forbade her short walk around the block (which was her usual circuit) after supper, but tonight she felt that something was needed, something more—human companionship perhaps? That was an odd thought, when she had lived alone for the last . . . ten years, was it? Since Charlie had died. Funny how she, the oldest, and Tillie, the youngest, were the only ones left of the Karg family . . . William, Emil, Teresa, Augusta, Charles . . . all gone. This was a fine time to realize she was lonely, if that was it. But perhaps it was only the weird atmosphere, almost morbid, that comes when the rain is slashing away at the panes outside, and the wind wuthering around the chimney-tops. But should she go out? Perhaps the rain was letting up a little. No, the lamp-light across the street was still quite blurred. But that was only her eyesight, probably, which was not as good as it used to be. The exercise would do her good, for at sixty-seven one needs to keep the bones in shape, or they'll get creaky. What would Tillie say if she ran up next door and saw her? Funny that two sisters should live right next to each other and hardly ever meet! But then Tillie was so busy with her family, her problems, her debts. At least she wasn't in Tillie's position . . . but suppose she was? Would she have been happier with a family of her own, loving children the way she did? If she had married that Charles . . . there now, she'd forgotten his name entirely; and that showed how much she must have cared about that sort of thing. But they'd think she was ill if she went up to Tillie's, especially on such a night. Hamlet's "witching time of night" was a perfect description of it. If she listened very carefully she could almost hear the voices, the laughter, Charlie's heavy step, William's gruff tones . . . Now that *was* being morbid and the best thing to do would be to get right outside and let the rain sweep out all this tangled web she had been spinning in her head all evening. Old coat, rubbers, turn the collar in or the fur would spoil, hat . . . my, but

that was a good hat! Eight years now, going on nine, and still as good as new, except that the berries had mostly dropped off, and the brim was a little out of shape. Slam the door, try it, and there she was, all set for a brisk run around the block.

It wasn't so very wet out, after all, and the rain was nice and refreshing after the stuffiness of the house. My, she almost slipped on that step; she'd have Dominic repair it tomorrow, someone might hurt himself there someday, if he didn't know about it. How slowly that car was going by the house. Surely . . . surely it wasn't going to stop! No, it was going on, but very slowly . . . there, it was stopping in front of Tillie's. Honk, honk-honk-honk-honk, honk! Why, it must be Leslie! Yes, it was his little roadster, now she could see it in the light and it was certainly green. Maybe he and Lydia had come down from the farm with the baby. But why should they? Perhaps the baby was sick! She must find out. My, she certainly needed that exercise; couldn't even run a minute without losing breath.

"Leslie!" It was Leslie. He didn't hear her, though. She repeated his name, her voice quivering a little in spite of herself. The figure under the lamp-light turned sharply, peered into the gloom, and discovered the little lady almost at his side before he knew her.

"Why, Aunt Amelia! What are you doing . . . out this time of night? In the rain? Wait a minute, honey" (to a girl in the car) "I'll get the umbrella out of the rumble-seat. Wrap Les up well, now, we don't want him catching any more cold." He pulled open the rumble, got the umbrella and opened it over the head of his wife, who was clutching a large bundle of blankets, pillows, comforters and towels, in the midst of which appeared a pair of tiny pink fists, which she hastily thrust in among the coverings.

"He won't stay all in," she said, and then admonishingly to her son,

"Leslie, *dear!* Patties in. That's a good boy." She looked up at Leslie, his face a good twelve inches above hers. "Oh, Lel, will you tuck my hair in, I can't see and I'm afraid I'll stumble . . ." For this important office Leslie had to push the umbrella on Aunt Amelia while he carefully collected wisps of honey-colored hair and tucked them in under his wife's rain-hat, out of which her rosy little face was glistening from the raindrops. He had to bend nearly double, for

Aunt Amelia being under five feet, the umbrella was necessarily very low, although it covered his wife and aunt with plenty of head-room. Then he took back the umbrella, put one arm about his wife, and asked Aunt Amelia,

"Would you mind seeing that the blankets don't fall? Or pick them up if they do . . .?" And so Aunt Amelia went up to 66 after all, but with a perfectly good excuse.

"I just saw Leslie and Lydia arrive as I was out walking," she said to Tillie, who opened the door with much surprise to see her unexpected visitors. But Tillie didn't pay much attention to her, turning at once to her son and daughter-in-law.

"Well! I didn't think I should see you so soon again, after last week-end. For goodness sake, come in and get warm. You look all in, poor things. What's the matter, or is this a purely friendly visit?" She shut the door, kissed them both, and took the baby from Lydia, who released him reluctantly. Without the bundle, she looked like such a little girl. Aunt Amelia could hardly believe she was really the mother of a two-months-old boy, and actually twenty-two years old. She looked hardly seventeen, possibly eighteen.

"Hey! What's all the excitement? Who's come?" A young girl's voice was heard from upstairs, and presently the speaker came running down to find out the occasion of the disturbance. Aunt Amelia thought, "How Bev has grown! It seems no time since she was the size of little Leslie, and I carried her around in blankets, too . . . we used to be very close to each other, but since she's been away I have hardly seen her . . . she must be seventeen by now . . . yes, seventeen in May." Bev saw Aunt Amelia at once.

"Why, Aunt Amelia! What on earth . . .! What . . ." She stopped, astounded. Aunt Amelia had not been at the house since . . . oh, since last Christmas, anyway; and then to suddenly pop in on a rainy September night . . .! Aunt Amelia hastened to explain.

"I was just telling mother that I saw Leslie and Lydia, and—" But then Bev just saw Leslie and Lydia, who were seated on the sofa before the fire, with the baby between them, while mother was divesting him of some six or seven outer blankets.

"Oh, the baby! Hello, Lydia, how are you? And Lel? Gee, I haven't seen you since . . . when was it, two weeks ago? He's grown, absolutely! I'm sure his arms are fatter, and oh, look at the



feet!" Bev kissed her brother and sister-in-law, and then kneeled before the couch to see the baby properly. Aunt Amelia, who had removed her coat and hat and rubbers, came up behind her, peering over her shoulder with little sounds of delight at the sight of the baby, whom she had not seen since his birth, some eight weeks before.

"He *has* gained," Lydia was proudly maternal. "Ten pounds weighed, Sunday, and he must be even more by now. He gains every day, really, and three days makes a lot of difference." She looked down at her son, who now was clothed in a little white dress with a high neck, and a blue flannel jacket, doll's size, with daisies embroidered on it. His feet kicked about ecstatically in freedom after the hindrance of the blankets in which he had been swathed. Bev played with his curls, soft dark hair as soft as eider-down, or softer, and let him clasp her little finger in his tiny hand. He would open one eye solemnly, gaze at you earnestly for a second, then close it and open the other. Then suddenly both would fly open together, and you would be confronted with two extremely intelligent-looking blue eyes, until one would close, and the performance start all over again. Aunt Amelia, who had never witnessed this phenomenon before, was enchanted. She leaned over, her face all wrinkled up in smiles, and whispered softly.

"Baby! Ba-ba-ba-by!" His head turned; he gave her his full act, adding to it his thrust-out little pink tongue, as big as your finger nail, practically. Then the terrible thing happened, the thing that will go down in the Sutherland history as "Tragedy," in respect to Leslie III. Suddenly both eyes closed at once, screwed up unnaturally tight, his tiny chin quivered pitifully a second, his nose became a mere inverted dimple . . . and . . . he sneezed. Once, twice; two sneezes! Mother bent forward on the sofa in alarm. Bev sat back on her heels in astonishment, Lydia gasped, Leslie took her hand protectingly, and Aunt Amelia clucked unhappily over the chief figure of the "Fire-side Drama." Of all, he was the most collected. His face resumed its normal contour, he looked the same as before, and yet in two seconds a most terrible thing had occurred. Lydia was the first to speak.

"And *that's* why we came home." Mother looked at her.

"You mean he's got something? Is it serious?" She was very agitated.

"It's a cold, and he just caught it, although we don't see how. We were very careful, and everything went along perfectly until yesterday, when I was putting him to sleep, and . . ." her eyes were enormous, very serious, her tone grave, "he *sneezed*." Leslie took up the tale.

"So I drove right in to the doctor in Carmel, and he said to take very good care of his first cold, and a lot depended upon it, and . . ." Lydia broke in.

"And he said the farm wasn't the place for a two-months-old baby in the fall when he has a cold. So, we just packed up, and . . ." Leslie finished,

"Here we are." He ran his fingers through his dark curly hair distractedly. "Do you think that father . . .? I mean, will he . . .?" He seemed at a loss to express himself. Lydia came to the rescue.

"You know how much father thinks of the farm, mother, and he's sure it's absolutely perfect, and it really is, almost, but *not* for a baby in the fall with a *cold*. But how are we ever going to explain that to him? No running water . . . 'Leslie can go to the well.' No hot water . . . 'You can heat it.' " She imitated father's judicious tone of deep gravity, checking off items on her fingers. Leslie went on from there.

"And after all, the doctor is eighteen miles away, and if anything serious . . ." Lydia's face made him stop. "I mean, if his cold got worse, or we needed medicine at once, or something, well . . . that's pretty far away. And this doctor . . ."

"He really advised us to be in the city until his cold is absolutely cleared up, and then we can go back and settle down, and simply watch him every minute, and then everything would be all right. But father . . ." She looked so helpless, always returning to the "but father . . ." at the end of an argument. And then another event occurred which was worthy of being admitted to the Sutherland annals, perhaps under "Great Surprises" or just "Unexpected." For some minutes Aunt Amelia had been deep in thought, had, indeed, removed to the fire to think a moment undisturbed. Perhaps she found inspiration in the embers, for suddenly she turned back to the

group upon the sofa so quickly that all three looked up in surprise. She couldn't speak for a minute, and then it came.

"Why . . . why don't you stay at 58? I wouldn't mind, I mean, I would like you to, really, and then you wouldn't need to explain anything to Le . . . I mean father, at all."

They were silent in the sheer surprise of the offer. Then Lydia caught up her words at once.

"We needn't explain . . . why, of course not! We could just say, well, Aunt Amelia hasn't seen the baby but once, and everybody else is up at the farm on week-ends except her, so we thought we'd stay a while and let her get acquainted with her . . . nephew's son . . . what does that make you, Aunt Amelia, a great-aunt? And father couldn't say anything to that . . ." She was as gleeful as a child about it. Leslie considered the idea from all angles, and decided he couldn't find any flaw in it. Mother looked at her sister a moment, then said she thought it was an excellent idea, herself, and Bev threw herself into the plan with enthusiasm. She was the first to notice Aunt Amelia's part in it.

"How perfectly marvelous! You'll be right next door, and we can be back and forth, and everything, to see the baby and you . . . Are you sure you don't mind, Aunt Amelia? I mean, the noise, and people in the house, and . . . ?" She stopped, at a loss for further drawbacks. They all looked at Aunt Amelia, and suddenly became conscious of her as a person, a very definite personality among them, and they were silent, waiting for her reply.

She looked at them in turn, her young niece, her still "little" sister, her nephew and his wife, and finally little Leslie, Leslie the third, the youngest of the Sutherlands. An odd expression had come to her face, the usual worried, expectant, uncertain, a little absent-minded look had gone, replaced by one of peace. People in the house! Hadn't she been thinking about that very thing just before she left the house? Hadn't she always wondered what it would be like to have a noisy home? Well, here was her chance, and the wonderful part about it was that it was her choice; she had the power of actually saying "Yes," and she could also say "No," if she wished. Upon her word would depend happiness; she would really be important, if only for once, in a matter of importance. And it was her idea. Suddenly a revulsion of feeling swept over her. Disturbing the

quiet of her house! Awakening echoes silent these many years! Giving up her time, which was now her own, and spending it not on her art, her writing, her reading, but in cooking for three people and a baby! (She forgot that Lydia was an excellent cook and had been cooking for two and a baby at the farm successfully.) What was she thinking of? The answer was before her eyes. Little Leslie thrust out one fist, then the other, kicked his two diminutive pink feet in the air, closed one eye, then the other, then both, and then . . . horrors! His face began to pucker, to screw up . . .

"Oh, oh . . .!" Aunt Amelia couldn't bear it. He was going to sneeze again. Was he? They watched in anxiety, all intent upon the little pink face going through the strangest contortions under their gaze. Then the wrinkles disappeared, it straightened out, and his shining, bright little face resumed its normal proportions. A great sigh went around. Then the faces turned to Aunt Amelia again, and she realized they were waiting for her answer. She let little Leslie grasp her finger, smiling down upon him so kindly there could be no doubt as to her intent.

"Of course I don't mind. I've always . . . wanted . . ." she looked at Bev, who had suggested the phrase, "people in the house."

*Beverly Sutherland '34*

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## Autumn

Upon the edges of a northern lake,  
Reflected in the rippling waters there,  
A bush bursts forth with flaming leaves, that quake  
As breezes blow. "It's Autumn," they declare.  
Then, riding through the country-side at noon,  
We hear the radiant leaves report, "She's here."  
"Why Autumn's here, I do believe. So soon!"  
From rust to brown is nodded back with cheer.  
But sweeping in its wake the north winds blow,  
Tearing the leaves from every branch and tree,  
To whirl them round and drop beneath the snow.  
Thus Autumn creeps upon us silently  
And roaring storms away as suddenly.

*Cassandra Kinsman '34*



## Sir Edward Langeais' Shadow

At dawn Sir Edward Langeais  
Rode galloping up a hill,  
He glanced at his shadow,  
Surveyed the land, and said,  
"A castle I'll capture today."  
All morning the sun watched him  
Searching vainly for a castle.  
At noon Sir Edward paused,  
And, looking at his shadow, said,  
"Methinks I'd better collect my rent,  
'Tis enough of a job for today."

*Delight Hall '34*

## Self-Knowledge

You say, "Can I never know my inner thoughts?"  
'Twere best you should not seek them.  
This source of thought is a crystal pool  
Hidden deep in silent woods . . .  
From it flows a silver stream.  
Drink deeply of the waters,  
But do not seek the source.  
Think you that through measure of span and depth  
A man may learn the contents of a pool?

*Delight Hall '34*





## Sunset Glow

(das Alpen Glühen)

The Alps lie wrapped in snowy silence bright;  
 None seek them save the goats who pasture there.  
 With them a shepherd boy who doth delight  
 To troll a hearty song. The mountains bare  
 Rise always higher, and peak towers on peak.  
 Below, one sees a tiny red-roofed town.  
 The flowers, the multi-colored flowers, reek  
 With fragrance. There's the smell of hay new mown.  
 A change comes quickly. On the cliffs, once gray,  
 Appears a flecking delicate and fine,  
 Reflected everywhere at close of day,  
 As though flame burned on cliff and crag and pine.  
 Such diff'rence can the sun at ev'ning make;  
 Such thoughts inspire as books cannot awake.

*Helen Cary '35*

## Brief Moment

The cold, green Atlantic swirled around the rocks below me; I could look out for miles over the empty ocean from my position on a cliff that jutted out boldly from the peninsula. The sky arched smoothly overhead, a bright satin-blue that was the perfect complement for the great white gulls that wheeled and dipped and swooped from its heights with harsh cries toward the foam-capped waves.

A strong, clean wind was blowing from all four corners of the earth, blowing into me and through me, impregnating me with its salty freshness and cool mockery. The long silver-green beach grass rippled sensuously and sibilantly whispered caresses to its lover, the wind.

Thus I stood surrounded—no trace of man met the eye; for a moment I was completely submerged in life.

And then something struck my cheek. It was a vivid blood-red leaf blown from many miles inland, a reminder of the life that stood waiting for me. It made me suddenly conscious that I was shivering, that the haze of early November afternoons was quietly stealing over the ground. I remembered that I was hungry and that I had a long way to go before home would be reached.

Still clutching the red leaf I walked to my parked car and halted by it. No, the moment was gone; and with the wind sharply biting my ears I climbed in and started the motor.

*Mercedes Clos '34*



## The Full of the Moon

*Characters:* Mr. George Washington Brown, Mrs. Mandy Lou Brown, Abraham Lincoln Brown, aged 20; John Calhoun Brown, aged 18; Rosey Brown, aged 17; Daisy Brown, aged 15; Rastus Brown, aged 12; Carnation Brown, aged 3; Henry Warren (Romeo), aged 16; Tommy Perkins, aged 19.

*Place:* Dinwiddi, Georgia

*Scene:* After supper in the main room of the Brown's weather-beaten house. The floor is bare. A stove is at the left with a flight of stairs going up to the other side of it. To the right is a table with a dishpan and other dishes. Mandy Lou is bending over it, her sleeves rolled up and a voluminous apron tied around her plump body. Rosey and Daisy are just finishing putting away the supper dishes. Instead of being wrapped up in huge aprons they have on bright-colored dresses and high heels, in which they walk around in a very jazzy way in time to their snatches of catchy tunes. Squatted

on the floor amusing himself with anything that comes within his reach is Carnation, a perfect pickaninny with bristly pig-tails tied in red ribbons all over his little round head. In the wall facing the audience are two windows with the door between. Through the windows more weather-beaten houses are seen across the street, and an old-fashioned gas street-lamp is just outside the left window. A plain square wooden table stands in the center. To the right is a couch between two small windows. In the corner farthest away from the audience George Washington Brown sits in the only rocking chair, smoking a pipe behind a newspaper, his feet crossed in a carefree way.

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ROSEY (*stopping in the middle of a clog step on her way back from the cupboard in the wall*): You know, Mammy, Mrs. Warren across de street tol' me dat Sam tol' her dat Happy done seen Slippery Jim and some of his gang dis aftahnoon.

MR. BROWN (*stiffening*): Wha's dat? You-all don' mean de Slippery Jim dat done murdered Jake in col' blood las' year . . .

DAISY: An' who nearly scared us out of our wits by bustin' in heah and pointin' a gun at us until de coppers had gone by? (*illustrating by waving her arms*)

ROSEY: Yas, mam! An' I hearded tell dat dey is plannin' on runnin' away wid all de money in de drug sto' besides raisin' cain in gen'ral, ah 'magine.

MAMMY: You chilluns bettah stay right heah at home tonight. I wish de boys would hurry home . . . and den (*with a shiver*) we could ba' de do'!

DAISY: Don' you be afeard for dem rascals. Nobody'd bother dose angels. Come on, honey (*putting an arm around Rosey's waist and starting to tap out their clog dance to a new popular piece, intermingled with "Hi-dee-hi's" and "Ba-dee-n-do's."*) Rosey quickly falls into step and tune. George Washington Brown puts down his paper and looks on with a pleased and amused air and taps his foot. Carnation, forgotten for the moment, has crawled over to where the dishpan is hanging under the table and manages to knock it off its hook with an awful clatter.)



MAMMY (*whirling around as fast as she can from the stove where she has been clapping her hands in time with the girls' syncopated dancing*): Lord a massy . . . honey lamb . . . are you hurt? I thought for sure you was Slippery Jim and his whole gang a-comin' in! (*Picking Carnation up tenderly into her arms*) It's tahm mah l'il nigger baby was in de land o' dreams. (*croons softly*) Go to sleep, mah l'il pickaninny . . . Mammy gonna spank ya if ya don' . . . (*she crosses the room and goes up the stairs.*)

DAISY (*goes over to right and leans against the window; sighs romantically*): Ain't de moon go'geous! Look, Rosey, it's de full o' de moon. She's jus' lak a ball o' fire, right now . . . an' a little one-sided for a full moon. But Lawsy . . . ain't it romantic? (*slips an arm around Rosey*) Ah wonder if mah Romeo is lookin' at her . . . an' (*with a sigh*) thinkin' of me! (*slaps her knee and throws her head back and laughs at Rosey's pretended disgusted look*) Ain't ah de silly person, do'?

BROWN: Don' you look at dat moon! It'll bring bad luck to you-all. Ah wish dose boys would come . . . I'd have 'em shut de shutters. (*lazily getting up*) I suppose ah gotta do it . . . 'cause no moonlight mus shine in dis house. None of us is ready to die yet, no suh!

ROSEY and DAISY: Ah, Pappy . . . don' close de shutters . . . it's always so hot an' stuffy in heah wid dem closed . . . and who's afraid of a little beam o' pretty moonlight?

(*Brown is halfway to the door. Rastus and Cal burst in with two other young fellows, Henry Warren, alias Romeo, and Tommy Perkins, tall, broad-shouldered, and happy-go-lucky.*)

ROSEY (*skipping gaily over to Tommy*): Ah sure am glad to see mah honey lam'! (*She gives him a playful push on his shoulder.*)

TOMMY (*swinging her around*): Is mah little sugah-plum as sweet an' lovely as evah?

(*Daisy goes to Romeo in the same way. Brown looks at them with amusement and feigned disgust, then turns to Cal.*)

BROWN: Son, you'd bettah go an' shut dem shutters afore de moon gets any higher.

CAL: O.K., Pappy! (*opens door and a big gust of wind comes in*).

BROWN: Close dem shutters tight, now, chile . . . so's de wind won't blow one open. (*Welcomes boys with a hearty handshake or a pat on the back. Then goes to the stove and lights his pipe. Cal goes around and*



*closes shutters to left of the door, cutting off pale light of the street lamp, then around to the right closing other shutters. Mammy comes down the stairs and sees the boys.)*

MAMMY: Lawsy, if Ah ain't glad to see you chilluns! (*hands on hips and a wide grin on her face*) Maybe we kin have some singin', hey, boys? (*Everybody agrees.*)

TOMMY: Sure thing, Mammy. Henry an' ah jus' came heah to protect you-all from de big bandit. (*Pats himself on the chest. Girls nudge the boys and giggle.*)

MAMMY: Oh, Lo'd (*throws her hands over her head and the hearty smile vanishes. Looks around.*) Ah sure am glad dat Cal is closin' dose shutters. (*Goes over to the rocking chair. Brown goes over to the center table and sits on left near corner. Rosey and Daisy and Romeo sit on the floor in front of the table. Brown sings with gusto.*)

BROWN: Oh, gimme, oh gimme

Ah really wish you would . . . (*Cal bursts in the door and shouts*)

CAL: What . . .

BROWN: A water-melon smiling on de vine.

ALL: What is so good

So goody-goody-good

As a water-melon smiling on de vine!

MAMMY (*after the song is finished*): Ah wish to Lo'd Abe was heah!

ROSEY: Don' you fret, Mammy. Abe kin take care o' himself.

ROMEO: How 'bout "Roll, Jo'dan, Roll," Massah Brown?

BROWN (*pleased*): Oh, de city light lamp, and de lamp light de road,  
An' I wish ah was dere to heah de Jo'dan roll!

ALL: Roll, Jo'dan, Roll!

Lo'd, I wish I was dere to heah de Jo'dan roll!

(*Just now a great gust of wind blows open the shutters and moonlight flows in and floods the floor and the rocking chair that Mammy had been in.*)

MAMMY (*on her knees and muttering, bowing down to the ground, face uplifted*): Lo'd save us . . . Oh, Lo'd save us. Somebody's gwine to die, somebody's gwine to die . . . Ah, Abe!

ROSEY (*runs over and tries to calm her mammy and puts her arms around her. Finally moans herself.*): Po' Mammy!

BROWN (*standing gripping the table with his hands*): Oh, Lo'd, do yo'

duty, Lo'd, and save us! Don' let anybody be killed! (*straightening*) John Calhoun, you-all run out and close dat shutter.

CAL: Yas, suh. (*Runs out as though running from a ghost. All are down on their knees, chanting to the Lord to save them. The shutter is closed.*)

ROSEY: Mammy, nothin's gwine to happen. De shutter's closed now.

MAMMY: Ah know, chile, but no moonlight at all should ha' come in dis heah house. Oh . . . ! (*as shots and yells are heard, as though from a mad crowd in the distance. Panic among all in the room.*)

CAL (*pushing open the door and shaking like a leaf*): J . . . J . . . Jim a . . . and his gang's a-runnin' wild! (*Brown and boys move to the door, grabbing any loose objects. Mammy tries to make them get away from the door and bolt it, but her pleas are not heard. Cal looks up the street again.*) Hey . . . dere's Abe runnin' as though de debil was aftah him and . . . it's Slippery Jim . . . behind him! (*More wails from Mammy. Girls try to quiet her and look out the door at the same time. Brown and Tommy go out and shout for Abe to do his best. Cal and Henry get guns that are standing beside the stove and stand guard at each side of the door.*)

ROSEY: How's . . . Abe a-comin'?

TOMMY: O.K., now. De gang has stopped at de corner, but Abe . . . he's most topplin' head ovah heels. (*runs out apparently to help him*)

MAMMY: Ah knows he's killed . . . ah knows! De moonlight said so. (*racked with sobs*) Mah fust baby boy! (*Tommy and Brown come back with Abe . . . his arms thrown across their shoulders, head hanging down, his feet shuffling. There is a dark spot on his shirt which is open at the neck. All scurry around helping him and fixing the rocking chair. Abe slumps into it, panting hard, fumbling at his shirt. Mammy is on her knees, arms thrown across Abe's knees, weeping. Brown stands back of the chair . . . the rest gather close around, all very sympathetic but curious.*)

CAL: Kin ya tell us what happened, Abe?

ABE: Yah. I knew dat . . . dey was goin' to . . . raid de drugstore (*he speaks with difficulty*) so . . . I got dere first . . . and was goin' to guard it (*with a quick twinge of pain*). Dere was so many of 'em (*sharp intake of breath*) and dey . . . got me (*his chin drops down on his chest. Everyone wails.*)

MAMMY: Dat moonlight!

BROWN (*his voice rising above the clamor*): Take his soul to heben, Lo'd.

ALL: Take his soul to heben, Lo'd.

BROWN: He's done his job heah, Lo'd.

ALL: He's done his job heah, Lo'd.

BROWN: An' he's had his troubles, too, Lo'd.

ALL: An' he's had his troubles, too, Lo'd.

BROWN: So take his soul to heben, heben, heben, Lo'd!

ALL: So take his soul to heben, heben, heben, Lo'd. (*The curtain slowly draws during this funeral spiritual; the last words are heard with it closed.*)

Jane Forté '34

## Hands

Small, plump, capable hands  
 Smoothing tangled hair on fevered pillows.  
 Old, gnarled, shiny hands  
 Twitching and cold in a dry, nervous heap.  
 Heavy, square, blunt-fingered palms  
 Cleaning the last dish in murky water.  
 Large-veined hands, huge and hard,  
 Streaked with grime from stoking a bloody-faced furnace.  
 A clenched pair of yawling fists  
 Enclosed by fingers, pale, perfumed, and young.  
 Paint-smeared, spatula-hands, tanned from the sun,  
 Skillfully fleet in sea-blue tones on a palette.  
 Languid, snowy-palmed, ruby-tipped hands,  
 Distractingly posed on a sheening blue-green satin.  
 Greyish, loose-skinned, hungry hands  
 Clutching a dripping brush on a filthy floor.

All over—right now—these hands are moving  
 In the world; patting it, slapping it, pinching, pushing,  
 Spinning it 'round its ancient orbit,  
 Exhorting, distorting it, crying for a living in return!

Betty Flanders '34

## A Parisian Movie-House

On turning the corner I was suddenly plunged into the deep shadow that had sought refuge in this narrow alley from the bright darting rays of sunshine. Tall old houses leaned way over, and gossiped about the trivial happenings of this quiet Parisian by-way. However, they did have an excellent subject for controversy right in their midst—a Chinese pagoda. In fact, this very pagoda was my destination.

I ambled along slowly, looking at houses and heavy iron gates set in high stucco courtyard walls, and for numbers that the weather had done a thorough job of effacing, if they ever had been there. A bright American billboard informed me that I had reached my destination, for this lovely Chinese temple had been turned into a movie house. I bought a ticket from a cold, flat-featured Chinese ticket man, and handed it to another of the same race who looked even more impressive, if possible. As I proceeded along the passageway a definite alien atmosphere closed down. Strange blue porcelain dogs leered at me, the bamboos in the courtyard uttered scandalized whispers that a foreigner should so brusquely disturb the serene holy silence. I slunk with hurried steps to the room where the movies were to be seen. The lights dimmed as I slid into the nearest seat.

The main feature of the program was an ordinary moving picture imported from America. "Hallelujah" was its title, if I remember correctly. But it was the rest of the program that interested me the most. A universal news reel came first, and was followed by a microscopic motion picture of some tiny marine animals. These little creatures ordinarily cannot be seen by the human eye, but with the aid of a powerful lens they were, when projected on a screen, about twelve inches high. I remember that the female attached her immense sack of eggs on the male, while she went off to flirt and make merry. The last we saw of the poor husband he was chasing madly about trying to keep together a family of about five hundred young ones.

When the film ended the room was perfectly dark for a moment. Soon a red light began to flicker on the right side of the stage. It was caught up and reflected by a screen of tinsel streamers, making the



stage appear suddenly ablaze. Two black figures stepped through the screen of fire and added to the eeriness of the scene by waving sparklers around in strange circular designs. The fire grew brighter and the two figures began to wave sparklers in each hand. They moved about wildly, twirling them faster and faster into a climax of dazzlement. Then suddenly darkness, deep darkness. And slowly from it came the strains of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." As it ended the main picture was projected on the screen. We settled back in our seats and a little girl beside me began to eat peanuts.

*Delight Hall '34*

## At a Window

In November comes All Saints' Day—an important one for the French. Their holidays are rare, at once melancholy and mysterious. On this particular Monday I had climbed onto a chair unsteadily piled with comforters, to look out on the rue Villaret de Joyeuse for happenings. I remember the little window well. It was set high and had stout bars before it, muffled in soot. Nor did it seem at all anxious to give a view . . . but a glimpse, yet my memory fed on it. The grey slate roofs shone with continuous curves of rain. Chimney-pots clustered against the clouds in vermilion and rose, letting an occasional spiral of smoke melt into the wet. There I stood with a cold, a monstrous blanket pinned around my middle, eager for excitement. Where were the crowds? Far away, on the boulevards. This was but a tiny street, whose few inhabitants loved to stay behind the blinds. Yet suspense was there—it hung about the houses and dim doorways. Somewhere today in the city there would be many people in their black best, and services, and chrysanthemums. It was unfair, to be shut away from celebration! However, evening brought a large star in its company, which made a rather tender recompense.

*Margit Thöny '35*



## The Symphony of Night

Our cottage is situated on a bluff overlooking the lake. My corner of the sleeping porch is shaded by a large pine tree. It is, I think, by far the nicest corner, for from my bed I can look out on the hills across, where cattle graze and over which every morning the sun comes up in a bright orange ball. Each night I creep out to my little cot and before long I am lost to the world. The silence is so profound, the air so cold and fresh, and the moon so beautiful as its beams splash across the covers and dance over my pillow that the sandman comes very quickly.

But before I sleep, I listen, listen to an orchestra of the night. The piece is a Moonlight Sonata, dedicated to the man in the moon, who listens in silent approval to nature's creatures as they join in a wonderful chorus to laud him. The conductor is yonder lake, beating time as "lap, lap" the waves strike upon the shore. The bass viol is the first instrument to be heard, starting the chorus in a sonorous minor tone. It is played by grandfather bull-frog. He is soon joined by his grandsons playing the trumpets and violas. The tune swells. From far away the whip-poor-will is heard trilling forth his flute-like notes. The crickets and the smaller night birds play softly the accompaniment. At rare intervals the loon cries out in his querulous voice like some child in distress, adding a note of dolour to the theme.

What is that which sounds so clearly above the rest? It is a violin, a real one, whose tender strains now carry the melody. It is played by a neighbor who seems to have been asked to play a solo as a visiting artist. The nature instruments play more softly to hear the fiddle as it merrily sings to the moon. Grandfather bull-frog, however, keeps booming on. He is always heard above the rest, for he is very proud of his voice.

Alas! It is over, or have I gone to sleep? Yes, that is it. How rude of me to have fallen asleep when the players were playing so nicely. I will try to stay awake longer tomorrow night. Will they play tomorrow? Ah, yes, tomorrow and every night. They are always playing—for those who will listen.

*Helen Tower '35*



## Ships of the Desert

Oh stately ship of deserts far away,  
 To you the nomads look for meat and dress,  
 To you they turn for homes in heat of day,  
 'Tis you they prize and treat with sacredness.

For you alone can sail the seas of sand,  
 Fearless and strong with ever graceful gait.  
 Through storm and tempest on you sail to land,  
 To fold your sails behind the city gate.

You to an Arab more than ships to me,  
 For I don't look to them for food and drink,  
 But shelter they provide when on the sea,  
 And useful is their speed the world does think.

But though they sail in safety oceans wide,  
 It is the camel's back I long to ride.

*Cécile Van Peurseem '35*

## In the Woods

November colors in the woods are soft today, with oak and beech against the pines. This underbrush is thick, so I will go around where I shall find an easier path, but I must not forget the way I came.

Those mayflower vines are covered well from cold. Why does that scurrying chipmunk chatter so? He surely is not hungry with the pile of nuts he stored away for winter use. Perhaps he has to talk as some folks do, to keep his courage up, or it may be he sings or scolds or gossips with his mate about the winter that is coming soon to bury them down deep beneath the snow.

How still it is! Is that a flake of snow, or just a bit of crystal from above, let loose from some big snowdrift in the sky, to glance and slide upon the withered leaves that cling persistently to that great oak?

The sky is somber gray. The sun is hid from sight and soon will set, then dark will come. Foreboding fills the air; there is no sound; all nature seems to hold her breath as though a storm were lurking somewhere in the wood. Now which way did I come? How can I tell? The snapping twigs sound loud as night comes on. How soft a bed those fallen leaves would make! The pure white snow would come and tuck me in. How easy it would be to fall asleep and dream the winter through in one long night!

But hark! What was that noise? A waterfall? Ah yes! From what direction comes the sound? If I can follow it I soon shall find the mill, which just a little while ago, in sunshine bright, I passed to roam alone the pathless wood that suddenly has grown so sinister, forbidding, cold and chill.

The mill looks good through blinding driven snow. How brightly shine the lights of home tonight!

*Carolyn Muzzy '34*

## Two November Days

Under a November sky of azure blue  
I watched the wind tear bright leaves from tall, dark trees;  
Like tiny coins of yellow, and gold,  
As bright gowns from the fairy queen's wardrobe,  
Whipped by the wild wind everywhere  
Until the ground was strewn with leaves,  
Leaving quite bare the trees.

Under a November sky of leaden grey  
I watched the wind with the floating snow-flakes play;  
Like tiny crystals of dainty shapes,  
Stars, crescents,  
They covered the bare limbs of black trees,  
Replacing gold and yellow leaves.

*Eleanor Harryman '34*

## The Song of Hope

I saw a small brown thrush upon a tree,  
Freeing his burdened soul of happy song,  
And his sweet music rang so hopefully  
That all the forest's echoes woke, ere long.  
But whilst this joyous creature warbled there,  
An archer held a sun-tipped bow at rest,  
And presently an arrow cut the air  
To hide its tip within the singer's breast.  
The hope I nursed was like the thrush's song:  
It lasted only one short hour at best;  
Defeat's swift arrow winged its way along,  
And crushed my hope, e'en as the thrush's breast.  
And I am left, despondent as before,  
To try again; perchance to hope once more.

*Cathleen Burns '35*



## Darry

There was no question about it. Thane Brenard was angry. The long jaw was set grimly, the grey eyes held a dangerous sparkle, and the sensitive, usually upcurving mouth was set in a hard, straight line which boded no good for the pilot of the Martian Express, should that worthy fail to account for the non-appearance of his ship on scheduled time. Promptness was an important requirement in pilots of the year 2534.

As Thane sat moodily in his office he threw one impatient glance at the space chart which indicated the relative position of the ship, then uttered an exclamation of satisfaction on seeing that it was at last nearing Mars. Donning the heavy helmet necessary at once to regulate the gravity and keep off the rays of the hot Martian sun, he strode down to the landing field.

In no time the great silver hull settled on the ground, and the airlocks opened to disgorge a stream of similarly helmeted passengers. Eleven of these detached themselves from the crowd and, headed by one tall individual, approached Thane.

"Well, Carson," the latter greeted. "You're a little late, aren't you?"

"Space pirates, sir," said the other laconically.

"Again?"

"Again! They drove us off our course, and we lost time in consequence."

Thane sat in silence for a moment. Then, "We'll start after them tomorrow," he said. "Prepare for an indefinite trip. No, I don't want your report now."

"But, sir," Carson protested, "one of my men is—isn't a man, sir. It's a woman."

In the face of an ominous silence he proceeded to explain. "You may have heard, sir, of the regiment on Terra known as the Amazons. This girl is one of them. She evidently has influence at the I. P. C.\* headquarters, for she has had herself transferred to my command for this mission."

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\*Interplanetary Police Commission.



During this explanation Thane's brow had grown darker and darker. Finally his pent-up wrath boiled over.

"A woman!" he exploded in tones of deepest disgust. "To catch the plague of the solar system they send me—a woman! Carson," turning sharply to his trembling subordinate, "I won't take her. Assign her to her quarters and have her remain there."

At this point a sharp knock resounded on the door.

"Come in," Thane snapped. Whereupon a helmeted figure of medium height entered the room. It drew itself up and saluted with military precision.

"So, captain, you refuse to take me with you?" a pleasant alto voice queried.

Startled by the familiarity of those lilting tones the captain wavered a moment, then stiffened himself.

"I most certainly do!" He paced the room in almost speechless rage, finally coming to halt before the speaker. "I wouldn't take you if you were the last man-er-woman on Mars. Now go," he ordered brusquely, annoyed that his disciplinary reserve had been shaken even for a moment.

Under the heavy helmet a pair of violet eyes flamed in sudden anger, but their owner only saluted again and made her exit.

"Just the same," she murmured to herself, "I'm going on that chase, and no old-fashioned captain, not even Thane, is going to stop me."

Next morning Thane's own ship, the Shooting Star, was being loaded for a long trip. Among the Martian workmen was one smallish one. Carrying a small, oblong box this person disappeared into the gleaming shell of the ship and did not at once emerge.

Owing to the supreme thick-headedness of the Martian overseer this action passed unnoticed, and when the ship took off in a blaze of rockets the small individual was still on board, comfortably ensconced behind a large crate of concentrated food tablets.

Two hours passed and, removing the now unnecessary helmet, the young Amazon arose from her somewhat cramped position and immediately shot with unpleasant force to the ceiling.

"It is evident," she observed to the universe at large, "that we have passed the gravity field of Mars." Hereupon she descended with extreme care to the floor and seated herself on a box, tenderly

touching her injured cranium to see what damage, if any, had been inflicted upon it.

Just then a panel in the wall slid back, disclosing Thane's tall figure silhouetted darkly against the bright lights of the control room. For a moment he saw nothing, his eyes being unaccustomed to the dim light in the store room. Then he made out a shadowy form seated on a box. Reaching out one long arm he hauled it roughly into the light and then gasped in surprise. For instead of some Martian stowaway he saw a slim, unmistakably feminine figure in whose expressive eyes the consciousness of guilt warred mightily with an almost uncontrollable mirth.

He recovered almost instantly. "How did you get here?" he demanded harshly. Then without waiting for her answer, "You came here against my express order! You . . .!"

"My name is Dareth 0023," her cool voice interrupted his tirade. "I might remind you that my friends have called me Darry," she added slyly.

"If I ever call you Darry again," he spluttered scornfully, "I'll join numbers with you,"\* that being the greatest impossibility he could at the moment think of.

"Now get into that cabin and stay there!"

Tossing back her red-gold mop she followed him meekly enough, yet with a suggestion of mirth behind her obedient manner. Under her arm was the oblong box, which she promptly opened on Thane's departure, taking from it a small gun, the first to be made on the newly discovered principle of the disintegrator ray.

In the control a sudden exclamation told her that their quarry had been sighted. Dashing to the airlock, she caught a glimpse of a long, rakish, black craft. Slowly she raised the ray gun and—

Thane was issuing crisp orders as he stood at the controls, when suddenly the ship bucked sharply and refused to answer to his frenzied application of the levers.

Just then the engineer burst in. "Three rocket tubes shot off, sir!" he announced. "We're disabled for at least an hour."

"We'll be dead by that time," his chief said grimly.

"Look," and he pointed to the black ship which was calmly

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\*Ceremony approximating ancient earth "marriage."

leveling its bow guns at its helpless enemy. "We're . . ."

And then it happened! Before their very eyes the pirate craft vanished.

"Looks like a disintegrator ray, if there is any such thing!" the engineer gasped, but Thane had disappeared in the direction of a certain cabin.

"Here," he said gruffly, noting the ray gun, "I want to see you in my cabin—Darry," he added smiling.

*Ann Cutler '35*

## Fantasy

My heart is breaking  
For the sound of the wind in the grass.  
My heart is aching  
For golden pools in whose shallows little snails pass.

My senses are reeling  
With the remembered perfume of ripened grain.  
My desire is winging  
After the flight of the birds through soft June rain.

*Mercedes Clos '34*

## Reality

Crazed by the little sinuous pat  
Of the rain on the slippery rocks,  
    I looked down.  
The quiet, unchanging green of the depths  
Allured me. It was so still!  
    But when I jumped  
All I saw was the rain and the world above,  
A wet boat, an autumn leaf floating by.  
    How cold that water was!

*Elizabeth Upton '34*

## Honor Roll

### FIRST QUARTER

Ann Cutler	91
Jane Campbell, Katharine Scudder	90
Hope Humphreys	89
Elizabeth Caldwell	88

## Highlights

There is always a particular thrill in listening to a performer who gives promise of becoming famous, and this was the privilege accorded us one Tuesday night in late October when Miss Inez Lauritano played so beautifully for us on the violin. At the same time we must also mention her fourteen-year-old sister, who is an accompanist worthy of note. The two united to present us with a very delightful evening's entertainment.

How many people know anything of the "inside story" of sculpture or sculptors? Mr. Leonard Craske, the well-known British sculptor who has made such memorable statues as the "Fisherman" and "Peggy," took us behind the scenes on the stage of sculpture. Although he did away with many of our fond illusions about starving sculptors working feverishly upon masterpieces in garrets, he gave us instead a true picture of just how statues are made, and just what a real sculptor is like. We were impressed both by Mr. Craske's enlightening lecture and charming personality.

We are very honored when strangers are kind enough to lend us their distinguished presences, such as Miss Lauritano and Mr. Craske, but there is a certain thrill in looking forward to an old friend. Although Mr. Ellsworth comes to us every year, we regard his talks as highlights of the years, both because he presents his subjects to us so originally and understandingly and because they are so well chosen. This time his title was "From Scott to Barrie," and the pictures he gave us actually (for there were slides) and by word of mouth of Scott, Stevenson and Barrie will always remain with us as reminders that behind the Waverley novels, Barrie's charming



whimsies, and Stevenson's lovable child-rimes were very real personalities and living forces.

Well, so far we seem to be stating the enjoyments given us; now for some we gave! Long before the day set for the A. D. S. plays we begin to speculate and look forward to the time when we shall see the cream of Abbot's dramatic talent in action. Our expectations were certainly gratified this year. First on the program was a play entitled "Fleurette and Co." We were all greatly taken aback at seeing how well Peggy Morrill fitted the part of a sophisticated woman who becomes tired of waiting for her husband to return from the navy, and ever since Marion Rogers played the role of Madame Fleurette, who wittily forces the indiscreet woman to pay her debt, we are sure that she has French blood. The next play, "A Minuet," was in a more serious vein. Molly Savage was a French aristocrat awaiting in his prison cell the guillotine, and Evelyn Kleven was his proud but irresponsible wife, who unexpectedly shows her mettle by visiting her condemned husband before he dies at the price of her own head. Barbara Reinhart made a most convincing gaoler. Last but not least was "A Marriage Proposal." ChiChi Clos, whose name in the play was Stefan Stepanovitch Tschuhikov, was the father of Bunny Hurlburt, who was none too ardently pursued by Mary Flaherty. We held our collective side and roared at the heated arguments that all three engaged in and at the wooer's inopportune twinges of pain. The characters seemed just made to fit the parts, and when the curtain finally fell we just sat and wished that the A. D. S. plays would last far into the night.

Although this item is not an example of what we stated above as entertainment given by us, nevertheless we did have part in it. One of the most delightful precedents to be imagined was established when a tea dance was given for the Gargoyle-Griffin teams. In fact, it was so delightful that when Miss Bailey announced it in chapel one morning the school, dazed into incredulous silence, listened without any traces of enthusiasm whatsoever. It was too good to be true; but it did become a reality, and everyone joined in giving tardy but hearty thanks to Miss Bailey for making Wednesday, November twenty-second, such a memorable day.

And this mention of our famous teams brings to mind that biting cold day when the Gargoyles and Griffins fought nobly for the



honors of the fall Field Day, which fell to the Gargoyles only after a determined struggle. Spectators who froze while supporting their respective teams may be assured that it was in a worthy cause, for certainly the Gargoyles and Griffins were equal in spirit, if not in score.

## News of Recent Alumnae

Almost all of last year's class are having a gr-r-rand time at college, but as they all express it, "We miss Abbot terribly."

At Vassar Ann Cole, continuing in the limelight, was one of five freshmen chosen to draw up the class constitution, while our artistic Anne Cleveland won a prize for her cover to the *Vassar Review*—quite an honor! We're not in the least surprised, however, at that, nor at the fact that she is also singing in the choir. Dorothy Wrenn, Jean Vernon and Rachel Place are also at Vassar.

At Smith we have Barbara Worth, Catharine Campbell, and Alice Schultz, who, as we expected, has made the choir which will, no doubt, be enriched thereby.

Fran McGarry, Una Rogers, Martha Wind, and Mariatta Tower are enjoying Wellesley immensely, and they report that the prevailing fashion of ear-muffs and no hats is most satisfactory. We recommend this point to the notice of the student body—to be seriously considered.

Carolyn Guptill and Ethel Rogers are at Boston University. Guppy, who came up for the A. D. S. plays, says she is terribly busy, but Abbot training fitted her to cope with anything, so she's getting along.

Jane Burnham at Katharine Gibbs reports a multitude of week-ends and lots of fun. Catherine Macdonald is also enjoying it there, but, sad to say, the routine grew a little heavy for Martha Whipple, and she is now resting at home.

Lois Chapman and Kathleen Palmer are following the same line of work at Bryant and Stratton.

Among our future artists are Marcia Gaylord at the School of Museum of Fine Arts, and Helen Buttrick at the Vesper George School of Art.

Clara Shaw and her sister came out in New Bedford the night after Thanksgiving, and the occasion was a great success.

Peggy Black feels a great desire to return to Abbot but is carrying on bravely at Ashland College, nevertheless. Bee Burnham at Lasell and Betty Tompkins at the Wheelock School are coming along in fine style and we hope to hear more of them soon.

Elizabeth Leslie certainly has distinguished herself at Hope College. She is majoring in music as a *sophomore*. She entered in this way on credits from Constantinople, and not content with that, she acquired further glory in the sophomore play, "The Mayor and the Manicure."

The rest of the class are at various colleges, as follows: Elizabeth Anderson at Barnard, Olive French at Connecticut, Margaret Chase at Cornell, Rozilla Chase, class treasurer and a member of the choir at Pembroke, Elizabeth Sage at Sarah Lawrence, Alice Hill and Marion Houghton at Swarthmore, Margaret Walker at Wheaton, Kathryn Whittemore at Duke University and Bertha Norton at Erskine College, Boston.

We have also received a few news notes about the class of '32.

Mary Abby Holland is secretary of the Service Fund at Wellesley. We don't know much about it, but it sounds imposing. She has also been in the sophomore play. Strange how Abbot turns out the great actresses!

Georgia Thomson at the same college is pulling a lusty oar in the sophomore crew. We feel sure they win all their races.

Joyce Henry has shifted from Wellesley to Radcliffe, and she is confirmed in her choice by Elizabeth Boyce, whom we note dashing down to the station each morning to catch a train there.

We are grieved to hear that Dorothy Rockwell, who was the COURANT's editor-in-chief two years ago, has suffered the great loss of the death of her mother. We can appreciate the pain this loss must cause, and the COURANT voices the sentiment of the school in sending its sincerest sympathy.

How time does fly! Here's Jane Ritchie whom we saw only last year dashing around the circle in her little red car—engaged to be married to Edlin D. W. Sweet. Congratulations, Jane! We do hope you'll "live happily ever after."



# The Abbot Courant

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# The ABBOT COURANT

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LX

JUNE, 1934

NUMBER 2

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SARAH O'REILLY '34

ALICE COOPER '35

ANN PLACE '34

PRISCILLA HOADLEY '36

ELINOR ROBINSON '36

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## Au Courant

May brought a churn this year and spread the dandelions especially thick. She offered too a very fine, fierce type of star. Now Lachnostra, her courtier, is an emotional bug—a fact we forgot the other night, on opening the upper windows. As we sat baffled by Caesar, a Maybug swayed in and settled on the desk. He did not even offer his apologies. We did not mind. A brother bug, however, was causing hysterics in the corridor; some crusader in pyjamas finally killed both. Why so many cries and shudders about a couple of insects? We wonder what they think about us in the Nature courts.

Such a momentous change as that which has taken place in regard to our chapel service warrants notice, especially for those who left school last year and have not participated in the new services. Every week or so one of the societies leads chapel and, being oldest, COURANT had the honor of inaugurating this program. Since then the school has been entertained and instructed by Odeon, Philomatheia, Q. E. D. and A. D. S., all presenting short talks, skits, and various kinds of instructive matter in a charming way. And as we go to press the French department is planning a French program. We heartily approve of the new services, for they are not only amusing

and instructive, but they make us feel that when we take part in the chapel service we are brought into a closer interest with our societies and our school.

Looking through the library for anything that might be interesting in the way of reading, one of our editors came across a book by Mr. Pitkin, and was so moved to indignation by some of its statements that she even wrote a theme about it for English. The statement that particularly annoyed her was that if the people who went to prep schools and colleges away from home spent the time on the way there and back reading a good newspaper or two they would know more than all the teaching in these schools offer. Most of us are what Mr. Pitkin would describe as the "unintelligent youth of America" and in our "official babydom," but we feel that, although we may not read the newspapers as we should or follow other advice which Mr. Pitkin offers to all of us under Forty (we don't begin to live until then), we do learn a great deal more in our schools than he gives us credit for. Perhaps we understand another meaning for "living," for, although we may not know exactly what we are going to do, we have a fair idea of how we shall do whatever our choice may be. There is a certain reluctance to appear too philosophical and theoretical which practical-minded young people are anxious to avoid, and which generally wears off as the years go on; and there is much philosophy and many theoretical opinions held by youth with which the grown-ups are unacquainted. And so we put this little defense of youth here to show that we *are* thinking about these things, and are not quite so colossally ignorant as Mr. Pitkin thinks.

We have been most fortunate this year in our opportunities to learn more about those girls who, unlike us, have had no chance to continue their education but have from a comparatively early age been forced to work for their living. The Y. W. C. A. tea in Lawrence to which the seniors were invited was thoroughly enjoyed, and we all appreciated the kindness of the girls of the Industrial Club of the Y. in coming to Abbot and presenting their play on the juvenile courts. Then there was the very interesting talk given by Miss Jessie De Mille on the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Industrial Workers. Do you remember what she told us of the zeal with which these girls take advantage of this chance for education? If Miss De Mille is typical of the girls who go to the Bryn Mawr

Summer School and who work in our factories, there is more we can learn from them than we perhaps realize.

A group of us went up one day to the Addison Gallery to see a very unusual exhibit of modern ecclesiastical art. The Germans tried to make "simplicity, modesty, and veracity" dominate. In this respect they succeeded very well, although at times simplicity was overworked. It was interesting to see a new and different conception of such ancient subjects. One part of this exhibit unfortunately was badly misunderstood. We are referring to the large bronze and wooden statues. Coming on them in such a small room as we did, their heads seemed grotesquely large, their eyes hollow sockets, their features distorted. But if we had seen them in their proper places, some thirty to sixty feet above our heads, on the facade of a church, the difference in the perspective would have completely changed, the aspect of the statues rendering them quite normal. So we hope that some day we may be able to see these various objects in their true environment.

Recently we were told that in a large English class at Smith College only one student could be found who was familiar with the name and works of Mr. T. S. Eliot, and it must be very gratifying to Miss Chickering to learn that this savant (for no one is learned who is not conversant with T. S.) is an Abbot graduate. But this enlightenment is not limited to one Abbot girl only, for once in Chapel when the speaker mentioned Mr. Eliot the entire school was pervaded with a flutter of appreciation.

The Study Hall Debating Club is still in session, and the latest topic for argument is the conservatism or non-conservatism of bangs. We have observed these adornments on many of our acquaintances, who quite logically maintain that they are quite conservative since bangs were popular in Cleopatra's time. And who will deny it?

Only a few of us now in School knew Miss Mary B. Putnam, but we all have heard much of her friendliness and ready sympathy, and we felt very sorry to hear of her death last April.



## Versions of a Picnic

### THE IDEALIST

High ambition spurred me on, although  
 The road was long and weary till at last  
 Beneath the pines I came. The burning bow  
 Of Phoebus slowly bent, then thick and fast  
 The bright and shining arrows golden hot  
 Went hurtling straight from heaven to the ground;  
 But trying to disturb the picnic spot,  
 The pines repulsed ere darts the earth had found.  
 So shaded 'neath the heaven-reaching trees,  
 Far distant from the mundane modern world,  
 I sat and dreamt and munched ripe strawberries,  
 Inhaling deep the pine-scent. Near me curled  
 In sweet and cool abandon ran the stream,  
 Which tempted me to stay, and watch, and dream.

*Beverly Sutherland '34*

### THE CYNIC

Hot and panting from the tedious walk  
 Under the staggering heat of a noon-day sun,  
 We reached the shade of pines where the wind blew cool,  
 Making the contrast quite unbearable.  
 Here, on a rock, I threw myself down to rest,  
 But sat, unwittingly, on a sharp dead stick—  
 Having opened cracker tins of luke-warm food,  
 And spread soggy, unappetizing sandwiches,  
 I admired the view: a stagnant pond  
 On whose surface floated rotten leaves,  
 A few angular dead trees,  
 And in the distance a farmhouse gray with age and long absence  
 from a paint-brush.

The strawberries were crushed,  
 And imagination could interpret those green specks otherwise.  
 The low, disturbing rumble of a distant train  
 Recalled me to earth, which I had really never left.

*Jane Campbell '34*



## Resuhvation, Ma'am?

A night Pullman is at best a very un-ideal place, but after considerable absence from it its shuffling noises are definitely soothing notes, and slowly penetrate your conscious feelings in the vague way of old, familiar things. They may be insignificant in themselves, such as the porter with his rattling keys, or the ladder which goes up to the upper berths when you stumble into it as the train lurches, but you are filled with a rather magnanimous sense of goodwill toward everything in welcoming them back again into your life. You walk down the aisle brushing the heavy green curtains, seeing with some consternation, however, that a porter with thudding leather suitcases is slowly making his way down, away from the one illuminating light toward you. Your bags are in front and behind and all around you while you hunt that elusive little round number corresponding with that on your reservation, and which is somewhere within the folds of the endlessly stretching green curtains hemming you in. "Lower 8, ma'am?" "No, ma'am, dat's down de other end, behin' yo'." It's laborious business, but finally after lurching against a treacherous suitcase appearing in a totally unexpected position, its corner intruding into the passage, you finally ensconce yourself. All this bustle sinks into comforting unreality as the Pullman drowns you lazily. You hear an occasional passenger going through the car, bulging your curtain wall in as he passes, the red cap's pleased murmur as the coins jingle in his hand and the business man folding away an Evening Post and asking the porter to wake him early enough to get off at Hamilton.

The sleeper certainly has its own atmosphere, the hurrying noise of the wheels, the silencing effect of carpet and green curtains and the dim, uncertain light outside of your own cosy little nook when you venture down the car. The most exhilarating feeling of all though is waking up in the morning and seeing bright, sunny countryside gliding by, entirely different from last night's, unfamiliar towns and railway stations, and different advertisements adorning fences, barns, and backs of warehouses. The intimacy and kindred feelings with fellow passengers who are also on for the night is gone. The hard light of day has made a partial estrangement. They

have their destination, touching yours in no respect whatsoever. As your dining-car hurries bumpingly on, and you juggle your breakfast to your mouth, again the familiar things wake you to a decidedly pleasing outlook on life, and remind you of the satisfaction of tasting occasionally former feelings, and getting a fresh idea of them.

*Elizabeth Upton '34*

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## Pinetree Limited

There's a whistling in the dark,  
There's a light;  
There's an echo's rumbling call,  
Then all is o'er.

It's the Pinetree Limited  
Passing by,  
A train that whistles its roaring way  
Through the night.

To north from south it's raising sparks,  
Flashing red,  
In a blazing line across the sky  
Through the dusk.

There's a whistling in the dark,  
There's a light;  
There's an echo's rumbling call,  
Then all is o'er.

*Cassandra Kinsman '34*

## First Christmas

Mother was going to bring Leslie (such a stern name for such a tiny thing!) downstairs to see the tree, and we were all excitement.

Since he was born in August and I went back to school in September, this was the first real chance I had of getting acquainted with my little nephew. Somehow or other all our plans had gone wrong for a real reunion this Christmas. Ted's mother and father had just been killed in an automobile accident, and he and my sister went out to St. Louis on the 23rd to get Ted's sister, who was going to live with Gladys and Ted for a while. Then Aunt Amelia suddenly came down with the flu, and we were all quite worried about her, and Christmas day Tom's mother fell on the ice outside her apartment and broke her arm, which took from our midst my sister Lorna and, of course, Tom. Father had been confined in bed for some time with a nasty cold, and as it was the first he had ever had, mother thought it best to keep him there. There remained Leslie, Lydia, little Leslie, Mother and myself, for my brother Bob was on his honeymoon. We all promised to get together New Year's Day, but that didn't make up for the lonely Christmas. I don't know what we should have done without little Leslie.

So you see the circumstances under which Mother was bringing the Littlest down to see the Tree. Of course it was just a tradition in the family, as in most families, to bring the babies down to the Tree for their first Christmases; everyone knows perfectly well the poor little things only go to sleep as a rule, but still they are brought. As I was the last, I had never seen anyone's first Christmas, and I shall never forget little Leslie's. It was warm in the house, for we had the fireplace in full flame all evening, but now the embers were shining orange in the grate, and all the lights were out, except upon the tree. I followed Mother downstairs, gathering up stray blankets and comforters as they were dropped, and tucking in a foot here and there or a tiny fist. Mother went straight to the couch, and plopped down upon it; her cheery face, glowing from the exertion of bringing the baby down three flights of stairs, was all wrinkled up in smiles. Lydia and Leslie had not yet come down, so the three of us were alone in the room. With care Mother unwound the little mummy, and

finally arrived at his tiny little self, in a high-collared little gown which his oldest Aunt had worn at the same tender age. Mother crooked her arm, and Leslie leaned up against it, for all the world like the Child of the Sistine Madonna, big dark eyes and all. Suddenly those eyes seemed to focus upon the Tree, and a queer little thrill went through me: did he really see it? I looked at it, too, for the first time, really, since Lydia and I had trimmed it that afternoon. You could no longer see the wires, and the lights shone out, brilliant spots of color against the dark branches in the dark room. What a lot I saw in that tree in that short moment! First, it was one of my early Christmases, and there in the corner in a silver case was my own doll, as large as I was then, dressed in green silk and gold lace. My heart went out to the thought of her broken head carelessly tossed up in the attic last week when we were looking for tree ornaments. I could see myself, a little blonde-haired pyjamed figure, tip-toeing down stealthily to see the packages before anyone else was up. I could see the little figure hours later, a whole day full of crammed pleasure, new toys, hearty Christmas meals behind me, finally curled up in front of the fire, sleepily nodding at the bright lights on the tree, Mother's arm around me . . . just as little Leslie was gazing now. I came back to the present with a jerk.

"Lydia, we'd better take him up, hadn't we?" Mother's voice was soft and insistent, the little head cuddled on her arm nodded and dipped, swung up suddenly, nodded and dipped again. One last wide-eyed stare and he would be far away from us, sound asleep: and though the battle to keep one eye open kept up for a long time, weariness at last came over his sleepy little eyes, and he was off. Mother arose quickly, and put him in his carriage as easily as possible, so that Leslie could carry the swing section upstairs, for his carriage was detachable. The motion was a little too hasty; the eyes blinked open with a start, and the two little fists went flying out in a gesture that seemed to mean he thought it very inconsiderate of us to let him pop off like that, and then bundle him upstairs in an unconscious condition. Lydia snatched him up in the middle of a little half-cry of vexation, and once more his eyes were glued upon the lighted Tree, the pink, damp, baby mouth slightly open, a lock of dark hair trailing down across his little round forehead. That cry went home to me, too; it seemed like a cry for a dreadful empti-

ness that had come when two little eyes opened, not on the bright splendor of the expected Tree, but on unwelcome and frightening and unwanted darkness. What had happened to that fairyland of bright lights and warmth and loving care that brought my first Christmases back to me, so pathetically lost somewhere on the road from five to twenty? I wanted to fling out my arms, too, and be snatched up and comforted for what I had lost . . . the trust that had been in my young eyes was gone, too. It showed brightly in little Leslie's, however, brighter even than the wonder of lights greeting once more his already half-closed eyes. Have I given you, my little nephew, for your first Christmas, all the wonder and trust and infinite credulity that once showed in my own eyes?

*Beverly Sutherland '34*

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## The Things for Me

Sea and breezes and a sailing boat,  
These are the things for me—

Where the nights are long  
And the day's a song  
And the moon is there to see.  
For I've had enough of city stuff  
And rough and beating ways,  
And I long for the place  
Where its no disgrace  
To dream away the days.

*Alice Cooper '35*





## When Scores of Buds

When scores of buds their leather jackets split  
 To aid the rising curtain of the spring,  
 Then on the grass I may expectant sit  
 And dream upon this pastel coloring  
 Until he comes; for he is lilac-fed  
 Thus to repair the amber tissue of his wings.  
 Each bloom is of its special honey bled  
 As to its pale white cup he thirsty clings.  
 Dear butterfly! I know you love me not,  
 To sway up there asks but a careless breeze,  
 We human critics are to you as nought,  
 There are no fancies but your own to please.  
 Think but of this—if strangely bruised on stone  
 I'll keep the fragments of your wings mine own.

*Margit Thöny '35*

## On Gardens

A garden is a place to be lovely in. You come up the path, cloaked in a day's grudges and disappointments; it takes but lilies-of-the-valley to remove them. There you are never angry, envious, or ungainly. Any pansy bud is better bred. Since the world is so full of furniture and situations, you are dusty on entering a garden, though daintily carrying a teacup. After sipping and admiring is over, it is nice to stroll alone. Perhaps you find a little pool. Should it boast a lily pad, some frog has surely rented it. So unconventional a frog, amid a hundred golden dimples . . . takes all the dust away. Sorrows have been lost in the pool, and a few veils of bitterness unwound. You must be lovely in a garden.

Then, outdoor work is wholesome. Flowers need tender, patient caretakers. They call you constantly out into the sun. And what could better ease cramped minds and limbs than working under the open sky? Nothing is more relaxing than digging in the dirt. Vent your strongest feelings on the weeds and go into the house hungry, and deliciously fatigued! Gardens reflect the personality of the planter and his daisy pots show him to be a meticulous man or a negligent man.

My garden never flourished. I was too temperamental with the bugs and could never say "Come hither" to a seed. Any bee might have been my tutor, pointing out a lack of perseverance. So be it; at least one may hang over the neighbor's gate wondering that chilly old ladies grow the sweetest roses.

A wistful business, having no license among buds and leaves. But I have not left its charm untasted. You must taste it too.

*Margit Thöny '35*

## Suspense in Drama

It was raining hard and the roads were sure to be very muddy; nevertheless we decided to go. The news of the showboat's arrival had stirred such anticipation that we could not bear missing such a rare spectacle. Therefore we piled into Mr. Clover's model T Ford and started toward Kimswick. Each bump we went over made the lights of the car blink out. Once we were forced to creep along for at least a quarter of a mile in complete darkness, before a large bump restored the welcome brilliance of headlights. Finally we rumbled into Kimswick, jumped out before the car had quite stopped, and followed a stream of people who were plodding along in the sticky Missouri "gumbo" to the river bank. There, tied to some old willow trees, floated the queen of showboats, "The Goldenrod." To get to it we had to slide down a muddy bank and walk over a treacherously slippery board that served as a gang-plank. We jostled a drunken negro out of the way as we pushed toward the ticket window. Our tickets procured, we passed into the "inners" of this strange boat.

Having seated ourselves, we began to look around. The surroundings were certainly astonishing, for here we were in a veritable theatre—plush seats (somewhat worn, to be sure), a stage, foot-lights, long velour curtains, a balcony, and even a place for a tiny orchestra in front of the stage.

Soon the play began, a loud banging announcing the beginning. The piece presented on this evening happened to be the strange and well-known mystery play, "The Cat and the Canary." Strange hands emerged from trap doors and snatched pearl necklaces; people looked suspiciously under their beds; a dead man fell forward when a closet door was opened. The rain beat on the tiny window beside me, heightening the weird atmosphere; the farmer in front of us began to breathe quickly—Then the moment of great suspense when the so-called Cat was creeping stealthily toward a beautiful girl reading by lamplight. He was reaching the center of the stage but ten feet from her; we were clutching our seats, when suddenly—yes, very suddenly—in the tense silence a baby began to cry. The Cat took two more stealthy steps . . . the baby wailed. The actor could not

stand it any longer. He straightened up and said, "Please take that baby to the back," leaned down and continued. Suspense broken? I should say so.

*Delight Hall '34*

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## Song of Night

"Night, with your starry skies,  
Your silver crescent moon,  
You are so much more wonderful  
Than any blazing noon.

"Night, with your wind-blown waves  
That break in snarling foam,  
'Tis then I most enjoy  
The fireside at home.

"Night, with your silent hills,  
Your calm and icy glory,  
You have seen eons of time,  
Say, tell me now your story."

"Earthling, this is my tale,  
I pray you, listen well.  
God made my sky, my hills,  
To him your praises tell."

*Nancy Marsb '34*



## Slippery Streets

There's nothing so nice as slippery streets,  
Where there are beautiful streaks  
Of Gasoline leaked from skidding cars—  
On slippery streets.  
I scuff my feet along the street  
And delight in the treat.  
'Tis better than meat,  
Or melodies sweet,  
Or any old treat, to scuff along . . .  
On a slippery street.

*Sarah O'Reilly '34*



## The Never-Ending Circle

Whenever I dance with Peter I wonder what he's thinking about. Strangely enough, Peter always affects me this way; I crave to know what thoughts flit through his head as the barbarous rhythms of Harlem creep up and down our spines. "Does he think at all?" I ask myself as we dip. "In fact, isn't it rather dangerous to want to know a person's secret thoughts?" Peter in no way resembles Galahad (thank goodness for that! I add as we break into the Scat step) so wouldn't it be just as well to merely . . . but I stubbornly persist. "Is he thinking about the music, is he thinking about me, or is he thinking about that girl in the red dress?" So I lift my head from its comfortable position and gaze into his face, trying to read his expression. "What now?" he usually asks, and I usually answer, "Oh nothing . . . just happen to like your red hair." A severe prod in the small of my back induces me to abandon all attempts at mind-reading.

Whenever I dance with Henry I always keep an encouraging smile fixed upon the stag-line. "Why," I inwardly agonize, "does he insist on humming in my ear? And does he really need to clutch me in such a frenzied manner?" So I smile brightly at him as we circle the room. I fervently pity Henry's wife-to-be and wonder if I should be a girl-scout and warn her in time. Thing is, who is she? And how long will it be before she becomes completely subdued or goes wild and sues on grounds of extreme mental cruelty? Henry glances at me tenderly and says, "Enjoying yourself?" I murmur in reply as I am cut in upon, "I'll never forget this dance!" and as I am whirled away I sadly realize that for years to come I shall be haunted by its memory.

Whenever I dance with Chapin I don't think at all. I just go on and on in a deliciously enveloping fog. Voices come to me through the silvery haze and faces float vaguely past. There is no past, present, or future . . . I merely feel. I repeat, I never think and I never stop to think of what Chapin is wondering. Let him wonder, he'll never know any of the thoughts that flit through my head. There now, he's looking at me, with a most questioning expression. I lift my head up higher and say, "What now?" and he answers, "Oh nothing . . . just happen to like dark eyes." I give him a severe prod in the back so he abandons all attempts at mind-reading as we go into a dip.

*Mercedes Clos '34*

## Nature's Chi'llun

How bored—we—  
If no personality  
Be  
'Twixt you and me.

How gay—we—  
Without one care  
Hidden  
In a leafy lair.

Laughing—we—  
Over some queer bug,  
Cause  
He chose to sit on me.

Fooling—we—  
With nonsensical words  
Bickering,  
Like baby birds.

*Ann Place '34*

## A Crushed Pearl

"Noora, have you made some coffee and sweets for this afternoon? Open a can of cut pineapples if there aren't enough dates, and be sure to use the colored finger-bowl and bright new towel after serving the 'haliva'."

Lulua, a beautiful young Arab girl, was preparing for a caller. Dressed in a brilliant yellow silk gown, her lithe form flitted silently from room to room, now arranging some silk cushions on the floor, and now stopping before one of the numerous gilt-framed mirrors to arrange her brightly-colored headdress, which wound gracefully in soft folds around her proud little head.

Her black eyes shone like stars but were usually hidden by her long, curling lashes which softly swept the light brown skin of her cheek. Her full red lips were open in an excited smile, showing a row of pearly teeth, and her many silver and gold bracelets tinkled happily on her round restless arms.

It was seldom that little Lulua ever showed a happy smile on her lips, for she led a sad and cruel life, living with a husband old enough to be her father and only an aged woman for a daily companion. Only once a week was she allowed to leave her secluded quarters and then the unhappy girl of sixteen had to be heavily veiled and carefully guarded by at least two servants, usually old women too feeble to bear much exercise.

So, day after day, Lulua, who was brimming with pep and longing for the real life that should be hers, stayed within closed doors and tried to please her selfish husband, Abdullah.

It wasn't until the arrival of her little baby girl that Lulua had any bright moments, and then she had to hide her joy, because her child was not a boy, and therefore, according to her husband, she had no reason to be happy. It was when this little bit of happiness came into her life that she had made another friend—the one that was calling this afternoon. She was an American nurse, known to her Arab friends as "Latufa." Ever since Lulua's baby had been born, Latufa had come to see Lulua regularly once a week, and each time she came she brought love, happiness and hope to her little Arab friend.

No wonder, then, that Lulua was having her best finger-bowl used, and was dressed in her most gorgeous silks. Her best—her *only* friend was coming to see her.

Just as this happy thought came to her again, she slipped to the latticed window to look expectantly down the narrow street. She was amply rewarded, for her beloved Latufa was rapidly approaching the house. Lulua rushed to the heavy door which led from the inner courtyard onto the street, and threw it wide to welcome her guest.

"Oh Latufa, I have so much to ask you," Lulua said, after the usual polite and formal greetings were over. "Come in here where we can talk alone."

And so saying she led Latufa into the "parlor," and after removing her shoes Latufa sat down on one of the luxurious rugs, and was made comfortable by countless brightly-colored silk cushions.

"Latufa," began the young hostess, seating herself next to her guest, "tell me again. Does your husband *really* love you? Even though you, too, have only a little girl? And does he *never* threaten to divorce you and throw you out into the streets?"

"My husband loves me, dear Lulua, and I love him," was the gentle reply, "for we are Christians and learn to love everyone. But Lulua, why do you ask me this again? Has your husband been unkind to you, dear?"

"Oh, I can't blame him." Lulua sighed and a tear glistened on her lashes. "He wants an heir. It's natural. Why will he want to keep me any longer? I shall soon lose my youth and beauty, and he will not even be interested in me. But where can I go? My family has no love for me. Latufa, if it weren't for my baby and you, I would kill myself to-day."

Lulua was on the verge of tears, but bravely she shook them back, swallowed hard, and forced a smile on her sad little face.

"Oh, you Christian women can't understand. You are always happy. Sure of love, and sure of happiness. I will not trouble you with my sorrows, dear Latufa. Tell me of *your* beautiful daughter."

And with a brave attempt to change the subject, Lulua brushed away another tear. But Latufa could not talk of her own daughter without first offering a few comforting words to the sad little mother sitting next to her.

Putting her arm gently around Lulua's shoulders, she said kindly, "Dear Lulua, I *do* understand, and I want to help you. Whatever may happen, dear little friend, remember that I love you, and am always ready to protect you. Promise me, dear, that if ever you *are* divorced and sent away, you will come to me. Will you promise?"

She was answered by a silent nod and a grateful look from large black eyes. Then, with a smile full of love and understanding, Latufa asked about Lulua's treasure.

"I love her more every day," Lulua said, and then suddenly added, "Latufa, my husband may kill me for it, but I'm going to send my girl to your school. I want her to learn your language, to follow your God and live according to your religion. She must have a happy life, and she *shall* have it tho' it cost me my life."

"What courage!" thought Latufa and aloud she added cheerfully, though she felt a strange foreboding in her heart, "It may not be so hard, Lulua. We'll just have to hope and pray and wait patiently. Who can tell, dear, Abdullah may consent to your plan himself." But this was received with a dubious look, and Latufa realized, herself, that her statement probably would never be a reality.

Then, shaking off the air of despondency, the two friends talked of more cheerful things. Lulua was full of eager questions of America and Americans, of the Bible and religion, and was continually asking for advice as to the care of her child.

They were in the midst of a lesson in English, Lulua laughingly trying to imitate the strange sounds of her guest, when Noora, the servant, entered carrying a huge silver tray balanced on her head. Setting this down on the floor before the two women, she disappeared, and Latufa was urged to eat. She glanced at the tray in front of her and wondered how to begin, for it was literally covered with tiny bright dishes full of sweets, fruits, dates and spices of all sorts. Daintily she reached out and helped herself to a date but was suddenly surprised to find a handful of dates pressed into her hand by her generous hostess.

"Eat, Latufa, it's all for you." And Latufa did her best to please her hostess. Just when she thought she could not possibly swallow a morsel more of the "gooey" eats, Noora entered with a steaming brass pot full of delicious-smelling coffee. Black, bitter and boiling hot it "hit the right spot" and Latufa pleased her hostess by drinking cupful after cupful.



By the time the finger bowl and "special" towel had been passed, the tray and coffee removed, the sun was sinking and Latufa realized that she must be on her way. Slipping on her shoes, she started to bid her friend good-bye when she realized that Lulua had disappeared. In a minute, however, she was back proudly carrying her small daughter in her arms.

Kissing the baby hands tenderly, she asked Latufa if it did not look fatter than the last time. "Look at her smile, Latufa," she went on, "I'm sure she knows you. Isn't she the most beautiful baby you have ever seen?"

Latufa laughed and assured the little mother that it certainly was a prize baby with a prize mother, and with that she turned to go. Lulua tried to keep her a few precious moments longer but she knew that Abdullah would be in soon, and she was anxious not to have him see Latufa in their home. So she accompanied her guest to the door, reminding her again and again to call the next week.

Latufa needed no reminding, however, for Lulua's sad dark eyes followed her wherever she went.

"Good-bye, dear Lulua," she said, softly kissing Lulua's brown cheek. "I shall see you again next week, and will think of you all the time, dear. Remember that there *are* some who love you, and try to be happy for our sake."

Then, just as the heavy door was swinging shut behind her, she added, "Our doors are always open, Lulua, if yours are closed."

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Five days later faithful old Noora appeared at the mission house sobbing as though her heart would break, and carrying a little black-eyed baby girl in her arms. Placing the baby in Latufa's waiting arms, Noora told her heartbreaking tale between sobs.

"Lulua's husband found out at last about you and your visits, Latufa," Noora explained, wiping her streaming eyes. "He had warned Lulua once before not to make friends with the 'Christian swine,' as he calls you, but Lulua loved you, Latufa, and would not give you up. So when Abdullah found out that you had been coming every week for several months, he seemed possessed by a devil, he was so furious.

"Latufa," Noora shook with heart rending sobs, "he became like a beast in his fury, not knowing what he was doing. Oh, Allah

save us, he beat her, Latufa. He beat her with a horse whip, till the blood streamed down her suffering face and back, and her clothes were hanging in shreds. She couldn't stand it—oh, my poor little, *beautiful* Lulua! She—she—fell, and lay bleeding at her cruel husband's feet. He stared down at her a few moments, threw the whip in the corner, muttered a curse, and strode off. Latufa, he left her lying there bleeding and unconscious!"

Noora was unable to go on. She was almost hysterical.

"Hush, hush, Noora," Latufa said kindly, wiping away the tears from her own eyes. "Tell me, did you not help the poor girl? Why didn't you call me? Did she send any message?"

Bravely Noora stumbled on, "I couldn't send for you, Latufa. Abdullah gave me strict orders not to leave the house and he even watched the door to see that I obeyed—the heartless wretch. But he couldn't stop me from helping the child. I picked her up in my feeble old arms and laid her on the bed. I washed her poor, bruised body, and after forcing some gin down her throat, I saw her eyes open and her lips begin to move. Oh Latufa, those big, sad eyes! I shall see them all my life. As she moved her lips, I bent to catch her whispered words. I wrote them down."

Noora handed Latufa a crumpled, dirty piece of paper on which was written, in Arabic, Lulua's last words. With a lump in her throat and tears streaming down her cheeks, Latufa read,

"Take baby to Latufa. Tell her I die a Christian."

*Cécile Van Peursem '35*

## On Doing Algebra

"Find the angle of depression to a boat thirty yards away from the top of a lighthouse if the lighthouse is 238.5 feet high." How could they measure a lighthouse, I wonder? Especially so exactly as to be sure of that five-tenths. 238 feet seems awfully high for a lighthouse; one would be quite giddy looking down from the top of it, I should think. And then how can you have exact angles in a case like that? I can understand how the sun striking a pole will cast a shadow on the ground, and you can get perfectly good angles out of that situation. But a lighthouse! That fact is enough in itself to make the whole problem ridiculous. Why, the boat would be tossing about violently (don't they always?) on a rough sea, and the lamp probably wouldn't work, and as a matter of fact you probably couldn't see the boat at all, much less accomplish an angle of depression to it. You never connect calm water with lighthouses; I wonder why? Because there are so many poems and stories and pictures of the raging storm about the lone lighthouse on the rocks, no doubt. Come now, concentrate. Even if it goes against all reason, try to forget the lighthouse and think hard about that angle. Well, if you have a sine or cosine, for instance, you could probably find out something; let's try that. No, it would have to be a tangent or cotangent, for some strange reason. What silly names these are, but come now, you're wandering again. Now look up a few logarithms . . . and there it is. Label, Answer. Algebra is really very easy if you put your mind on it. But surely the angle of depression can't be equal to the right angle? Something queer somewhere. Oh, I see, I wrote down the logarithms next to the wrong numbers. Well, there we are at last. My, that triangle I've drawn looks like anything under the sun but a triangle, much less a lighthouse, ocean and boat. I wonder what would happen if someone actually drew the lighthouse, ocean and boat? Where would the tips of your triangle come then, I wonder. A boat isn't a dot; it's a thing of dimensions. Oh, my back is stiff from concentrating so hard. And there goes a run in my stocking just as I straighten up; that's the second run I've had in a week.

Good heavens! It's quarter of eight, and I have still my French and almost all my Algebra to do! Thank goodness, I can concentrate,

or I should never have the time to get anything done. I can't understand how it takes me over an hour to do my algebra every night. My other work always goes much quicker, and it is strange, I think, that when I am so particularly concentrating upon it, it takes longer than the others. Well, I must go on. Let's see . . . "Find the angle of depression to a boat . . ." Oh, I did that one, didn't I? It didn't sound familiar, I guess. You'd think that once in a while, though, they would duplicate examples, wouldn't you, in algebra books? It seems impossible that, . . . but I wonder how they do compile the textbooks. Goodness, what a piece of work that must be, and to keep continually putting out new ones, too. How lucky we are, though, to have so many textbooks when for centuries people learned only by word of mouth, or by hand-written books, before printing was invented. And yet they didn't seem so terribly ignorant. Many of our great philosophers and statesmen and even men of science lived before the printing press came into being. It must have been the common lot of mankind that suffered, having no printed books, having to work, and no time to study. I should have hated to live then. Think of the clothes people had to wear! And yet the Greeks were famous for their grace and beauty; and even now we use Grecian lines for our modern clothes. That reminds me, I wish Gladys would hurry and send me that white dress, so I can see if it will do for graduation, and I must remind her to send along her turquoise garden-party dress which she promised me when I was home. I am certainly lucky to have a sister whose clothes I can wear! As soon as hers get a little small for her, or she gets a little large for them, they come to me. I really must write her at once . . . but where's my pen? And what am I doing with a pencil? Oh, yes, my algebra! My goodness, it's eight o'clock already. Really, I can't understand . . . here I've spent almost three-quarters of an hour on my algebra, and only one problem done. I have too much homework, that's all.

*Beverly Sutherland '35*



## “Sophisticated Lady”

Chrissie revolved slowly before the mirror. Even in that narrow strip of reflection she could see that a great change had been wrought in her appearance. Instead of the usual fluffy curls, her hair lay in sleek set waves and a mass of tight even curls climbed up the back. The long rhinestone ear-rings glittered almost to her shoulders. She moved back a bit and surveyed the slice of her reflected from shoulders to hips. The splashily printed silk clung to her hips and knees in a smoothly moulded fashion. It was such a relief not to have to hide a slender figure under a burden of ruffles and frills.

She narrowed her eyes and twisted her mouth to a bit of a cynical disillusioned expression, and turned to glide alluringly downstairs. My! it was surprising to what little steps the narrow skirt confined you. Even so, there was to be no bundling of the skirt around the knees for the hazardous descent. Tonight she had to make an impression that would justify the new outfit of her own selection, the sleek coiffure and sparkling ear-rings, the change from ingénue to sophisticate.

She had expected to startle them by her entrance, but she was not prepared for the reception it was given. Father's jaw literally dropped with amazement. “Well, Kid! Why the movie star costume? Pretty naked in the back, isn't it? You know, you hardly look like my daughter!”

“Why, Crystal Foster! Ear-rings with rhinestones, and what have you done to your hair—?” Mother's voice trailed from indignation into disappointed silence. She pressed her lips tight together.

Chrissie was a bit daunted. She had imagined their protesting violently, holding dire punishment over her head, sternly forbidding and expostulating. She had a little speech prepared to cope with vociferous protest: “I'm not a child any more—Everyone else does it—Well, what if she doesn't; she never does anything—Don't be so old-fashioned!—” And yielding, they would stalk off to bed, thoroughly exhausted by argument. But this quiet disappointment, this obvious lowering of her in their estimation she did not know how to combat. Her firm rock of reasoning seemed to be crumbling. Her convincing argument fled. Before she could check it, she heard herself blurt out, hesitatingly, “Do-don't you approve of it?”



"You may do as you choose, Crystal. If you deliberately disregard my advice so jeeringly when it is offered, I shall no longer be free with it when asked."

Chrissie's head dropped; it was a distinct rebuff. Mother's voice continued in a different tone, implying that the matter was closed, "Do you mind leaving this in the post-office when you go through town. Be careful of it; it's a fragile dress."

"Oh, Mother, was it for—? Have I seen it?" Chrissie asked tremulously. Mother looked at Father. One of those secret parental messages flashed between them. He nodded.

"Oh, Mom!" Chrissie nearly squeezed Mother's breath away in her ecstatic hug. The dangling ear-rings slithered off unnoticed.

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Chrissie gathered the organdy billows of the green thing about her knees and hurried upstairs. "Wait for me, Doug," she panted. "I'll trip on this full skirt if I don't scoop it up!"

Doug watched her pat a fluffy curl into place and smooth the sheer green skirt. Gingerly he touched its ruffled frilly edge with his toe. "You have the smoothest clothes," he said shyly. "I mean, you're darn cute in that—I mean, I like ruffles!"

*Lucia Nunez '35*

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## Bargain

Bargain, bargain, much for what you pay,  
 Shoving, shoving, fourth floor right this way,  
 Powder and puffs, so nice and new,  
 Everything here just made for you,  
 Slippery silks and shiny shoes,  
 Buy right now, you've nothing to lose.

Hurry, hurry, people wish to pass,  
 Swarming, swarming, ever-moving mass,  
 Russets and reds and sapphire blue,  
 Aquamarine, or any hue,  
 Glittering gold and jewel bright,  
 Who was here first, now please don't fight.

*Delight Hall '35*



## Bells

I have often wondered if there is any truth in Poe's poem, "Bells." I like to think there is. I like to imagine, anyway, that in every steeple lurks a little genius whose duty it is to ring the bells. For to me each set of chimes has a distinct personality, depending, so it seems, on its age or situation.

For instance, in small New England towns the bells seem to be a bit timorous and hesitating, so that I always hold my breath for fear that the next stroke will never really materialize. Maybe this is because the creature in the belfry is not sure that he ought to disturb the quiet that usually blankets the countryside. On the other hand, in a large city the chimes are arrogant, a little harsh in their comparative newness as if they wanted to call everyone's attention to themselves. In old European towns the spirits of the majestic Cathedrals seem to be expressed in the ringing of the bells. These seem to sway back and forth merely because they feel it to be their duty. They might be saying, "We have worked so long, but we must keep on until we die—die—die." Long centuries have mellowed their notes until they far surpass any that can be heard in our country.

Now someone will remind me that conventional bell-ringers are the only genii of the bells, but I have never seen them in the act, and until I do I shall keep my illusions. For all I know, the ghost of Quasimodo may still hang fervently on the bell-rope in Notre Dame Cathedral!

*Jane Campbell '34*

## Tragedy

Wee spider, dropt from clover's shaggy head,  
A tiny yellow bobbin, you unwind  
From self to grass beneath, a glistening thread!  
In the smoky morning-time we find  
Your work displayed; a rare material,  
Knotted much with opalescent dew.  
Costly stuff, spun out for bodies aerial  
Of elfin gentry; customers are few.  
A weaver's hopes are centered round the Queen,  
(Since balls are held toward insect charities)  
"This has the bluest qualities of sheen,  
And blue is royal; really a rarity!"  
Spread eagerly—it snaps at once apart—  
Item: died, Young Spider, of a broken heart.

*Margit Thöny '35*

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## Blossom

Wee blossom  
Peeping shyly from your cloak of gossamer,  
How many marvels have you known  
Behind that flimsy veil?  
Did you when first you,  
Wondering,  
Woke secure within your cover,  
Did you, I wonder,  
Speak with God,  
Quite rosy at the honor?

*Alice Robinson '35*

## The Foot of the Hill

The wind whipped Scott's face as he tore down the mountain side. Snow, falling from overhanging spruces, stung him as he dashed on. He could feel his heart pounding fast, and then even faster, and his skis seemed to almost leap in response to the beats. The trail stretched for a short distance straight ahead. Now a curve. On and on he sped, his skis gathering more and more momentum as they passed over a precarious thirty-eight degree angle. Scott realized suddenly that a bad curve was coming and that he must be going nearly forty miles an hour. He tried stemming, but it was too late now! There was the curve! He lifted his weight, throwing it to the left. Safe he was! From now on to the base, the mountain flattened out.

Coming to a stop at the bottom, Scott sat down on the top of an old stump to await Sally. He lit a cigarette but threw it away. It seemed distasteful to spoil the glorious mountain air with smoke. "Queer," he mused, "my sudden chance."

For several years now he and his young wife, Sally, had been leading a gay life of one party after another. Scott knew now that he could not go back to the same grind of a drinking, fast life. His job was gone, too, as so many had gone in the past few months, and he would have to hunt for a new one. Where could he find one? What could he do? His decision came quickly. He and Sally should stay in the country, buy a small farm, and live there until the depression was over. But how to tell her? He felt that he did not really know her, and he wanted this chance to become acquainted with her. He would ask her as soon as she came down the mountain and hoped that she would understand what he meant. Scott was nearly convinced, however, of a sharp "No" from her.

Sally watched the cloud of snow arise behind her husband's skis as he started off. She leaned on her ski poles and rested a moment. Her eyes scanned the distant mountains and the sky. Never had she seen them so lovely. From far below came a thin curl of blue smoke, showing some hunter's cabin. Suddenly she felt as she had not for a long time. Exhilaration from the clear, cold air seemed to fill her, and her pulses throbbed rapidly. She knew then that what she had

been contemplating must be. She could not return to the dirty, careworn city. She and Scott should stay in the country, buy a small farm, and live there until the depression was somewhat over. But how to tell Scott? He did not seem very anxious to stay on any longer. She would start down immediately and ask him the moment she saw him.

She skated off to a fast start and descended rapidly. Her turns were as beautiful and accurate as Scott's had been. On and on she dashed, the wind howling in her ears. The bad curve loomed up ahead of her—Christie! Down she fell in a great swirl of snow. Picking herself up slowly, she began digging snow from her mouth and ears. A frightened rabbit scuttled away. "I suppose you are laughing at me!" Sally whispered.

Again she started off. Faster and faster she went—and then slower and slower as the mountain flattened out. Coming out into the open, she glided towards her husband. She telemarked to a stop and down she fell. Scott picked her out of the snow as she sputtered,

"Scott, darling. I have the grandest idea for us!" The rest of her idea was buried as she slipped again and landed in the snow, completely submerged.

*Katharine Damon '34*

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## Chinese Picture

The mystic time of eventide had scarce  
Begun, when from our lonely, windy tow'r  
We saw a dusky form heave up above  
The farthest misty line with wraith-like pow'r,  
Using hills just gone to sleep for foot-stools,  
Sailing free from off the tallest pine  
To wend his way, a writhing dragon, witching  
All his shadow fell on, free again  
To triumph o'er the cringing world of men.  
Then scattered, withered, blackened, trampled out,  
Day singed him with a burst of flaming light,  
And then the dragon, too, had faded out.

*Elizabeth Flanders '34*



## The Rich Children

You will not get them on windy days. When pigeons nestle against the great stone heads of the Metropolitan, you'll not find one. Wait for a morning beautifully divided between hot and cold . . . the shining benches of Central Park are headquarters. Has he an elastic under his chin and little white gloves? It is the Rich Child. New York offers every type, an Amsterdam Avenue baby, the snobs near Columbia; but Park Avenue tots move in a special stratum. They can't be like the rest—how could they? Their very perambulator stage is ermine wrapped, laid in a fathomless carriage, and wheeled by Nannie in a dark blue veil. The little boys—how transparent they are!—tear importantly up and down on their tricycles. Their knees have never known a proper grass stain. The little girls wear tailored coats of pink or tan, and braces; five minutes' too much sun calls forth dew on their upper lip, an ache in their temples. How different is that world of doormen, colossal teddy bears and bread-and-butter fingers! They are natives of it and will be fragile accordingly. In fall time they are just as irritating, hopping around in lavender and leather gaiters. Pierre rolls a "Yo-Yo" on the Bois, Anne skips rope on 84th; Pierre should bow to Anne (though the ocean rolls between)—. Do not her gaiters correspond to his? Their noses must be upturned in unison, for both are of one clan—that of the Rich Child.

*Margit Thöny '35*

## High Priced Salesmanship

"I wanted to pay your way completely, girls," said Aunt Abbie mournfully, "but the most I can do is help out. You want to go to the World's Fair; but I can't see my way clear to take you unless you help out with fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars." The words swam through the charged atmosphere and pricked us like the points of a thousand needles as we sat, Barbara, Ann, Eleanor and I, straight as four pokers in the uncomfortable carved chairs of Aunt Abbie's best parlour.

"Fifty dollars, Aunt Abbie," wailed Barbara after a stifling silence. "Why, it's as much sense as asking us for fifty thousand!"

Aunt Abbie sorrowfully shrugged her shoulders. "That's the situation, dear. I'm very sorry."

There was another pause, longer and more painful.

"Well. I—" I began.

I felt very small in my great-backed arm-chair, and because Aunt's eyes were fixed on me with an expression of diabolical mockery, I squirmed.

"We could sell—" I began.

"What?" cried Ann staring at me belligerently.

"Brushes!" I cried triumphantly. "I saw an ad in your last copy of 'Home', Aunt Abbie; people always brush their hair. A new firm's making this offer and they'll give us fifty percent on every sale."

My voice was lost in the bedlam that ensued. Above it all rose Eleanor's staccato voice, "Sell brushes? Well, you can just go peddle mattresses!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's degrading; I still say it's degrading," said Ann, five days later, as she cast her eye birdlike at her packet of twenty-five genuine, non-breakable Groom-U-Well brushes. "But I've just set my heart on seeing 'The Streets of Paris' at the Fair, and if this is the only way to make enough money to get there, well—"

We piled into Eleanor's rickety little Ford.

"The farther we can get from this town and life-long censorship, the better," cried I. "Millburg's only three miles from here."

"Yes, I hear the people have a reputation for being very hospitable," said Barbara hopefully.

Ann looked sceptical. "Every tradition will be exploded when they see us swoop down on them," she said, with real wisdom, as you will see.

Fifteen minutes later the dust of Millburg was clinging to the patches of "Old Liz's" tires.

"Well," I said, "we're here; where do we start?"

"Start from the outskirts and work in," said Eleanor. "Let's go."

Moving up Main Street with the speed of a desert caravan, we searched for a good opening. Appearances, they say, are deceitful. A hundred yards from where we entered was a little, homely white house, with green blinds, nestling considerably back from the street in a very bed of sweet green hedge.

We piled out of the car and climbed the short stone steps without a moment's hesitation. Barbara decisively raised the knocker and brought it down. The door opened and a largish woman in an organdy housedress stood before us.

"Good morning, madam," said Ann, so perfectly in character that she restrained herself with difficulty from raising her hat. "We're selling brushes—excellent brushes—"

She talked for fully five minutes, and Barbara, to prove her friend's points, pulled a brush from her sack, fully intending to demonstrate on her own head.

The woman meanwhile merely stood and looked at us while I craned my neck to detect some evidence of Barbara's promised hospitality on her expressionless face. It at least may be said for her that she was a woman of few words, for without even the usual barely polite verbal preliminaries, she closed the door violently in our faces.

Barbara's hand was arrested half-way to her head and Ann's arm remained fixed in a gesture of such eloquence as would have set William Pitt's honest heart throbbing with envy.

By our expressions we must have looked as though we required an explanation, for Barbara began vaguely, "I don't think she wanted any—"

Ann cut her short by snatching up her sack and exclaiming, "There's a white house with a large portico, two down. It looks peaceful."

I'm afraid I'm easily discouraged. How could she regard such disgraceful treatment as a mere drop in the cup? To be treated like a common peddler!

But Ann was leering at me scornfully.

"Don't break down, Meg," she cried joyously. "A prophet is without honor in his own country, you know."

Though hope was not yet completely crushed, our steps were a little more reluctant in approaching the house that Ann had mentioned.

"You knock, Meg," said Barbara, who had lost some of her decisiveness as a result of the last interview.

I was glad the owners had a bell. I didn't have the strength to lift a knocker. The door swung open to reveal a short portly man, whose upper lip blossomed with a black mustache, but whose head was barren as a heath. My lips closed on the formulated words; like possessed swine bent for the sea we tumbled down the steps and into the car. Presently I turned back. The poor baffled man was staring with open mouth at the dust made by the departing car.

Five subsequent attempts were as brilliantly successful, perhaps because with each refusal some of our enthusiasm died.

"Girls," Eleanor said finally in desperation, "we've been in this detestable town an hour and we haven't made a sale!"

"No wonder," I said, "we frighten the life out of the poor creatures; they must think it's a sheriff's posse descending upon them."

"We've got to separate, that's all," Ann said. "Come on, take your lunches. The Main street branches off right up there; we'll each take a different road. Lock the car, Ellie; we'll be back for it at sunset."

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was indeed setting when I dragged myself, tired but triumphant back to where the automobile stood. I was sold out.

No sooner had I parked my weary limbs on the running board than a hail greeted me. It was Ann. Her face was purple and her hair was on end, but, oh joy of joys, she was waving at me an empty packet! Barbara and Eleanor followed in close succession. Both were sold out too.

"I was afraid for a moment there," panted Barbara, "that I was

going to have to spend another day at it, but a nice old man bought my last four of me. It seems that his wife is always borrowing his."

"If it was going to redeem my head," cried I, "never, never would I go through such an experience again."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Old Liz" had been completely oiled and overhauled and at nine o'clock in the morning she stood in Aunt Abbie's driveway, trying not to appear too conscious of her new coat of paint, and quaking under her burden of valises, suitcases and other impedimenta. The activity for some time visible in the house was in turn transferred to the yard, where Ann could be seen directing operations from her station on "Liz's" running board.

After some minutes of struggle we were all safely stowed away among the baggage and Eleanor started the motor; it choked for a moment and then broke into a loud cough which was its own assurance that it intended to locomote, when above the din was heard the voice of Millie, Aunt Abbie's only domestic.

"Miss Meg, oh, Miss Meg—telephone."

"Now, what?" I cried, "Millie, did you take the message?"

"Yes'm," shouted Millie, "It's a man and he says he's an agent—Gro—Gro-Groom-U-Well Brush Company. He—he said your sales were such a success he would like to know would you take another order. Why—what—"

Eleanor had released the brake and with a convulsive snort "Liz" leaped away. The last words of the baffled Millie were lost in her roar; so were Aunt Abbie's protestations. Poor Millie had rushed to the road, where as we turned the corner, she could still be seen, gesturing futilely and yelling, "What'll I tell him, what'll I tell him?"

But now there was another matter to distract my attention, for, deaf to Aunt Abbie's remonstrances, Ann was hanging a sign on one of old "Liz's" doors and it read, "Chicago and the World's Fair: We're Coming, Look Out!"

*Cathleen Burns '35*



## A Neglected Garden

The sun shines brightly. Green, very green is the grass. Straight and proud stand the hollyhocks. A shadow passes over the sun. Suddenly it rains, and the rain, which has stopped to peek into the cottage near-by on its way to the garden, tells the roses.

"What, she is dead?"

"Yes, dead."

The sun shines brightly. Brown and dry, very dry is the grass. Faded and wilting the hollyhocks droop. Defiant no longer, they bend nearer, nearer the brown grass. They're urged on their way by the falling rose petals and the petals that have fallen have become brown as the grass. Weeds of dull green are springing up. They're growing and growing. Over the red and the yellow, the lavender and white they are forming a blanket of yellow green, smothering and choking. The funny little paths that once wandered around, that were always going somewhere and yet never seemed to reach their destination, are gone. The weeds have done their work well. And over all splashes the rain, a silent, tired rain before which the garden droops and droops and remembers.—A cloud passing over the sun and the rain, which has stopped on its way to the garden to peek into the cottage near-by, telling the roses:

"What, she is dead?"

"Yes, dead."

*Sally Scott '36*

## The Secret Door

Bluebeard was a man who told his wife,  
 "A cat was killed by curiosity."

He might as well have said the same to me,  
 Another curious wife whose husband's Life.

(Task-master as he is, I'm fond of him.)

Unlike Bluebeard, Life hardly leaves my side—  
 So I've no chance to sneak 'round like a mouse,  
 To find forbidden closets in his house.

And yet I swore I'd find one 'fore I died.

(There's one I know . . . but theres no 'scaping him!)  
 Diphtheria's a disease that leaves one weak . . .

One day I found a door without a lock;

A tiny crack was opened to my knock . . .

And then Life said behind me, "Do not seek!"

(I caught a glimpse behind, but memory's dim.)

Then suddenly a Hand flung shut the door,  
 And hardly gone, I joined dear Life once more.

*Beverly Sutherland '34*

## April Reverie

The dark cool April night is softly sighing,  
 And whispering tales in low, sweet symphony:  
 And light of April skies is slowly dying,  
 And lamps are lit to guide the wandering bee.

But I don't care to see, somehow, tonight . . .  
 I'd rather lean here on my window-sill,  
 Eyes shut; and in this transient delight  
 Of senses quickened, deep take my fill  
 Of beauty. Even though my eyes are closed,  
 Thought takes the properties of sight and sees  
 The April twilight's loveliness disclosed  
 In far-off, wistful, haunting memories.

*Beverly Sutherland '34*

## Honor Roll

### FIRST SEMESTER

Ann Cutler, Katharine Scudder	92
Jane Campbell	91
Barbara Ritzman, Elizabeth Wheeler	89
Nancy Burns, Elizabeth Caldwell, Delight Hall, Helen Tower	88

### THIRD QUARTER

Ann Cutler, Katharine Scudder	93
Jane Campbell, Elizabeth Wheeler	91
Elizabeth Barnes, Barbara Ritzman	90
Cathleen Burns, Elizabeth Caldwell, Delight Hall, Hope Humphreys	89
Nancy Marsh, Lucia Nunez	88

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## Highlights

Mr. Whiting Williams gave us one of the most informative talks of the year when he told us of his own experiences in Russia, Italy, Germany, and our own country, and the conclusions which he reached after studying carefully the various economic and political situations. He was particularly well informed since he had seen both sides to the question; he had lived a "double life" in each of these countries, and had the worker's opinions as well as the capitalist's, industrialist's and political boss's. The conclusion which he reached was that of Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, and Roosevelt, none had the answer to our depression problem, but that our individual freedom in action and thought put us ahead of our . . . what shall we say, under-the-heel? . . . brothers.

Abbot girls are well versed this year in the complexities of foreign affairs, first with the help of Mr. Whiting Williams, and now through Mr. William Yale, who entertained as well as instructed us on the evening of May 8 with his adventures in the Near East during those turbulent war times of 1914-1918. We felt ourselves in the thick of international intrigue, of war-mad people and countries, of the horrors as well as the adventures which war brings. We watched

from a window in Jerusalem as the city came alive to the realization of war, and went through some actual campaigns which Mr. Yale witnessed. And I think most of us came to the conclusion in the end that war may be adventurous, exciting, stimulating but that it is not worth the loss of life, the danger and risk and terror which accompanies it.

To some of us Shakespeare has seemed only a dry old classic, but Mrs. Edith Wynne Matheson Kennedy, a distinguished stage artist, made him delightfully alive for us when she gave scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," "Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It." No wonder Mrs. Kennedy is famous for her rendition of Shakespearean sonnets, for she gave some of his best ones, and imparted to them a depth and meaning that impressed us all. Altogether it was a very pleasant evening and one which will be remembered long after we have left Abbot.

One evening we dropped in at the Half Moon Street apartments (what superb red curtains!), and found Messrs. John Worthing (Kathryn Damon) and Algernon Moncreiff (Molly Savage) lolling there; we had come to London. Lane's cucumber sandwiches (Lena Hamilton very convincing as butler) provided fuel for their argument. We learned what elaborate bypaths young English society would make to stand in the light of its beloved. Worthing, in order to come to the city and visit Miss Fairfax, calls Algernon brother. Algernon, interested in John's niece, goes to the country to visit an "invalid." No one could blame Mr. Worthing for going on his knees to Gwendolyn Fairfax, (Sally O'Reilly), Lady Bracknell's fragile protégée.

"Earnest, dear!"

Lady Bracknell herself, played by Betty Flanders, gave "the Importance of Being Earnest" true Piccadilly atmosphere. A climax was reached among the tulips at Woolten (Beverly Sutherland an ideal Cecily to tend them) when Algernon arrived. They loved on the spot.

"Earnest,—what a dear name!" Miss Fairfax arrived, insisted that she was engaged to Earnest, and a delightful wrangle ensued over tea. John and Lady Bracknell cleared the storm by their appearance. John was freed of the handbag reputation by Prism's confession (Marion Rogers) and discovered Algernon to be his brother.

Virginia Holden as Rev. Chasuble was left to unite two humble Earnests respectively. Charming people, these English! Or—just very sophisticated seniors?

We are indebted to the day scholars for many fine contributions to the school but for none more deserving of comment than the entertaining evening which they gave us on April eleventh. Their program, consisting of two amusing plays and various dances, was presented in a very efficient manner and was greatly appreciated. "Mr. X," the first number, was one of those plays that succeeds in thoroughly mixing one up and then ends by straightening things out in a way most satisfactory to all. The dancers, in charming costumes, made a striking effect under the glare of the spotlight, while refreshments of cookies, cakes and grape juice put us in a very appreciative mood for the last play, "The Wedding." Comment on this seems unnecessary, for has anyone forgotten the hectic search for a collar button or the relief we all felt when it was finally settled that the couple was to be happily married? And special mention should be given Ruth Stott for her able chairmanship of the affair.

One Saturday in May Abbot put on her best spring finery and primped herself ready to meet the public, for it was Visiting Day. Guests of all ages (we noticed specially the hordes of small children) admired the school from every aspect, and, we are sure, were particularly impressed with the Gymkhana. Their green and orange riding jackets effectively showed up the skillful horsemanship of both Gargoyles and Griffins, although the meet was won by the latter.

Just a word about the open meetings which the various societies have been holding. As this goes to press we have had two: namely, those of Q. E. D. and L. B. A. Q. E. D. who favored us with a debate, "Resolved that America adopt the essential features of the British Broadcasting plan," certainly proved to us their powers of persuasion and showed us that there is, perhaps, more eloquence in the school than we had realized.

L. B. A. presented to us a series of tableaux reproducing for us various famous paintings. The whole effect of the costumes, lighting, and arrangement was most artistic.

One May morning the school was sitting on edge, if we may be permitted the term, for it describes our emotions as well as positions,



in chapel; we were waiting for the announcement of the Cum Laude members. Someone whispered, "Jane, of course"; another "And Dee, naturally," and yet another, "... Barbs ..." So you see, we really knew; and yet there is always such a delightful uncertainty about honor announcements that we were waiting breathlessly for the names. We were right; our new members are Jane Campbell, Delight Hall and Barbara Ritzman. Saturday, May 19, was the Cum Laude banquet, to which the new members were invited, and the guest of honor was Miss Park, President of Bryn Mawr College. Miss Park also spoke to the whole school in the afternoon and pointed out the advantages of Bryn Mawr for New England girls, and the contributions New Englanders make to the College.

Gargoyle-Griffin Day dawned bright and mosquito-y; in fact spectators were sometimes mistaken for participants while swatting wildly at our winged little companions. Both teams fought well and long not only for victory but for the fun which hard and earnest playing always brings. Unfortunately the winning team was not announced at night because all the points had not been arranged, and some sports were yet to be played. However the Griffins were first in track, the Gargoyles in baseball and tennis, and no one knows what the final verdict will be.

It was indeed a great pleasure on the eve of Abbot's Birthday to have Norma Allen Haine, a former Abbot graduate, return and give us a costume recital, accompanied by Mrs. Etta Hibler. That evening will always be an enjoyable one in our memories, rendered so by the old-fashioned costumes, familiar folk-tunes, and Mrs. Haine's charming voice.

We catch only fleeting glimpses of what last year's girls are doing, but occasionally some pleasant tidbits come our way, which we pass on to you. At Vassar Ann Cole and Anne Cleveland showed the results of their Abbot dramatic training in "The Green Cockatoo," a play which, we hear, was very successful.

Anne Cleveland is one of two freshmen editors of the Vassar Miscellany and has been appointed to the important post of Art Editor of the Miscellany News for next year. Speaking of editors, Florence Dunbar is an editor of the Mount Holyoke Monthly and enjoys the work immensely. Helen Ripley took a leading part in the Gondoliers given at Bryn Mawr in May.

Omitted from the Abbot Bulletin for April was the announcement of Elizabeth Burtnett's engagement to Francis Horle of Brookline.

Among Abbot girls graduating from college this June are:

Mary Shepard from Radcliffe

Barbara Lord from Mount Holyoke

Alice Eckman and Barbara Healy from Smith

Frances Sullivan from Wellesley

Grace Hadley from the University of Wisconsin

Alice Hoyt from the University of Vermont















